

Current Literature

A Magazine of Record and Review.


Vol. IV, No. 6. "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. June, 1890

The attention of readers is called to the pages headed Publishers' Department of Information and Current Announcements in the preceding pages of advertisements. The subscription inducements there offered will interest. By co-operation among friends and acquaintances the two publications, *Current Literature* and *Short Stories*, can be had at a very low figure. The subscriber sending in four new names for either or both of these periodicals will receive a year's renewal free of cost. The first number of *Short Stories* is now in its third edition. The second, or July number, will be published on the 10th of June. For all further particulars see the advertising pages designated above.

The Limits of Realism—Oliver W. Holmes—Atlantic

We got talking on the subject of realism, of which so much has been said of late. It seems to me, I said, that the great additions which have been made by realism to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin. It is perfectly easy to be original by violating the laws of decency and the canons of good taste. The general consent of civilized people was supposed to have banished certain subjects from the conversation of well-bred people and the pages of respectable literature. There is no subject, or hardly any, which may not be treated of at the proper time, in the proper place, by the fitting person, for the right kind of listener or reader. But when the poet or the story-teller invades the province of the man of science, he is on dangerous ground. I need say nothing of the blunders he is pretty sure to make. The imaginative writer is after effects. The scientific man is after truth; science is decent, modest; does not try to startle, but to instruct. The same scenes and objects which outrage every sense of delicacy in the story-teller's highly colored paragraphs can be read without giving offense in the chaste language of the physiologist or the physician. There is a very celebrated novel, *Madame Bovary*, the work of M. Flaubert, which is noted for having been the subject of prosecution as an immoral work. That it has a serious lesson there is no doubt, if one will drink down to the bottom of the cup. But the honey of sensuous description is spread so deeply over the surface of the goblet that a large proportion of its readers never think of its holding anything else. All the phases of unhallowed passion are described in full detail. That is what the book is bought and read for, by the great majority of its purchasers, as all but simpletons very well know. That is what makes it sell and brought it into the courts of justice. This book is

famous for its realism; in fact, it is recognized as one of the earliest and most brilliant examples of that modern style of novel, which, beginning where Balzac left off, attempted to do for literature what the photograph has done for art. For those who take the trouble to drink out of the cup below the rim of honey, there is a scene where realism is carried to its extreme—surpassed in horror by no writer, unless it be the one whose name must be looked for at the bottom of the alphabet, as if its natural place were as low down in the dregs of realism as it could find itself. This is the death-bed scene, where *Madame Bovary* expires in convulsions. The author must have visited the hospitals for the purpose of watching the terrible agonies he was to depict, tramping from one bed to another until he reached the one where the cries and contortions were the most frightful. Such a scene he has reproduced. No hospital physician would have pictured the struggle in such colors. In the same way, the other realist, M. Zola, has painted a patient suffering from delirium tremens. In describing this case, he does all that language can do to make it more horrible than the reality. He gives us, not realism, but super-realism, if such a term does not contradict itself. In this matter of the literal reproduction of sights and scenes which our natural instinct and nor better informed taste and judgment teach us to avoid, art has been far in advance of literature. It is three hundred years since Joseph Ribera, more commonly known as Spagnoletto, was born in the province of Valencia in Spain. We had the misfortune of seeing a painting of his in a collection belonging to one of the French princes, and exhibited in a public gallery. It was that of a man performing upon himself the operation known to the Japanese as *hara-kiri*. Many persons who looked upon this revolting picture will never get rid of its remembrance, and will regret the day when their eyes fell upon it. I should share the offense of the painter if I ventured to describe it. Ribera was fond of depicting just such odious and frightful subjects. Saint Lawrence, writhing on his gridiron, Saint Sebastian full of arrows, were equally a source of delight to him. Even in subjects which had no such elements of horror, he finds the materials for the delectation of his ferocious pencil: he makes up for the defect by rendering with a brutal realism deformity and ugliness. The first great mistake made by the ultra-realists, like Flaubert and Zola, is, as I have said, their ignoring the line of distinction between imaginative art and science. We can find realism enough in books of anatomy, surgery, and medicine. In studying the human figure, we want to see it clothed with its natural integuments. It is

 For Publishers' Department of Information, see advertising pages IV. to VI.

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well for the artist to study the *decorché* in the dissecting-room, but we do not want the Apollo or the Venus to leave their skins behind them when they go into the gallery for exhibition. Lancisi's figures show us how the great statues look when divested of natural covering. When the hospitals are invaded by the novelist, he should learn something from the physician as well as from the patients. Science delineates in monochrome. She never uses high tints and strontian lights to astonish lookers-on. Such scenes as Flaubert and Zola describe would be reproduced in their essential characters, but not dressed up in picturesque phrases. That is the first stumbling-block in the way of the reader of such realistic stories as those to which I have referred. There are subjects which must be investigated by scientific men which most educated persons would be glad to know nothing about. When a realistic writer like Zola surprises his reader into a kind of knowledge he never thought of wishing for, he sometimes harms him more than he has any idea of doing. He wants to produce a sensation, and he leaves a permanent disgust not to be got rid of. Who does not remember odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory and will not lose their hold. One who has had the mischance to soil his mind by reading certain poems of Swift will never cleanse it to its original whiteness. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the discolored tissues. This is the gravest accusation to bring against realism, old or recent, whether in the brutal paintings of Spagnoletto or in the unclean revelations of Zola. Leave the description of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, the painful facts of disease to the physician, the details of the laundry to the washer-woman. If we are to have realism in its tedious descriptions of unimportant particulars, let it be of particulars which do not excite disgust. Such is the description of the vegetables in Zola's *Ventre de Paris*, where, if one wishes to see the apotheosis of turnips, beets, and cabbages, he can find them glorified as supremely as if they had been symbols of so many deities; their forms, their colors, their expression, worked upon until they seem as if they were made to be looked at and worshipped rather than to be boiled and eaten. I am pleased to find a French critic of M. Flaubert expressing ideas with which many of my own entirely coincide. "The great mistake of the realists," he says, "is that they profess to tell the truth because they tell everything. This puerile hunting after details, this cold and cynical inventory of all the wretched conditions in the midst of which poor humanity vegetates, not only do not help us to understand it better, but, on the contrary, the effect on the spectators is a kind of dazzled confusion mingled with fatigue and disgust. The material truthfulness to which the school of M. Flaubert more especially pretends misses its aim in going beyond it. Truth is lost in its own excess." I return to my thoughts on the relations of imaginative art in all its forms with science. The subject which in the hands of the scientific student is handled decorously—reverently, we might almost say—becomes repulsive, shameful, and debasing in the unscrupulous manipulations of the low-bred man of letters. I confess that I am a little jeal-

ous of certain tendencies in our own American literature, which led one of the severest and most outspoken of our satirical fellow-countrymen, no longer living to be called to account for it, to say, in a moment of bitterness, that the mission of America was to vulgarize mankind. I myself have sometimes wondered at the pleasure some Old World critics have professed to find in the most lawless freaks of New World literature. I have questioned whether their delight was not like that of the Spartans in the drunken antics of their Helots. But I suppose I belong to another age, and must not judge the present by my old-fashioned standards.

The Most Popular Novelist in the World—The Speaker

He has just died, and at the age of eighty-six. It is likely enough that to the vast majority of his readers the announcement of his death conveys the first hint of his existence, if indeed they noticed the small obituary paragraph that but a few weeks ago was haunting the corners of the newspapers. Nevertheless, if a writer's popularity may be measured by the number of his readers, the most popular novelist of any time or country is just dead. Thirty years ago Mr. J. F. Smith, author of *Smiles and Tears*, *Minnigrey*, *The Soldier of Fortune*, *Phases of Life*, etc., etc., had a thousand readers where Dickens had ten or Thackeray one. He was the great originator of fiction for the million, of the *To-be-continued-in-our-next* novel, which (for evil, the foreign critics say) is yet strong in our midst; and in the pages first of the *London Journal*, and afterward of *Cassell's Family Paper*, he week by week delighted his hundreds of thousands of readers with those stirring instalments wherein the tribulations of virtue, the machinations of vice, the extreme peril of maiden innocence, the selfishness of the upper classes were continued in our next until the ultimate triumph of good over evil could be no longer delayed. For on the side of virtue—of virtue, as a rule, picturesquely poor—was the pen of Mr. Smith ever enlisted. He led her into many a grisly peril, and left her suddenly there for a week at a time, but he brought her through in the long run, with a free and certain ease that fascinated the multitude. He was the people's chosen author; he won the throne of their affections, and he held it unassailed. There is something very fine about a man who, having this, could be utterly careless of fame. For indeed fame was easily within his grasp. The talents were there to win it. Men say that of late years one or two of our foremost writers of fiction have made eager quest for the works of Mr. J. F. Smith, and, having found them, have not scrupled to convey to their own more careful pages some of these astounding situations and adventures that ran as readily as the ink itself from the point of Mr. Smith's pen. These came for the most part at the end of the week's instalment, and we may give a sample or two of their quality:

"'Not here,' she whispered; 'follow me to my boudoir. One word,' she added; 'the stranger?' 'He is safe in the pavilion.' An indistinct murmur of approbation rested for a moment on the lips of Alexia, as she stepped quickly forward followed by her confidant, she quitted the room."—*The Soldier of Fortune*, Chapter XXII.

"'You are right,' exclaimed Dick, with passionate tenderness; 'as a sister I no longer love you, but as a woman, the crowning star of my existence, whose smile alone can cheer my path of life; my boyhood's dream, my manhood's crown of bliss, I adore, I worship you.

Hate me for my declaration; despise me if you will; but I can no longer conceal the secret of my heart. Like the Gheber fire, it burns the shrine; longer silence would kill me.' At that instant the door of the conservatory opened."—Dick Tarleton, Chapter XXXI.

"On her return to the hall she passed through her husband's room. To her surprise the dressing-case of the murdered man had been removed. 'Who has done this?' she murmured to herself. Her hand was upon the bell to make the inquiry, but the recollection of the widow's caution restrained her. 'I am like a child in the headlong current,' she added, 'and must follow its direction—whether to firm rocks of safety or the shoals destruction!'"—False Steps, Chapter XXII.

Add the words To be continued in our next after each of these extracts, and you may form some idea of the fascination of the London Journal and the Family Paper in the glorious days when Mr. J. F. Smith wrote at a salary of £10 or £15 a week. Those who worked in the offices of these two journals have many stories of him. Imagine a florid Bohemian, genial, red-cheeked, with thick curly hair, a loud, happy-go-lucky creature wearing a baggy blue overcoat. He would appear at the office in the morning when his salary fell due—never before; would send out for a bottle of port, and call for a boy to bring him writing-paper, blotting-paper, and last week's copy of the journal in which his novel was running. Hastily glancing over it, he satisfied himself as to the exact predicament in which he had last left his lovely heroine, and then unbuttoning his overcoat and choosing a pen from a pocketful of stubby quills, he wrote like a madman for two or three hours. At the end of this time he had completed another instalment of the exciting story which was thrilling the souls of literally a million English readers. It was not always so. Publishers sometimes have had to follow him as far as Jersey, and mount guard over the gifted author until the necessary copy was extracted; but we speak of ordinary days, when, tossing his uncorrected copy to the boy in attendance, he received his weekly stipend, and sending one boy for a good cigar and another to see that no dun haunted the front doorstep, the most popular author in the world stepped out upon the pavement and vanished for another week into some region where creditors, who vex the lives of Bohemians, could never discover him.

Tolstoi's New Novel—W. T. Stead—Review of Reviews

Two years ago, when I spent a week at Count Tolstoi's country-seat in Central Russia, we had long discussions about the relations between men and women, the right ordering of which is the foundation of every healthy society. In the course of these conversations, Tolstoi sketched in outline *The Kreutzer Sonata*. "I wish," said Count Tolstoi to me one night, "to write a novel, a romance, exposing the conventional illusion of romantic love. I have already written it, but it must be turned upside down and re-written. It is too much of a treatise as it stands, and there is not enough of action in it. In this story my object is to fill my reader with horror at the result of taking romantic love *au sérieux*. The end to which the whole story will lead will be the murder of a wife by her husband. It will exhibit the depravation of married life by the substitution of romantic love, a fever born of carnal passion, for true Christian love, which is born of identity of sentiment, similarity of ideal, the friendship of

the soul. Upon that love—Christian love, the love of brother and sister—if the carnal love can be grafted, it is well; but the former, not the latter, is the first condition of happy married life. Herein the peasants teach us a lesson. They regard what we call romantic love as a disease, temporary and painful and dangerous. With them no marriage is made under its influence. Anything is better than that. The Herrstaten, who marry by the drawing of lots, are better than we. Our system is the worst possible, and the whole of our wedding ceremonial, and the honeymoon, and the feasting, and the incitement to carnality, are directly calculated to result in the depravation of matrimony. Not in one case out of a hundred does romantic love result in life-long happy union. The young people whose lives lie in different orbits are drawn together by this evanescent passion. They marry. For a month they are happy—perhaps even for a year, or two years, never longer, when the only tie is the sensual passion. Then they hate each other for the rest of their lives, spending their time in paying homage to the respectabilities by concealing the truth from their neighbors. It must be so. If Anna Karenina had married Wronsky she must have abandoned him likewise. Romantic love is like opium or hashish; the sensation is overpowering and delightful. But it passes. It is not in human nature not to wish to renew the experience; for this novelty is indispensable. So the wife betrays her husband, and the husband is false to his wife, and the world becomes one wide brothel. I wish to open the eyes of all to the real nature of the tragic consequences of this substitution of romantic for Christian love. I see it clearly, oh, so clearly; and when you see a thing which no one else seems to see, you feel you must gather all your forces, and devote yourself to setting forth the truth as you see it. This depravation of marriage is all because Christianity has been a word, and not a thing." Last November, when I had the pleasure of meeting Count Tolstoi's eldest daughter at the house of Madame Helby—that Admirable Crichton of modern women—on the brow of Mount Janiculum, from which you enjoy one of the most magnificent views of the Eternal City, I inquired anxiously as to the progress made with the new story. It had been all ready for the printer, I was told, but just before sending it off, the count, on hearing it read over to the family, suddenly discovered it required radical alteration, and the tale was accordingly once more cast into the crucible. Count Tolstoi is the most fastidious of literary artists. His last book, *Life*, was so much cut about in proof that his wife had to write it out no fewer than sixteen times from end to end. How often this story has been re-written I cannot say, but as it has been on the stocks for years, it has probably been recast many times before it assumed the final shape in which we now see it. I was much gratified to receive recently from Count Tolstoi's daughter, who does most of his correspondence, a kind, personal message and this reference to the *Kreutzer Sonata*: "My father desires me to tell you that his new story is not at all according to the rules laid down by the writers on Mrs. Grundy as a Censor of Fiction. It is not written for young girls; but nevertheless he thinks that it has a moral aim, although we hear that the censors will not allow it to be published in Russia. Miss Isabel F. Hapgood will translate it into English, for publication in America." Miss Hapgood, an American lady whom I met in

St. Petersburg, is now sojourning among the Alps, but Miss Hapgood has refused to translate it into English. "I have never read anything like it in my life," she writes me, "and I hope I never shall again." The story, however, in manuscript form, was read to so many friends and circles of admirers in St. Petersburg that it may be regarded as being already quasi-public, although its publication in serial form in the Russian press has been forbidden. That it has a moral aim is undoubted, for Count Tolstoi was driven to write it far more by the instinct of the moralist than by that of the artist. It was the sense of a responsibility for the gift of vision which revealed to him, and to him alone, the tragic consequences of the substitution of romantic for Christian love that would not let him rest. He felt, as he said, that he must gather up his forces and devote himself to setting forth the truth. Count Tolstoi, in all these matters, is a Puritan of the Puritans. He is almost a fanatical believer in marriage, and absolutely opposed to all divorce. "For a man to remain unmarried after the age of manhood is monstrous and shameful," but for a man to put away his wife—and to Count Tolstoi any woman with whom you have conjugal relation is *ipso facto* your wife—is cruel and inhuman. The union of male and female once consummated can never again be dissolved without the violation of the will of God. "I cannot make a difference between amours sanctioned, as it is said, by marriage, and those which are not." But while thus leveling up illicit unions to the matrimonial level, he is resolute to insist, through all his work, upon monogamy. "That stage of human development has cost us too many sacrifices to be abandoned. We shall go on making further progress in the same direction. First, by the growth of the conviction that it is shameful for any man to have to do with any woman but her with whom he is united for life. Among our young men the number who hold this doctrine and practise it is greatly increasing. It is the true doctrine, and it will prevail. Secondly, in the discontinuance of divorce. And thirdly, by greater continence in the married state." It is the intense Puritanism of the man revolting at the extent to which refined æsthetic life ministers to the lawless passions, that drives him into the fields to seek a triumph over these enemies of the soul.

Yet this uncompromising moralist, who unites what Gustav Flaubert once described as the genius of Shakespeare with the moral fervor of a Hebrew seer, has seen the publication of the latest and ripest fruit of his genius condemned as too improper for publication. So far had I written when, alas! the translation of the Kreutzer Sonata reached me from St. Petersburg. Then I understood the condemnation, and I understood also another thing which had not been clearly manifest before, and that is, that while Count Tolstoi is in one sense a Puritan of the Puritans, he is not a Western. His philosophy, his aspirations, his ideas are not Occidental, but Oriental. The spirit that breathes in the Kreutzer Sonata is not Christian so much as Buddhist. The aspiration is not so much for the coming of the kingdom of God on earth as for the Nirvana which he thinks will thereupon immediately ensue. The conquest over passion he rejoices to believe will lead to the extinction of the race. This may be Puritanism, but it is Puritanism of the Asiatic variety; a Puritanism that is *toto cælo* removed from the Puritanism of the only other great artist who was Puritan. I sent the

proof sheets to an esteemed friend of mine who is, perhaps, more familiar with the intimate thought of India than any other person of my acquaintance. She at once detected the Asiatic note. She wrote me: "Count Tolstoi seems to me to have a mind that has never gotten out of the Asiatic groove, and seems unable to assimilate some of the more representative phases of Western thought. He talks of love and courtship, etc., very much as some of my Bengalee friends do, knowing nothing of the very A B C of the matter. His notion is that what he calls romantic love is a mere disguise of physical passion, and ought not to dictate the marriage choice. But his knowledge of human nature, though extensive in quantity, is evidently very restricted in quality. He has no idea of that noble Anglo-Saxon type of love in which the physical attraction is hallowed and consecrated by all that is holiest and purest in imagination and in faith, and soul and body blend in one full chord to form the marriage tie—a lasting tie, and not the quite different tie of brother and sister which he wants to substitute for love. Let him look at such love as Robert Browning's, for instance, tested by twenty-eight years of faithful widowhood, or the love of Dante for Beatrice, and many others which also would certainly come under the head of romantic love. The relation of this love to life is splendidly described by Emerson in his Essay on Love, and is surely well known to all honest hearts that have any depth. But Count Tolstoi simply ignores it, and thus shows himself unfitted to deal with the subject as a whole." This, no doubt, is largely true. When I was in Russia, one who knew the count well, after listening to my account of his anathema on romantic love, said simply: "But the count has never been in love. He does not know what love is." I thought it a cruel sentence at the time, but after reading his description of courtship and honeymoon in the Kreutzer Sonata, I am constrained to admit it was not unjust. Love, as we know it, was quite unknown to the ancient Greeks. They regarded it much as the Russian peasants still seem to do, as a kind of insanity or frenzy. No doubt there is a great deal of what is called love which is, as Count Tolstoi says, the mere disguise of physical passion, and as evanescent as the animal instinct in which it takes its rise. But to confound all love under the anathema which is hurled against lust is blasphemy indeed. If, indeed, the human race be but, in Jeremy Taylor's striking phrase, a "mere herd of talking cattle," then the Kreutzer Sonata may be accepted as a faithful rendering of the relationship between man and wife. But to most decent people, who have never wallowed in the slough of lawless passion in which Pozdnischeff spent his early life, the whole of the conception which inspires the Kreutzer Sonata must appear as revolting and as unreal as a theory of diet which assumed that we all were cannibals, and only dined because we wished to recall the toothsome delight of a human spare-rib or a joint of roast baby. There is much in Count Tolstoi's story that is profoundly true, and much that is boldly and truly said. His denunciation of the infernal conventionalities which assume that immorality is the normal condition of men's lives, is admirable. But, unfortunately, he is so consumed with wrath against the abuse of passion, that he rages equally against the institution by which alone there is any hope of introducing some order into this disordered chaos. He seems to deny the very

possibility of the existence of that marital love which our old divine well said is "a thing pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world."

How different this from the noble enthusiasm with which our own great poet pays homage to the divine side of true marriage:

"Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety.
In paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbecoming honest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced
Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels."

"I love love," said Mrs. Browning, in one of her long poems. "Truth's no cleaner thing than love."

'O Art, my art, thou'rt much, but love is more;
Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God,
And makes heaven."

All this Count Tolstoi ignores. In his pessimistic Orientalism he sees nothing but the purely animal, carnal, brutal, and, in his own words, hoggish, in passionate love. Hence I cannot reproduce, as I had intended doing, his latest story. It is not only that his expressions are often coarse and brutal, but because I profoundly dissent from the whole strain and tendency of his teachings. This road is not the way of life. It is rather the pathway that leadeth downward to death. But at the same time, while deploring what seems to be the sacrifice of a great opportunity, we must gratefully recognize the vigor of Count Tolstoi's protest against the "fleshly lusts that war against the soul," and thank him for his stern rebuke of the false views which are so widely accepted as to the exception of one sex from the obligations of the moral law that press equally on both sexes, but are recognized only by one. His story is a terribly realistic delineation of the Nemesis that dogs the feet of those who, in place of true marriage, substitute a union for the mere gratification of physical passion. As such the latter portion can be printed as a psychological study by the first literary artist of our time. Here is the doom that awaits those who, being spiritual, make themselves animal, and degrade the sacrament of matrimony into a mere sensual indulgence. The curse of maddening jealousy of the baser sort has seldom been more terribly depicted. Jealousy, not as in Othello, where the Moor most truly loved Desdemona, but jealousy of one who, never having really loved his wife passionately, revolts against the possibility of losing that monopoly of her person which alone he has ever possessed.

Fact and Fiction—F. M. Pixley—San Francisco Argonaut

Carlyle, being found shut in his room reading a common novel, gave as the reason for his singular occupation, that he desired to induce in his mind a perfect vacuity of thought, and could hit upon no other expedient so well adapted to his purpose. The novels that are now teeming from the press in exhaustless numbers most certainly possess this mind-emptying

power. The thousands of novels, in addition to the incalculable number of short stories in the magazines, which are increasing with a most vicious fecundity, are creating a mental torpor among their habitual readers expressing itself in an utter distaste for all solid and instructive literature. One would suppose that these infatuated novel-readers, after devouring such an indiscriminate and indistinguishable mass of this light food, would finally begin to loathe it. But such is not the law. A mental dyspepsia is produced, a constitutional incapacity to digest any other mental pabulum than this sickly sentimental sillabub. This explains why there are so many people with mental crotchets, deformities, abnormal and exceptional views, and whose whole life is but a startling series of sensational spasms. Who has not seen the ardent youth pursuing a wholly imaginary path of greatness, and the maiden chasing a pale phantom of love, and sighing her sweet soul away in hope deferred! Moreover, the heart hardens and the feelings petrify under the extravagances of emotion so frequently indulged in, until at last all genuineness and sincerity of thought and feeling are forever lost. This vicious and vitiating process has now reached the deplorable extent that requires every new thought—in morals, religion, or science—to be set in the midst of a mass of romantic trash in order to give it an introduction to the popular mind. Hence, we have the ecclesiastical novel, the Christianity novel, the political novel, the social-reform novel, the prison-reform novel, and the faith-cure novel. Side by side may be seen novels lurid with crime and reeking with lust, and those all aglow with religious convictions and bathed in the light of splendid schemes for moral and social reforms. There is no veteran novel-reader who cannot discern the end from the beginning of any modern romance, and tell the different stages as well before as after reading it. It was about seventeen hundred years ago, when Lucius of Corinth, being on his way to Hypata, in Thessaly, fell in with Aristomenes, the commercial traveller, who beguiled the time by relating his stock of stories. Out of these ancient stories told by Aristomenes all subsequent stories have been woven. It was fifteen or sixteen centuries ago that Theagenes, happening to go into the temple at Delphos, found there the beautiful Chariclea, and became immediately and deeply enamored. Now, who will undertake to compute the multitude of heroines who have captivated their heroes under similar circumstances? We have no doubt that the romantic love of a pair of lineal descendants of Heliodorus' fevered lovers will be put on record in the next number of Harper's and the Century. "There is nothing new under the sun" in modern romances. Every one addicted to such literature is familiar—*ad nauseam*—with the common love-talk; with the man who has a hidden grief which he bravely fights and grandly buttons under his coat; with the heavy-browed murderer and the gray-faced female poisoner; the Jew money-lender; the noble young lady who, through disappointed love, disguises herself as a governess; the noble young man who leaves wealth and seeks a humble situation to prove his manhood; the man who shoots everybody and is never shot; the inconspicuous servant or laborer who is metamorphosed into the heir to rich estates, and thousands more too numerous and too well known to require mention. If, therefore, we have not Carlyle's excuse of desiring mental vacuity, we have no need of modern novels.

CHOICE VERSE—FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

In Westminster Abbey—T. B. Aldrich—Atlantic

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your Poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance.
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not there!
But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To finer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him:
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamant heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspecting sand—
The dross men toil for, often stains the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!

This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this—
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august Shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon,
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

Silenus—James B. Kenyon—Travelers Record

See the beast on which he rides
By the dewy forest-sides,
All his huge, loose-belted girth
Shaking with his boisterous mirth!
Now his rough head back he tips,
And with pursed and eager lips,
Swollen cheeks and gloating eye,
Drains a vine-wreathed flagon dry.
Hark! within the hollow wood
Wake the echoes wild and rude.
Goat-hoofed satyrs dance with glee,
And, to swell the revelry,
Shag-eared fawns the riot lead,
Blowing each a notched reed.

So the braying beast he strides
Bears him on, and on he rides,—
Old Silenus, wanton, gay,
Reck'ning not where winds his way,
If again his heavy ear
May the voice of Bacchus hear.
Noisiest of his noisy crew,
He has sought the forests through;
In the gnarled and moss-grown trees
Hid the timorous dryades,

A Ballad of East and West—Rudyard Kipling—Macmillan's

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the border side,
And he has lifted the colonel's mare that is the colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning mist ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai; at dawn he is into Bonair;
But he must go by Fort Monroe to his own place to fare,
So if ye gallop to Fort Monroe as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men."

And from many a fountained glade
Fled the white-limbed nymphs afraid.
There, where lately passed his train,
Lie the tender wood-flowers slain;
And the spray, so rudely dashed
From yon stream through which he splashed,
Scattering crystals far and wide,
Scarce has from the young plants dried.
Now around yon distant height
Wends the masking throng from sight.

Ah! the earth with years is hoar,
But the scene comes back once more,
And the sylvan arches ring
With the sounds of revelling:
Still amid his reeling rout
Forth he rides with song and shout,
Through the dales of Arcady,
Seeking where the god may be,—
Couched, perhaps, mid dusky fires,
Or, where happy vintagers
High their osier baskets heap,
By some wine-press, fast asleep,
While his tawny pards bask nigh,
Stretched at ease beneath the sky.

Asphodel—Graham R. Tomson—Collected Poems

Now who will thread the winding way,
Afar from fervid summer heat,
Beyond the sun-shafts of the day,
Beyond the blast of winter sleet
In the green twilight, dimly sweet,
Of poplar shades the shadows dwell,
Who found erewhile a fair retreat
Along the mead of Asphodel?

There death and birth are one, they say;
Those lowlands bear no yellow wheat;
No sound doth rise of mortal fray,
Of lowing herds, of flocks that bleat,
Nor wind nor rain doth blow nor beat;
Nor shrieketh sword, nor tolleth bell;
But lovers one another greet
Along the mead of Asphodel.

I would that there my soul might stray;
I would my phantom, fair and fleet,
Might cleave the burden of the clay,
Might leave the murmur of the street,
Nor with half-hearted prayer entreat
The half-believed-in gods; too well
I know the name I shall repeat
Along the mead of Asphodel.

Queen Proserpine, at whose white feet
In life my love I may not tell,
Wilt give me welcome when we meet
Along the mead of Asphodel!

The colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw, rough dun was he,
 With the mouth of a bell and the heart of hell, and the head of the gallows tree.
 The colonel's son, he's up and away as fast as he can fly,
 Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
 Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
 And when he could spy the white of her eye he made the pistol crack.
 He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
 "Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said, "show now if ye can ride."

It is up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
 The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
 The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
 But the red mare played with the snaffle bars as a lady plays with a glove.
 They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn
 The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he;
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive—
 "Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive;
 There was not a rock for twenty miles, there was not a clump of tree,
 But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
 If I had raised my bridle hand, as I have held it low,
 The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
 If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
 The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."

Lightly answered the colonel's son—"Do good to bird and beast,
 But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
 If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
 Belike the price of jackal's meat were more than a thief could pay.
 They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
 The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
 But if thou thinkest the price be fair, and thy brethren wait to sup,
 The hound is kin to the jackal spawn—howl, dog, and call them up!
 And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
 Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet,
 "No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet,
 May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
 What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with death?"
 Lightly answered the colonel's son—"I hold by the blood of my clan;
 Take up the mare for my father's gift—she will carry no better man!"
 The red mare ran to the colonel's son and nuzzled against his breast.
 "We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best,
 So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
 My brodered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The colonel's son a pistol drew and held its muzzle-end,
 "Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"
 "A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight: "a limb for the risk of a limb.
 Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
 With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain crest,
 He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
 "Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides.
 And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides,
 Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed.
 Thy life is his; thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
 And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
 And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the border line,
 And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
 Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault;
 They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
 They have taken the oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
 On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber-knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.

The colonel's son he rides the mare, and Kamal's boy the dun,
 And two have come back to Fort Monroe where there went forth but one.
 And when they drew to the quarter guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
 There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
 "Ha' done! ha' done!" said the colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
 Last night ye had struck at a border thief, to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
 Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.
 But there is neither east nor west, border or breed or birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.*

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

If the various newspaper rumors have any basis in fact, Robert Louis Stevenson is to remain a resident of Samoa. He has purchased several hundred acres of land in this paradise in the South Pacific, where, in close touch with the real stories of piratical adventure of which he is so fond, he means to end his days "removed from civilization, but (thankfully) out of the way of English and American intruders." Commenting on this latest whim of Stevenson's, a writer in the *London Hawk*, over the signature of John o' Dreams, gives fascinating gossip of what he is pleased to term this "wild, dainty, unearthly creature." "The fact is," he says, "that Stevenson's literary work is a mere excrescence on a remarkable personality—if a personality may bear an excrescence—and the man is so much above literature that some who know him do not reckon his books at all; while others confuse him with his books." What a pity it is that we cannot give a proper picture of a man like Stevenson. No living creature could say an ill word of him; every man that ever saw him loved him from the first time of meeting, and I believe that the only beings created by God who did not feel drawn to him were those dreadful, proper women, who could not understand the strangest bantling that ever Mother Nature nursed for her very own.

"In all my life I have never seen a fellow who had such a gift of attracting affection, and the queer thing is that the affection once attracted always remains with him, so that he has never lost a friend or made an enemy. Moreover, by some miraculous sleight, it happens that in whatever company he is placed he becomes first, and that, too, without any effort. As soon as he opens his mouth something falls from him which forces you to heed him, and the intense charm of the talk is so moving that most men do not care to check the magic of it by interpolating words of their own; so that at one time I fear that Master Louis was acquiring a trick of monologue which gained upon him. But it did not matter; there is no man whom ever I knew who would not be very content to let Stevenson pour out his indescribably beautiful thought. I know that if I had the blessed luck to get the chance of another day's chat with him, and he had the fancy to go at it in monologue for a dozen hours, I should take precious good care to keep him from interruption. Let me name one very singular thing: you cannot remain long in Stevenson's company without feeling like a good man. You may not be good, mark you, any more than I am, but everything that is bad in you lies low, and every power that makes for kindness, tenderness, uprightness, and charity seems as if it must begin to flourish. The more I think of this, the more it puzzles me; because the fellow is just about as far from being a saint as any one may be. He can be as broad as anybody, and he will sometimes emphasize his conversation with effects of blasphemy which are most broad and picturesque; yet swearing from him becomes artistically right on the instant, and everything he says seems clean and pure. A profane critic who adored Stevenson once said to me, 'The blank writes so blank well because he has a beautiful mind.' You feel that all along as the unmatched, unmatched talker goes on.

"Now, is it not a shame that I cannot give a real, living picture of such a magnetic personage? There is no perfect portrait of him so far; the thing which came out in *Scribner's Magazine* makes his face appear about two feet long, and he looks like a sentimental horse that has been beaten on the post, and considers he has a grievance against his jockey. The most absolute presentment of him in writing is in William Henley's volume of poems; but the movement of the man is not given. By the way, I have the original of Henley's sonnet, written in Henley's own hand over fourteen years ago, and the last lines of which run:

" 'Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical;
Of Bottom take a little, much of Puck,
More Cleopatra, Hamlet most of all,
Combine, release, restrain and—Have we missed?'

"Stevenson thought his relatives might object to the word 'sensualist,' so with prompt benevolence Henley offered to write 'lover and botanist,' which caused our hero to defy the relatives. Few people know who is the apparition of this absolutely flawless presentment:

" 'Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably
Neat-footed, and weak-fingered; in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-dipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical;
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist,
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter Catechist.'

"It is a perfect work of art. That touch about the buffoon may stagger several, but it is right. One of the weirdest things in life is to see that wonderful man pass from the maddest of fooling to transcendencies of wisdom. One night in my house he took the fancy to dance at about midnight. Henley is a man who has no technical skill as a pianist, but he plays as if seven Irish devils possessed him, and he affects you like Rubinstein. It was his maddening touch that started Stevenson away, and my gentleman danced with perfect grace and abandonment until two in the morning; he showed positive genius for dancing, and it was as pleasant to watch him as to hear him. Well, then he had the fancy to preach comic Scottish sermons, and his dramatic gift came out, for in a short time he had the whole lot of us either mixed up on the floor in a semi-comatose condition, or lying limply back in the chairs. I lay on the ground, and merely yelled until my breath died away. There is one lady who (after ten years) starts off laughing if I only begin one of those sermons. Well, the preacher managed to get into another vein, and, as the dawn came, he was talking strange wisdom, and his ineffable, reticent pathos trembled subtly sometimes until it was fit to move your heart strings; it was as if he had got your heart bared and could touch it softly when he wished. So now you can see what Henley means by buffoon. That sonnet has no fault, the description is perfect.

"There was another sonnet in the same set which comes to my mind, as I write:

"The grand Norse breed is finely evident
In his big frame, deep-chested, great of bone,
His ruddy blondness, cheeks of carven stone,
The mouth's resolve, the sharp chin's firm intent.
A crowd of Sciences his thews have spent,
And a dull drudgery claims him for its own,
But his blue eye—so young, so pure, so lone,
Burns like the soul unquenchable in him pent.
Constant in love—an almost perfect friend."

"To see Stevenson in his most striking aspect, just let him alone in a good big room. He cannot sit still; the lithe, quick figure, which looks as if it should be measured for a sheath instead of a suit, moves swiftly up and down like a caged creature; the velvety eyes glow with a light that seems to come really from some depth; the long hands move so as to emphasize and interpret every new point, and the lovely, picked English flows on with an occasional break in the shape of bold, brutal slang. Once in the midst of the very finest burst of talk about Cæsar that I ever heard, he suddenly paused, and then, in an ecstasy of literary self-approval, he described the eminent conqueror of Gaul as 'the howlingest cheese that ever lived.' This was quite beneath the dignity of history; but it is quite in Stevenson's way. It is these queer changes that make an hour of Stevenson's talk like an exciting romance; you never know what will come next; you only learn to be sure that it will be something totally inexplicable and unexpected. When he makes a personal appeal to you, and the kind eyes burn so warmly, he makes you forget even his talk; and the hardest of men must grow soft toward him. I could have broken him in two with one hand, but he could do absolutely as he liked with me; the possibility of resisting him or crossing him never seemed thinkable to me, and I believe all strong men were affected by him in the same way.

"Louis Stevenson abhors mathematics, yet, as the good heaven covers us, I have seen him fascinate Professor Sylvester, the most transcendental of all mathematicians, to such a point that the excellent old man began explaining four-dimensioned space to a youth who would have been floored by a simple-proportion sum! Artists, lecturers, novelists, editors, poets, politicians—all were drawn in the same mysterious fashion. At first, there was a sort of repulsion between the late Professor Clifford and Stevenson, for Clifford had sometimes an affectation of cynicism, and Stevenson hates a cynic as he hates the devil; but the men were too frank and clean-minded to remain estranged long. With persons of low degree this astounding magnetism takes effect just as it does on learned and cultured folk. I remember when Stevenson came back from France, after he had been wandering in the Cevennes, he cut a very remarkable figure. His hair, as usual, hung very long; he had not washed, I should fancy, for some days; he wore a shocking suit, a very, very dark blue shirt, and a basket hat made of gardener's bass netting, through which tiny locks wriggled here and there. We went a-roaming together one afternoon, and got into a lonely place, whereupon Louis stopped a tramp, and said, 'Can you tell me where I can get some tobacco about here?' The tramp was quite as well dressed as the author, but he never was under a delusion. He touched his hat respectfully to the ragged portrait be-

fore him, and made answer, 'Well, sir, 'tis a goodish way. I got a bit left, if you'll share; though it ain't the kind as you'll be used to.' Stevenson was very much tickled, and wondered how on earth the roadster should know that he smoked superior stuff. I didn't.

"So this most delightful work of God fared through the world, winning the hearts of men and women, strong and weak, gentle and simple, until he was driven from England in search of warmth; and I hear that he only went away to discover another continent of worshippers. Nearly all of his friends keep touch with him, and although I, personally, am too morose to see any one or speak to any one unless I am forced, yet at this day I love him with all the enthusiasm that I felt when I was a smooth-faced boy. England will never see him again, and the more is the pity, for we shall never know what a personage has been vouchsafed to us. The man who made Stevenson is undoubtedly Henley. Whenever you see a very great man in history, you may always be sure that there was a greater one behind him, who inspired him and remained obscure. Henley is a stronger and greater man than Stevenson, but somehow his genius runs in the direction of drawing ideas and performance out of others. He used to be one of the fastest of literary workers, and he would write sonnets, or any other difficult form, right off in the printing office at the speed of prose. He has chosen to slacken production; but, at any rate, he continues to form men's minds as he did Stevenson's. Oddly enough, I brought the pair together, and each found his complement. Henley was in hospital, and I implored Mr. Leslie Stephen, editor of the Cornhill, to call and see him. Mr. Stephen thought Henley might like a youthful companion, and thus the burly, rugged invalid was presented to Ariel, and a very fruitful partnership has ensued, for the two most completely witty men in Britain became allies. I hope Henley will not remain obscure. I count him among the greatest of modern men, and I hope he may do more than suggest with his piercingly strong wit. So much, then, for this latest news of the author of *The Master of Ballantrae*. I do not mind what he does; I only think of what he is."

Under the caption of *A New Literary Hero*, a writer in the *London World* thus outlines the history, personality, and peculiarities of Rudyard Kipling: "Two small rooms connected by a tiny hall afford sufficient space to contain Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the literary hero of the present hour, 'the man who came from nowhere,' as he himself remarks, and who a year ago was consciously nothing in the literary world, though even had he died then his works must have lived and spoken to posterity none the less. A short but broadly figured man, dark, with blue eyes and a resolute jaw, still quite young—he is not yet twenty-five—but with a face on which time and incident have prematurely traced many tell-tale marks, meets you on the threshold, and looks at you somewhat cynically through his spectacles with divided lens. He is in working dress—a loose dark suit buttoned high to the throat like a workman's blouse—and wears a tasselled scarlet fez, which he has a habit of thrusting backward, as though to ease his brow from even this slight restraint; and he seems disproportionately pleased when you beg that he will not lay aside the pipe, which you can see at first glance is a tried, familiar friend. The room you

have invaded, which is spread with soft-tinted Persian rugs and ancient prayer carpets, and is papered in a dull green, with gold which has lost its pristine brightness, is dim also with smoke; but as this clears away through the open door, you can see that the pervading sobriety of hue is relieved by touches here and there of vivid color. A tall Japanese screen, with a grotesque design of dancing skeletons, stands between two windows, and on the sofa is spread a large poshteen rug, bordered by astrachan and embroidered in rich yellow silks; while on the walls hang pictures of military subjects, which Mr. Kipling treasures highly, and in which he invested 'to prevent him from feeling homesick,' as he says, with one of the boyish smiles that at times break through his almost melancholy expression. Above the mantelpiece are a sample of the new magazine-rifle and a box of black Indian cheroots, and on the sideboard stands a mighty tobacco-jar, this being flanked on either side by a whiskey decanter and a siphon of soda-water, unfailing reminders of days spent in India, sometimes in the lap of luxury, but often exposed to the climatic terrors of blinding sunshine and dry, hot winds, which Mr. Kipling so graphically describes in many of his books. Just above this hangs a rack of pipes, beside a map of Afghanistan; while a battered dispatch-box, which has been all round the world, a pile of scrap-books and old *Illustrateds* of the Mutiny and the Crimea, and a bundle of fishing-rods complete this much of the surroundings.

"In a quaint Dutch bureau, in brown oak, with twisted brass handles, reposes a heap of Mr. Kipling's copy. Pioneer letters of *From Sea to Sea*, East End observations for future use, military pamphlets, notes and notions from India ('every one of which,' he mentions in parentheses, 'I owe to my father'); and, in very small characteristic handwriting, the MS. of a forthcoming novel, already promised to the public in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, which will be called *Mother Maturin*. All are very neatly labelled, and in queer proximity to them are discovered fishing-tackle, Nottingham reels, winches, and flies. From another recess Mr. Kipling brings for your enjoyment a set of sepia and line drawings by his father, which were designed to illustrate his book *In Black and White*—charming sketches every one, from the first, which shows the kitmatghar of the introduction, salaaming with the words 'This is my work,' to the last, where the author himself is shown looking down through his glasses to the paper whereon he has just inscribed the always grateful word 'Finis.' Close by stands the writing-table at which such excellent work has been lately done. It is large and business-like, with more pigeon-holes, more manuscripts, and in one drawer a collection of press notices, which surely have told more flattering tales than even Hope dared whisper one short year ago. This table stands near both windows, which look down on the busy life ebbing and flowing between the Strand and Charing Cross Station. In contrast to this view, there is from Mr. Kipling's other room a pleasant outlook on to the Embankment Gardens, with their bright array of crocuses springing up from a soft greensward and bearing the promise of the year; the young men and maidens walking in couples below. Just beyond are Cleopatra's Needle and the river; while further still lies Waterloo Bridge, its rush and movement softened down by distance; and the spire of St. Paul's may

be seen against a flushed horizon on a sunlit day. Alone—always alone—like Teufelsdröckh, with the stars, Mr. Kipling can stand at any of these windows and watch the world beneath, while the human tragedy enacts itself for his benefit; and with almost cruelly dispassionate curiosity he is ever solving problems new in interest, though old as life itself. It is here he gets much of his material; and to these people he addresses himself, seeking to know truly all shades of existence, and the desires of those thousands who have no power, no knowledge, to speak for themselves.

"On all that concerns India, the land of his birth, he feels very strongly, and speaks on debatable questions with a calm assurance of knowledge which at least carries conviction as you listen to his 'I have seen' or 'Here I know' that drives home an indictment of the ends and methods of the National Congress. Then checking himself with 'But what do you care for these things in England?' he envelops himself in a smoke cloud and speaks of lighter matters. He himself came over from India when only five years old to be educated, and returned there at the age of sixteen, patiently serving seven years' apprenticeship to literature as preparation for the fame he has won now. Coming back to England, Mr. Kipling purposely chose a long route to add to his already varied knowledge; and through his wanderings, by Japan and America, restrained his eyes for nothing they desired, enjoying his holiday as holidays are meant to be enjoyed, yet far too fond of his craft to remain idle throughout the time. The *Book of the Forty-five Mornings*, which will shortly appear, contains for the most part reminiscences of his travels, which embrace as wide an era as many can boast who may only pride themselves on what they have seen. Mr. Kipling draws out from an obscure corner a travelling-stick of Japanese bamboo, and helps you to decipher the names thereon inscribed: speaking with abundance of metaphor and the argot of many countries, he tells of salmon-fishing in Oregon, a murder in a gambling-hell in 'Frisco, visits to prominent citizens in America, and wandering as a special correspondent in India, which took him through the deserts of Bikanir, the mines, opium factories, and jute mills of Lower Bengal, the States of Rajputana, and to horse-fights in Jumoo and the softer pleasures of a Simla season. Then from stories of incidents he glides easily into the subject of his literary tastes, and leaning across, turns his book-cases that you may see all they contain. Prince Kraft's letters on Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry are much in evidence, with many other military works; while among other books you notice Thackeray, Sterne, Scott, Fielding, Defoe, and Besant. To Defoe, Mr. Kipling declares he owes his deepest literary debt. 'One can do a great deal with Defoe and the drill-book,' he says quaintly, and flatly disclaims any knowledge on the subject of art. Not a single French book is in the room, except a Rabelais.

"The name of Rudyard Kipling has been a household word in the Punjab and Northwest Provinces, and is almost equally well known through the presidencies of Madras and Bombay. Rarely a day passed but something from his pen appeared in the daily papers, *The Pioneer* or *The Civil and Military Gazette*; and sometimes vivid flashes of genuine humor or touches of true pathos enlightened the pages of both; yet only now

and then was an opinion expressed, and this by the most advanced spirits, that perchance they were entertaining an angel unawares. Not that his genius could be denied, only it was thought that having found its outlet in the portrayal of Anglo-Indian and native Indian life, it must henceforth be devoted to those subjects which would also in all probability prove to be of purely local interest. Even the editors of both the papers which profited by his contributions preferred to obtain from him leaders and paragraphs, only allowing Plain Tales and Departmental Ditties to appear as a favor, and regarding their production as an amiable eccentricity. Indian life, it is well known, runs in two distinct grooves—the official and the military—in neither of which is any real place for an outsider, however distinguished he may be. Nor is there through the length and breadth of that great country the smallest tract of Bohemian land where the follower of literature or art can plant his foot and say, 'Here I will take mine ease.' Therefore Mr. Kipling has been in a sense isolated, and has not hitherto had the chance of measuring swords with others in the field. 'I called, and there was no one to answer,' he says. 'It was beating the air.' His best training for the arena has been in his home intercourse; for he has lived in a pleasant atmosphere of wit and artistic taste, and has been able to command never-failing sympathy and help.

"Of the assistance Mr. Kipling's father has been able to give him in all his works he speaks very frankly and with intensest feeling. 'All I have, all I am, I owe entirely to him,' he says impressively; and indeed it is very evident that the success which has come to him is most highly valued for the sake of the people it will so deeply please. The elder Mr. Kipling, who has just resigned a government appointment he held for many years as head of the Lahore School of Art, is a man of very varied attainments, a fine linguist, and a clever artist. A Christmas number appeared in India five years ago called *The Quartette*, which contained stories from the pens of all four of the family, and it was in this *The Strange Adventures of Morrowbie Jukes* (one of the most powerful short stories ever written) and *The Phantom Rickshaw* made their first appearance. Asked if he had always had the taste for writing, and meant to be an author, Mr. Kipling shrugs his shoulders expressively. 'What else was I born for? The ink-pot was emptied into my veins and was bound to ooze out through my fingers;' and he adds that even as a boy he had edited a school paper and contributed to a North Devon journal, while the first money he received on account of his literary wares was from *The World* for a sonnet. He was educated at Westward Ho! where most of his school-fellows were sons of Anglo-Indians, and nearly all went into the army.

"At the age of sixteen he went out to India as sub-editor of *The Civil and Military Gazette*, and the first thing he brought out was a tiny volume of parodies called *Echoes*—now vanished utterly, he is glad to say, though he was his own publisher and it paid. Then *Plain Tales from the Hills* came out day by day, as did subsequently *Departmental Ditties*. On his arrival in England a little more than six months ago Mr. Kipling was besieged by editors asking for his work, and his one difficulty has been not to yield to the temptation of doing too much in response to their demands. He

works on an average ten hours in the twenty-four, his best time being at night, when he sits up until two or three, writing all through the roar and tumult of the traffic below, and compelled to hold his hand when the great pulses of London life cease for a while to beat. The very silence that ensues discomposes his thoughts, as the stopping of the screw of a ship will wake you up at sea. Of writing himself out he has no fear. His active brain harbors at once a dozen different ideas, all worthy of development, and not a third of what he actually writes is sent to the press. Since his success he has given to his work the same minute elaboration as before, speaking every word aloud that he may better judge of its fitness; and the longest work he has yet completed has been already worked out four times, and will be studied carefully again before it is finished.

"Mr. Kipling's sketches of native Indian life are the result of conscientious labor. His information has been obtained at first-hand in the very heart of native cities, in dens no Europeans ever penetrated before; and, with a happy knack of making people talk for his entertainment, his researches have been facilitated by a perfect mastery of Hindoostanee as taught in books, and also of an inner-life familiar tongue, known in India bazaars as 'chotee bolee,' words of which 'women's talk' is a very free translation. Perhaps Mr. Kipling's greatest temptation lies in his dramatic taste. His keen insight into human nature seizes at once its most salient points; and it is usually the worst of these that lend themselves most readily to realistic treatment. What will naturally be most appreciated by the public in England are those stories the majority of which have appeared under the title of *Soldiers Three*; for, fine as these are in conception, they never wander by one hair's-breadth from the facts as they are. No one hitherto has attempted to treat Tommy Atkins as a separate human entity, instead of the 800th or 900th component part of a whole; and the freshness of the characters of Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris are of course the more acceptable from their novelty. Mulvaney is the man after Mr. Kipling's own heart with whom he has intense untiring sympathy. To write of him is no labor, but a delight; and the big soldier, great in all matters of discipline, comes out in full accoutrements from the storehouse of his creator's mind, living and natural, at first call, sometimes even unbidden.

"A recent article in *The Times* first set the seal of public approval on the young writer's work, when, while denying his right to a place in the first rank of contemporary authors, it characterized him as an admirably direct writer, with an incisive power of representing in half a dozen pages a complete action, and laid due stress upon his extraordinary knowledge of Indian life and the new vein that he has tapped. In his society tales he is far less happy than in others, and with the frankness which seems to be his leading characteristic, he owns this. 'One must see what one can do, and suffer for making mistakes,' he explains. Mr. Kipling's greatest fear is that the strong wine of praise which is pressed to his lips may make him lose his head and commit some extreme literary folly in consequence. 'I want to give good work; that is my only concern in life,' he says with unconscious pathos, and when you offer him your best felicitations as you have, he jerks back his scarlet fez and smiles queerly: 'Up like the

rocket, down like the stick,' he answers. You grope your way slowly down the dark staircase, leaving the man who came from nowhere to his solitude once more, feeling that even in the strong sunlight of success may lurk an unsuspected shadow, and that the theory that there is no perfect, unalloyed happiness on earth is trite only because it is so everlastingly true."

A correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat adapts from the Spanish of Valbuena this sketch of Zorilla: "Death has just completed the life of the Spanish poet laureate. He was crowned about one year ago in Granada, the brilliant ceremony throwing a glow of mediæval picturesqueness over the rather commonplace career of a poet nowadays. They are always more or less in disguise, princes incognito, and like the good wife with King Alfred, we will put them to baking cakes, and wish to beat them if they fail as cooks. The life of Zorilla reminds one that Spain is still the Spain of Gil Blas and Don Quixote, and that poets are born, not made. As a boy, what did he not undergo at different schools, resisting mathematics, sciences, and the chains of a regular routine of study! 'I threw myself into the arms of the Muses,' he says afterward, in one of his poems; 'they being beautiful women and I a boy, I lay in the meshes of their affection, ignoring sermons and lectures.' His worthy father, the grave and dignified magistrate; his beautiful, pious mother (whose curling hair fell to her feet); his uncle, the priest—they all tried their hand at making a lawyer out of him. But 'the demon of poetry,' he confessed, possessed him; and wherever the seminary selected by his parents was situated, he would still go in search of the beautiful, strolling out into the country, wandering through old Moorish streets, visiting mosques converted into temples and churches beautified into palaces, learning the traditions of the people and consorting with Bohemians.

"His one dream was to be a poet, to see a book of his in print, and to offer his hand in friendship to Espronceda, Garcia, Gutierrez, and Hartzenbusch. And during all this time Spain was being torn by civil war and his father driven from one shelter to the other by the blind fury of partisan malice. It was the old gentleman who produced the crisis which cut the cables and launched the poet. His educational ultimatum was that if his son failed to receive his baccalaureate at the end of one last experiment, he should be sent to Torquemada to crush grapes. The youth recognized that his father was the man to do what he promised. He went resolutely to his rector and guardian, and told him that he would no longer study law; that he could no more graduate at the end of a year than a bull could fly. For this he was sent back home. 'They put me in a wagon,' he relates, 'in charge of the driver. On the way I thought to myself how that my life at home was not going to be at all pleasant, and without thinking further of the pain that my exiled parents would suffer, I took the opportunity, while the driver was not looking, to jump out of the wagon, and seizing a pony which happened to be grazing near, I mounted his back and returned to Valladolid.' By daylight he was on his way to Madrid, where he wandered through the streets; 'fleeing from my sacred duties in chase after my foolish hopes, smothering the voice of conscience to listen to my dream.'

"In Madrid he passed through many vicissitudes, trying to economize his small means, and hiding himself from those who might have assisted him, the friends of his father, for fear that he should be induced to return to his abandoned home. He wrote for a periodical which lasted only two months, at the end of which the government sought for the editors in order to give them a trip to the Philippine Islands. Zorilla saw the police enter the house. He let himself down from the balcony into a neighboring yard, whence he escaped without accident into the street. He ran through alleyways and back streets, until he suddenly came face to face with a gypsy whose life he had saved two years before, obtaining his pardon from a Carlist judge, who was about having him shot as a spy. The gypsy recognized Zorilla and saw his peril. He took him to his hut, plaited his forelock, dyed his face, put on him trousers and jacket of cotton velvet, a broad-brimmed hat and wide sash, and led him out of Madrid in his band. Zorilla appeared for the first time in public as a poet at the burial of Larra, who had committed suicide. He was then twenty years of age. It was an Italian named Massard, in the service of the Infante, D. Sebastian, who meeting Zorilla, told him of the suicide of Larra, and took him to see the corpse, and proposed to him to write some verses on the occasion, engaging himself to have them published. Zorilla was not seduced. His sole object now was to placate his father, whose just ire he proposed to bury beneath a mountain of laurel leaves, and to please the maiden he dearly loved. He thought that he would not gain much with either father or maiden by writing verses to so bad a Christian as the suicidal Larra. He, however, finally promised to write them on condition that Massard should sign them. He went as usual that night to his home, the hut of a basket-maker, where, of course, pens and ink were unknown. But there were some osiers soaking in their blue dye. He sharpened one of them, dipped it in the dye, and on the back of an old letter he found in his pocket he wrote the lines to Larra. A friend carried them to Massard. Zorilla did not fail to go to the funeral, arraying himself as best he could in a coat borrowed from one friend and another garment from another. At the cemetery a speech was made and a number of poems read; but as the demonstration seemed about concluded, Massard arose and stated that there were still some verses to be heard, but that he did not dare to read them himself in his foreign accent. Beckoning Zorilla from the crowd, he placed the paper in his hand and left him. All eyes were riveted on the thin, pale, unknown youth, with bushy hair. In the sepulchral silence, his fresh, sympathetic voice gave the poem, until emotion overcharged his eyes with tears, and then some one else had to finish it. At the conclusion the enthusiasm of the audience knew no limits; all saluted the new poet, and all, says an eye-witness, 'thanked Providence for the manifestation which permitted one genius to appear from the grave of another.' Zorilla was taken from the cemetery in a coach; was given a dinner; a position on a new periodical was created for him; he was introduced to his poets; he was made to recite other verses—and the rest, to the crowning at Granada, last year, is like the last pages of a fairy tale. His genius was lyrical, epical, dramatic; but, first and foremost, always Spanish and Catholic. He is read and acted wherever the Red and Gold waves by right or by courtesy.

RANDOM READING—CURRENT THOUGHT AND OPINION

Nineteenth-Century Ills—The Memphis Commercial

As every pleasure in life brings its corresponding pain or bitterness, so every civilized aid to existence devised for human kind develops an agency for introducing new ills. The invention of steam locomotion, telegraph and telephone, electric lighting, and various time and labor saving machines, while adding so much to public comfort and convenience, has also brought into existence curious diseases, which form interesting contributions to medical science. Railroad spine, unknown before travel by rail became so common, has been a familiar malady for some time; but one more recent is railroad kidney, a disease not unlike Bright's disease, but of nervous origin, due to concussions received on railroads. There is a disturbance of the general system, especially of the functions of the kidneys, the symptoms disappearing when the sufferer leaves his regular work. The over-use of the telephone produces a curious disease, in some respects a form of asomatism, a volitional overstraining of certain powers by which we perceive spoken words when we cannot see the speaker or perceive his gestures or the movement of his lips; thus creating confusion of ideas, general nervousness, and lack of self-control. Certain of the senses are developed at the expense of others, the natural equilibrium being unbalanced. Telephone tinnitus, aural overpressure, is caused by the constant strain of the auditory apparatus in persons who use the ear continually, the ear becoming intolerant of the tinkle of the bell. The symptoms are buzzing noises in the ear, dizziness, neuralgic pains, and in some instances a sub-inflammatory condition of the membrana tympani. The telegrapher's cramp and the professional akinesia are of the same order of afflictions as the writer's cramp or the violinist's cramp. Electrical sunstroke is an affliction that attacks those who are exposed to the intense rays of the electric arc used in fusing or welding metals, protection against this being afforded by wearing a mask of gray taffeta and gray eyeglasses. Ophthalmia photo-electrica is an inflammation of the eye in persons employed about electric lights, and is caused by looking at these brilliant lights a short distance away. A succession of bright spots rapidly follow one another over the visual field, and at night there is inability to look at light without pain and a profuse flow of tears; the eyelids are swollen and the movements of the eye painful. This lasts a few hours and is succeeded by a feeling of painful weariness. The ordinary telescopic vision is a disease by which the visual field is limited concentrically, and the sufferer can finally see nothing except that which is directly in front of his eye, this condition being due to the lack of nutrition of the retina or to some disease of the periphery. An affection of vision similar to the telescopic eye may also be produced by the action of quinine. The telescopic eye peculiar to lighthouse-keepers is a thickening and enlarging of the bony walls of the orbit, caused by the persistent and repeated pressure at the end of the telescope upon the surroundings of the eye, inducing a chronic form of periostitis or osteitis; the eye gradually protruding, but not becoming myopic or astigmatic. The diver's bends is a new form of caisson disease, which attacks the victim on

his return to the open air, with nervous prostration. The cavities connected with the nasal passages are obstructed, in some cases completely, while the men are at work, and in some cases extreme deafness has been induced. The sufferers often reel and stagger like drunkards and sometimes are affected with partial paralysis. Electricity has been used with success for the treatment of this disease. Civilized indulgence and vanities have also contributed their share of diseases that afflict the modern world. Tight shoes, by compressing the nerves of the foot, have created Morton's toe. Then the tennis elbow and baseball shoulder tell their own story, while chronic catarrh is in a large number of cases due to cigarette throat. Inventive genius is still at work improving the arts and sciences, and so the demon of disease, ever on the alert, will doubtless follow with attendant ills to the end of time, keeping step with the march of civilization.

Laughter and Appreciation of Humor—The Spectator

It is no literary fiction that ascribes the shedding of tears to horses and dogs, and in the case of the latter sorrow, and not mere physical pain, is apparently often the predisposing cause. But laughter, on the other hand, is undoubtedly one of the attributes which not only distinguishes man from all the lower animals, but man from man and nation from nation. It meant one thing to the Hebrew and another to the Greek. One has but to recall the passages in which laughter is mentioned in the Bible, to be confirmed in the conviction that the Jews had little knowledge of or sympathy for that mirth which is the spontaneous outcome of the mere joy of living, or which is provoked by the conflict of wit or of humor. The abatement of open laughter among us is possibly due in part to the tendency of the humorous literature of a race to whom, according to Mr. Bryce, we are chiefly beholden for our food for mirth—the Americans. The essence of the modern American humor is what Uncle Remus calls the "dry grins." It was hardly so with Artemus Ward, whose lecture, delivered with the most melancholy composure, was so agonizingly funny as to enable many of his auditors to realize what had been previously only a figure of speech. They laughed till they were perfectly ill. Of the inhabitants of Great Britain the Anglo-Irish have probably the greatest appreciation of humor, and possess most infectious laughs. Our cousins the Germans enjoy a joke—especially a hoax—as their phrase, *Es ist zum todt lachen*, indicates, though the greatest German joker of recent times, Saphir, was a Jew. The French are too logical to appreciate nonsense. Wit rather than humor appeals to their temperament, though the instance of Rabelais proves the danger of generalization. The Turk has a great fund of dry humor latent in him, and enjoys a sedate laugh; but he has a poor opinion of *mascaralik*, or habitual fooling. At the same time he more than tolerates the humorous and generally scandalous buffooneries of Karagueuz (*i.e.*, Blackface), the Turkish Pulcinello. In Persia laughter is annually evoked by the following rather cheap means. As a part of the Baira festivities given by Persians of high standing, a number of Jews, who have been caught for the occa-

sion, are suddenly hustled into the deep *haouz*, or tank, which is to be found in every court-yard, and left to struggle out, half-drowned and bedraggled, amid the shrieks of the spectators. The negro all the world over is reputed a laughter-loving creature, except when the outward manifestation of mirth is checked by the new-found sense of dignity which accompanies conversion to Islam. Whatever they feel, the Chinese are certainly chary of expressing amusement in Occidental fashion. The Japanese, on the other hand, are an eminently cheerful and merry people. If, however, the tendency of civilization is rather to efface the outward and physical symbols by which the natural man expresses his mirth, against this loss may be set many countervailing advantages. On the whole, we gratify our laughter-loving propensity in a far more legitimate fashion than the generation of Theodore Hook. There is less brutal horse-play, less indecency, less of the desire to amuse ourselves at the direct expense, to the discomfort, or by the pain of other people. The old Adam causes some of us to regret the decline of the harlequinade; but we should reconcile ourselves to its elimination by remembering that it was in great measure true to life. The days of pantomimic practical joking—as drawn in the pages of Tom Cringle's Log—are over, and with the disappearance of the reality we can cheerfully dispense with its mimic representation. If we go further back, how swinish is the fun of the Middle Ages! What an infliction a court fool must have been in real life, and how inhuman was the practice of making playthings of dwarfs—always notoriously sensitive to ridicule—who should have been objects of pity rather than butts of merriment! We may laugh less loudly than our great grandfathers, but our appreciation of a joke is not necessarily any the less keen on that account. Nor is there any loss of virility or grit involved in this purging of fun of many of its grosser elements. A man is never less manly for having a pure imagination.

The Art of Good Conversation—Providence Journal

If there be any lost art which the people of the present day should seek to recover, it is the art of conversing well. No one can deny that the American people are a talkative people. Though the Teutonic races are not as a rule eloquent and expressive talkers, there is some influence of our climate, or of the prosperous conditions amid which we live, which sets our ideas in motion and loosens our tongues. Oratory of a certain kind seems to be a national gift, and the stump-speaker has long been rampant among us. The American countryman is far more intelligent, and gives his ideas a better expression, than the English peasant. The American lady talks easily, though in somewhat of a high key, and with a volubility which few of us would probably care to have increased. Go into the private office of any successful manager of a great business concern to consult him upon any subject within his sphere, and he will promptly give you his opinion in brief sentences and well-chosen words, which leave nothing further to be desired in the way of clearness and force. Our appreciation of the value of time makes us direct and intense in expression, originating hundreds of words and terms which pass as Americanisms in other countries. Probably it is a fact that we have as many good talkers in the world to-day as ever there have been. Our style is more simple, more direct, and more flexible than that of either speak-

ers or writers one hundred years ago. No one writes like Addison or Johnson now, because such styles have yielded to the demands of a more natural state of society, which prefers the style of Arnold or Newman. Yet with all our increase of intelligence, our higher intellectual activity, our greater breadth of vision, with all the talking that we do, the art of conversation is lost, either in the sense of having passed out of our range or of having never yet been found. We suspect that the latter is the case; that, indeed, conversation, which implies mutual interchange of ideas upon the higher topics of art, literature, science, politics, or religion, has always been rare, in general society very much less common than it is now. In short, the art of conversation is one which has probably developed, and which may be expected to develop, along with other improvements in society—becoming more general and of a wider range in proportion as education and refinement are more widely diffused. We suspect that in the circle which gathered around the wits of the time of Charles II. conversation took for the most part a low tone, exactly as it did in the novels of that time, and that in the salons of Paris under Louis XIV. the prevailing topics were not far removed from those of the Court of Tuileries during the Second Empire. For all this, we have nothing to boast of in the way of good conversation yet. What more weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable than the talk which goes on so unceasingly in many of the best social circles, wherein that talking be continuous is the first requisite, and whether it be sense or nonsense which is uttered does not greatly matter! Some curious intellects, if they may be called such, highly interesting from a psychological standpoint, are developed amid such conditions. There are those gifted women who understand all that one has in mind to say long before he has opened his mouth, who so kindly state our ideas for us, and with such bewildering rapidity; others who can say so much about current problems of science, art, or religion, but about whom the Pharisee's question might not unjustly be asked: "How knoweth this person letters, having never learned?" Others who are so deficient in logical power that they cannot hold to the same idea to the end of a single sentence, flying off in tangents and lingering on unessential side-tracks till their listeners are hopelessly puzzled and bewildered; men whose loquacity is more than feminine; others whose talk is vacuous, who studiously avoid all topics of importance, and whose ill-chosen words upon ill-chosen themes is a sad commentary upon human intelligence. The small-talk of society cannot be called conversation. It is a weariness and a pain to those who know what breadth of topic, what wealth of information, and what unlimited resource conversation may draw upon for its enrichment, or how charming it is to listen to any one who has availed himself of these resources and who really talks well. When such a person makes his appearance all doors of society are open to him, and men and women everywhere pause to listen. They will always listen, as they listened to Disraeli in his younger days, as they listened to Macaulay and Carlyle. Gossip is only the last resort of society, the thing to which we descend when no one is at hand to instruct us with his knowledge of worthy things, or to amuse us with his wit or fancy. To converse well is a worthy object of ambition for any one. The art, so far as it is not a natural gift, can be acquired by almost any one. It

requires only a quick intelligence, which is the gift of so many of the present age, and which is stimulated by so many of the conditions amid which we live, and a protracted effort to acquire information, to choose words with discrimination, and to cultivate ease of expression. It is aided by a good memory, by the possession of wit or imagination, but its real essentials are very few. The true method of seeking the art is in reading the best books, in trying to interpret the best art, to master the more important problems of the time, in training the mind so that it can think worthy thoughts, and in intercourse with other minds that have followed the same course. Its possession by all those who might attain it would give society a charm which it does not possess, and would make conversation one of the greatest agencies of culture as well as one of the highest delights. All happy influences are uppermost where talk is good. They are in the background where it is aimless, fallacious, inexcusably weak, or dull.

The Sheath of Custom—New York Home Journal

Every human being grows up inside a sheath of custom, which enfolds it as the swathing-clothes enfold the infant. The sacred customs of one's own early home, how fixed and immutable they appear to the child! It surely thinks that all the world in all times has proceeded on the same lines which bound its tiny life. It regards a breach of these rules as a wild step in the dark, leading to unknown dangers. The elders have always said that by this time of day everything has been so thoroughly worked over that the best methods of ordering our life—food, dress, domestic practices, social habits, have long ago been determined. If so, why these divergences in the simplest and most obvious matters? And then one thing after another gives way. The sacred, world-wide customs in which we are bred turn out to be only the practices of a small or narrow caste or class; or they prove to be confined to a very limited locality, and must be left behind when we set out on our travels; or they belong to the tenets of a feeble religious sect; or they are just the products of one age in history and no other. Are there really no natural boundaries? Has not our life anywhere been founded on reason and necessity, but only on arbitrary customs? What is more important than food, yet in what human matter are there more arbitrary divergencies of practice? The Scotch Highlander flourishes on oat-meal, which the English Sheffield iron worker would rather starve than eat; the fat snail which the Roman country gentleman once so prized now crawls unmolested in English or American gardens; rabbits are tabooed in Germany; frogs are unspeakable in England; sauerkraut is detested in France; many races and gangs of people are quite certain they would die if deprived of meat; others think spirits of some kind a necessity, while to others again both these things are an abomination. Every district has its local practices in food, and the peasants look with the greatest suspicion on any new dish and can rarely be induced to adopt it. Though it has been abundantly proved that many of the fungi are excellent eating, such is the force of custom that the mushroom alone is ever publicly recognized, while, curiously enough, it is said that in some other countries where the claims of other agarics are allowed the mushroom itself is not used. I feel myself that I would rather die than subsist on insects. Yet only lately a book has been published giving

a detail of excellent provender of the kind we habitually overlook—nasty morsels of caterpillars and beetles, and so forth! And indeed, when one comes to think of it, what can it be but prejudice which causes one to eat the periwinkle and reject the land-snail, or to prize the lively prawn and proscribe the cheerful grasshopper? Why do we sit on chairs instead of on the floor, as the Japanese do, or on cushions, like the Turks? The more we look into our daily life and consider the immense variety of habit in every department of it—even under conditions to all appearances exactly similar—the more are we impressed by the absence of any serious necessity in the forms we ourselves are accustomed to. Each race, each class, each section of the population, each unit even, vaunts its own habits of life as superior to the rest, as the only true and legitimate forms; and peoples and classes will go to war with each other in their assertion of their own special belief and practices, but the question that rather presses upon the ingenuous and inquiring mind is, whether any of us have got hold of much true life at all?—whether we are not rather mere multitudinous varieties of caddis-worms shuffled up in the cast-off skins and clothes and débris of those who have gone before us, with very little vitality of our own perceptible at all? The caddis-fly leaves his tube behind and soars into the upper air; the creature abandons its barnacle existence on the rock and swims at large in the sea. For it is just when we die to custom that, for the first time, we rise into the true life of humanity; it is just when we abandon all prejudice of our own superiority over others, and become convinced of our entire indefensibility, that the world opens out with comrade faces in all directions, and when we perceive how entirely arbitrary is the setting of our own life, that the whole structure collapses on which our apartness rests, and we pass at once into the great ocean of freedom and humanity.

A Study in Prejudice—Prof. Patrick—Popular Sci. Mo.

It will be quite sufficient for my purpose to consider prejudice as individual deviation from the normal beliefs of mankind, taking as the standard the universal, the general. All knowledge is the result of the union of two factors, one objective and one subjective. To know anything is to refer it to something known before. In every cognition there is a union of the group of sensations composing the object with a group of ideas previously acquired and now recalled. Knowledge is classification. The class is within us; the thing to be classified is without. A piece of sugar lies before me on the table. I perceive only that it is a white object of a certain form. I apperceive, by means of the group of ideas previously associated with such white substances, that it is also sweet, hard, heavy, soluble in water—in fact, that it is sugar. The inner group of ideas varies indefinitely. But, simple or complex, it follows, first, that unless there be an inner group of ideas to which the object may in one way be referred, knowledge of it is impossible; and, secondly, that the character of the resulting knowledge depends upon the character of the inner group of ideas. You and I, therefore, see everything to some extent differently. You see things from the standpoint of your previously acquired groups of ideas; I from mine. Strictly, no two persons can see the same thing in the same way, for it can never happen that two persons have precisely the same groups of ideas relating to any subject. These depend on

our past experience, on our education, on the beliefs of our times, on our various sects or parties, on our pet theories, our interests, and our desires. Here is a simple illustration. Suppose an artist and an engineer, standing side by side overlooking a tract of country. What they perceive is the same; what they apperceive is wholly different. To the engineer the country presents itself as a possible line for a railroad, with here advantageous grades and there economic bridges. Before the artist is spread out a landscape, with light and shade and harmony of colors. In the primary laws of knowing, we discover the ground principles of the psychology of prejudice. The results may be summed up in the form of two laws: 1. We see only so much of the world as we have apperceptive organs for seeing. 2. We see things not as they are, but as we are—that is, we see the world not as it is, but as moulded by the individual peculiarities of our minds. The eye is limited by its structure to the reception of ethereal vibrations between the colors red and violet. The ear converts into sound only air-vibrations of a limited rapidity. Just so the mind, in its reception of knowledge, is limited by the quality and amount of its previous acquisitions. "No man," Emerson tells us, "can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eye is the object. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall be never the wiser—the secrets he would not utter to a chemist for an estate. God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened; then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream." Instinctively, therefore, we seek the mental food that our minds are prepared to digest—that, namely, which is most clearly related to what we know already. In conversation, notice how people brighten up when you tell them something that they know already, especially if it is something they have long believed or themselves discovered. We fall naturally into the vice of parading our own knowledge, and we like to hear others talk, not of their interests, but of ours. Sometimes even we indignantly refuse mental food that might serve as a corrective of our possible one-sidedness, instinctively avoiding that which we feel cannot be assimilated without a dangerous readjustment of our mental possessions. The skeptic in religion opens a book on Christian evidences, only to close it in haste when he perceives its trend; while the pious believer, who picks up the work of Strauss or Renan, drops it like a burning coal. We avoid books, men, sermons, society, that are not, as we say, congenial. Hence the trouble we have in getting our books read by the very people for whom they were written, or in getting our articles printed in the journals that circulate among the readers we desire to reach. The preacher prepares a vigorous sermon for sinners, but he preaches it to his own devout people; the "sinners" are not there. Our psychological law of prejudice thus developed teaches us that, since we seek not for what may correct our possible errors, but for what will confirm our already acquired opinions, our mental life always tends toward intensification or involution. Evidently this tendency of the mind toward involution will grow with age, and our every-day experience confirms this deduction. The old man changes his politics rarely, his religion never. He lives from within. The mind becomes

more and more a microcosm. The cerebral tracts show well-beaten paths of association. The brain becomes hardened and fixed. "An old man," says Dr. Holmes, "who shrinks into himself, falls into ways which become as positive and as much beyond the reach of outside influences as if they were governed by clock-work." "The brain," he continues, has its "systole and diastole as regular as that of the heart itself." The older we get, the larger becomes the subjective factor of knowledge and the smaller the objective. We are, as said the obscure sage of Ephesus, like those asleep, withdrawn each into a private world of his own.

Some Lost Instincts—From the American Analyst

If the doctrine be true that man is really the heir of all the various species and genera of the animal kingdom, it seems a little hard upon us that, even by way of exception, we inherit none of the more marvelous instincts of those species and genera, and have to be content with those greater but purely human faculties by which the most wonderful of animal instincts have been extinguished. Sir John Lubbock maintains there are insects, and very likely even higher animals, which perceive colors of which we have no glimpses and hear sounds which to us are inaudible. Yet we never hear of a human retina that includes in its vision those colors depending on vibrations of the ether which are too slow or too rapid for our ordinary eyes, nor of a human ear which is entranced with music that to the great majority of our species is absolutely inaudible. Again, we never hear of a human being who could perform the feat, of which we were told only recently, of a bloodhound. In a dark night it followed up for three miles the trail of a thief with whom the bloodhound could have never been in contact (he had just purloined some rolls of tan from the tanyard in which the dog was chained up), and finally sat down under the tree in which the man had taken refuge. Why, we wonder, are those finer powers for discriminating and following the track of the scent, which so many of the lower animals possess, entirely extinguished in man, if man be the real heir of all the various genera which show powers inferior to his own? We see no trace in animals of that high enjoyment of the finer scents which make the blossoming of the spring flowers so great a delight to human beings, and yet men are entirely destitute of that almost unerring power of tracking the path of an odor which seems to be one of the principal gifts of many quadrupeds and some birds. It is the same with the power of a dog or cat to find its way back to a home to which it is attached, but from which it has been taken by a route that it cannot possibly follow on its return, even if it had the power of observing that route, which usually it has not. Nothing could be more convenient than such a power to a lost child. But none ever heard of a child who possessed it. Still more enviable is that instinct possessed by so many birds of crossing great tracts of land and sea without apparently any landmarks or sea marks to guide them, and of reaching a quarter of the globe which many of them have never visited before, while those who have visited it before have not visited it often enough to learn the way. The migratory birds must possess either senses or instincts entirely beyond the range of human imagination, and yet no one ever heard of the survival of such a sense or instinct in any member of our race. It may be said, indeed, that men have either

inherited or some way reproduced the slave-making instinct of some of the military ants; but this only enhances the irony of our destiny if we do, indeed, in any sense inherit from these insect aristocracies one of the most disastrous instincts of the audacious but indolent creatures which fight so much better than they work. What is still more curious is that even where human beings have wholly exceptional and unheard-of powers, they betray no traces of the exceptional and unheard-of powers of the races whose vital organization we are said to inherit. The occasional appearance of very rare mathematical powers, for instance, so far from being in any sense explicable from below, looks much more like inspiration from above. The calculating boy, who could not even give any account of the process whereby he arrived at correct results which the educated mathematician took some time to verify, certainly was not reviving in himself any of the rare powers of the lower tribes of animals. Nor do the prodigies in music who show such marvellous power in infancy recall to us any instinct of the bird, the only musical creature except ourselves. Still less, of course, does great moral genius, the genius of a Howard or a Clarkson, suggest any reminiscence of lower animal life.

Contemporaneous Posterity—T. W. H.—Harper's Bazar

If it be true, as the proverb says, that "a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity," it is a very curious kind of posterity that our descendants will see. The phrase originated with a man of genius, Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, who wrote it at the age of twenty-one in an anonymous novel called *Stanley*; or, the *Recollections of a Man of the World*—a book more fortunate than most, since it yielded a single sentence that became a proverb. Nevertheless, it is probable that the saying is not true, so wayward and uncertain is this distant and confused tribunal of a foreign nation. Europe, for instance, was at once fascinated by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but it caught as eagerly at the commonplace novel of *The Lamp-lighter*. The French translated Dickens, but neglected Thackeray. A whole clique of French writers actually formed themselves upon Poe, while knowing nothing of Irving or Hawthorne. Victor Hugo had never even heard of Emerson. Foreign nations are sometimes attracted by what is most like themselves, sometimes by what is unlike them. Napoleon and his admirers used to read Ossian; and the Englishmen of to-day, yearning for some Buffalo Bill in literature, convince themselves that they find it in Whitman. Some authors are handicapped by their insignificance, but others by their worth. Some Americans achieve foreign fame by being melodramatically American, like Harte and Miller, while others fail of it, like Whittier, because they are too essentially American to be melodramatic. There is nothing that interests Europeans less than an Americanism unaccompanied by a war-whoop. When we see the intellectual separation still maintained between England and France, with only the width of the Channel between them, we can understand the separation achieved by the Atlantic, even where there is no essential difference of language. M. Taine tries to convince Frenchmen that the forty English immortals selected by the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are equal, taken together, to the French Academicians. "You do not know them, you say?" he goes on. "That is not a sufficient reason. The English, and all

who speak English, know them well, but, on the other hand, know little of our men of letters." After this a French paper, reprinting a similar English list, added comments on the names, like this, Robert Browning, the Scotch poet. There is probably no better manual of universal knowledge than the great French dictionary of Larousse. When people come with miscellaneous questions to the Harvard College librarians, they often say in return, "Have you looked in Larousse?" Now, when one looks in Larousse to see who Robert Browning was, one finds the statement that the genius of Browning is more analogous to that of his American contemporaries Emerson, Wendell Holmes, and Bigelow than to that of any English poet (*celle de n'importe quel poète anglais*). This transformation of Emerson into Emerson, and of Lowell, probably, to Bigelow, is hardly more extraordinary than to link together three such dissimilar poets, and compare Browning to all three of them, or, indeed, to either of the three. Yet it gives us the high-water mark of what contemporaneous posterity has to offer. The criticism of another nation can no doubt offer some advantages of its own—a fresh pair of eyes and freedom from cliques. But a foreigner can be no judge of local coloring, whether in nature or manners. Still all the narrowness and limitation of foreign criticism has a good effect if it throws us back on ourselves at last. What American literature and life need is to be emancipated, not to be complimented or coddled; to be driven back on our own selves, our own resources, and ultimately on our own criticism. A large part of the intellectual work done in this country passes absolutely unnoticed beyond the Atlantic, because it is brought to bear, as it should be, on our own history. Prescott and Motley became known to every European scholar, because they dealt with European subjects; but Parkman, a greater historian than either, is practically unknown. A century or two hence this source of influence will be reversed, and Parkman's theme as well as treatment will be recognized as the more important. If Canon Zincke's calculations are correct, and if the English-speaking races number in 1980 nearly 1,000,000,000, of whom 800,000,000 are American, the story of the long contest between England and France for the occupation of this continent will turn out to have been unspeakably more important than the revolt of the Netherlands. Until then the prolonged labors of Justin Winsor, of the two Bancrofts, of Henry Adams, will seem to Europeans, if these have heard of them, a lamentable waste of time. There will here and there be men in Europe like Von Holst and the Comte de Paris, or James Bryce, who will interest themselves in our affairs; and these will have, from their very position as foreigners, certain advantages, as artists sometimes get a new light on their picture by looking at its reflection in a mirror. But the view which is of permanent value must be the direct view. It is only we ourselves who can even criticise ourselves. All young people need at some time in their lives, either by travel or by study, to be thoroughly introduced to some highly trained civilization alien to their own. Having done this, once for all, they had better attend to their own nation and their own life, and do what they can for that; not to trouble themselves thenceforth about the Renaissance in Italy, but to promote a perpetual new birth in America. It is better to look forward, however ignorantly, than to look backward, however wisely.

IN A MINOR KEY—SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

To Meet Again—The Boston Transcript

The years they come and go, love;
Writ in flowers and snow, love;
In laughter, tears, and pain.
And each but brings us nearer
The heart that has grown dearer,
We part to meet again.

We know the years will fly, love,
All too brightly by, love;

We say, "Auf wiedersehn."

But hearts cannot dissemble
And foolish lips will tremble,
Though we part to meet again.

So life will slip away, love,
In sunshine of the day, love,
In shadow and in rain.
With faith through nights of sorrow
In a happier to-morrow,
We part to meet again.

The Lost Soul—From the London Hawk

Lost as I am; degraded, foul, polluted,
Sunk in deep slough of failure and of sin,
Yet is my hell by God's great grace commuted,
For what I lose the others yet may win.

I—sport of flesh and fate—in all my living
Met the world's laughter and the Christian's frown;
Ever the spirit fiercely, vainly striving,
Ever the flesh, triumphant, laughed it down.

Down—lower still but ever battling vainly,
Dying to win yet living to be lost,
My soul through depths where all its guilt showed plainly
Into the chaos of despair was tossed.

Yet not despair. I see far off a splendor;
Here from my hell I see a heaven on high
For those brave men whom earth could never render
Cowards as foul and beasts as base as I!

Hell is not hell lit by such consolation,
Heaven were not heaven that lacked a thought like this—
That though my soul may never see salvation,
God yet saves all these other souls of His!

The waves of death come faster, faster, faster,
Christ, ere I perish, hear my last wild word—
It was not I denied my Lord and Master—
The flesh denied Thee, not the spirit, Lord.

And God be praised that other men are wearing
The white, white flower I trampled as I trod:
That all fail not, that all are not despairing,
That all are not as I, I thank Thee, God!

The Cross of Life—New York Mercury

What silences we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us and dear;
We live beside each other day by day
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close, familiar friends who loved us so!
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,
We think, with vain regret, of some fond word
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems, beside the vast, sweet unconfessed;
And slight the deeds we did to those undone,
And small the service spent to treasure won,
And undeserved the praise for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full-visions only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space.
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have been?"

Love's Changes—Arthur O'Shaughnessy—Lays of France

Has summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world? or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot—
Where she who said, "I love thee,"
Now says, "I love thee not?"

The skies seemed true above thee;
The rose true on the tree;
The bird seemed true the summer through;
But all proved false to me:
World, is there one good thing in you—
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang "I love thee"
Have said "I love thee not?"

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up:
O sweet place, desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me;
Come back with any face,
Summer; do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place—
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew—
The grave I make the spot,
Here where she used to love me,
Here where she loves me not.

Meeting at Night—Robert Browning

The gray sea and the long black land,
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand,
Then a mile of warm sea-scented shore,
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spark of a lighted match;
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

Dead Flowers—George Barlow—Lippincott's

A tuft of mignonette, a withered rose!
Numberless foolish hearts have treasured such.
Now, as I lift them from their long repose,
They turn to dust and crumble at a touch,
Poor flowers, that meant so much!

They meant—pure love and limitless belief
In summer's faithfulness, in sunny skies;
They mean—one lonely pang of silent grief,
Just one true tear that in a moment dries,
For even sorrow dies.

So with the millions who have hoarded flowers:
The frail love-token lasts, the heart's love goes.
Man's vaunted strength of woman's boasted powers
Are more ephemeral even than the rose,
The frailest flower that blows!

A withered rose, a tuft of mignonette!
 How passing weak must be the human heart!
 For these outlive even love, outlast regret,
 Abide even when grim pain, with blunted dart,
 Makes ready to depart.

A Song of Long Ago—Jas. Whitcomb Riley—Poems

A song of long ago,
 Sing it lightly—sing it low—
 Sing it softly—like the lisping of the lips we used to know
 When our baby-laughter spilled
 From the hearts forever filled
 With a music sweet as robin ever thrilled!

Let the fragrant summer breeze,
 And the leaves of locust trees,
 And the apple buds and blossoms, and the wings of honey-bees,
 All palpitate with glee,
 Till the happy harmony
 Brings back each childish joy to you and me.

Let the eyes of fancy turn
 Where the tumbled pippins burn
 Like embers in the orchard's lap of tousled grass and fern;
 And let the wayward wind,
 Still singing, plod behind
 The cider press—the good old-fashioned kind!

Blend in the song the moan
 Of the dove that grieves alone,
 And the wild whirr of the locust and the bumble's drowsy drone;
 And the low of cows that call
 Through the pasture bars when ah
 The landscape fades away at evenfall.

Then, far away and clear,
 Through the dusky atmosphere,
 Let the wailing of the kildee be the only sound you hear.
 Oh, sweet and sad and low
 As the memory may know
 Is the glad pathetic song of Long Ago!

The Old Music Book—Washington Post

I turn with silent reverence
 Its unknown pages o'er,
 The dusky lines inspire a sense
 Of something heard before,
 In days long past in other lands,
 Of ancient melodies;
 Old harpsichords, and gentle hands
 That touched the ivory keys.

The book a hundred fancies wears
 On every yellow page,
 Sonatas quaint, forgotten airs,
 The notes all dim with age,
 And variations long wove out,
 And faded songs and old,
 With frills and turnings all about,
 And graces manifold.

Perchance in those old by-gone days
 My lady sat and played
 In brodered stomacher of maize,
 And flowered blue brocade.
 Her lissome fingers dancing ran
 Through many a florid strain,
 Until Miss Belle behind her fan
 Begged "that sweet piece again."

Perchance, when summer nights were long
 And soft winds swept the meadows,
 Some amorous youth poured out his song
 To Chloe through the shadows,
 Or beaux with belles of higher state,
 In some well-lit pavilion,
 Trod graceful through this minuet,
 Or figured this cotillion.

So vagrant fancies through the mind
 Play fitful now and then,
 As, with a sigh and smile combined,
 I close the book again.
 I dare not touch its music old
 In this rude modern day,
 Hallowed by fingers long since cold,
 And voices passed away.

Love's Tokens—Chicago Advance

I know that deep within your heart of hearts
 You hold me shrined apart from common things,
 And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
 A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
 You never speak one word of tenderness,
 Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
 Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
 To know so well the loving place I hold
 Within your life, and so you do not dream
 How much I long to hear the story told.

You cannot know, when we two sit alone,
 And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
 My heart is crying like a tired child
 For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
 You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
 Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
 How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
 That choicest blessings unto me be given;
 But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
 I should not ask a greater boon from heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
 But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
 The dreariest desert that our path could cross
 Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
 That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
 But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
 From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
 With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
 If we who own them cannot enter in,
 But famished stand before the close-barred doors?

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
 In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
 Go praying with white lips from day to day
 For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

A Love Note—F. L. Stanton—Atlanta Constitution

Do not forget me, dearest; all day long
 I think of you and wish the time more fleet;
 My heart is always singing some sweet song,
 And thinking of you makes my labor sweet;
 And if the day seems anywise less bright—
 More vexed with cares than I had thought 'twould be,
 I think with joy of the approaching night
 When Love shall lead me gently home to thee.
 One tender thought still whispers evermore:
 "Thou shalt behold her when the day is o'er."

And so I shall, for you will watch and wait
 When on the flowers the night-shades softly fall;
 Sweet are the roses 'round your garden gate,
 But you are still the sweetest rose of all!
 My one sweet rose—yea, all that is mine own,
 And to my life your beauty you impart.
 Bloom sweetly still, but bloom for me alone,
 And twine your tendrils closer 'round my heart.
 Dear, I shall soon within your presence be,
 And you are waiting with a kiss for me!

THE FLIGHT FROM EGYPT—CROSSING THE RED SEA*

After sunset Moses, staff in hand, and Aaron, singing and praying, led the way to the head of the gulf. The storm, which was raging as wildly as ever, had swept back the waters, and bore down the flames and smoke of the torches which were carried at the head of each tribe, from northeast to southwest.

Next to the two great leaders, on whom every eye was fixed with eager anticipation, Nun marched with the children of Ephraim. The sea-bottom on which they trod was firm, damp sand on which even the cattle could safely cross as on a smooth highway, gently sloping toward the sea. Ephraim, the young lad who was regarded by his elders as the future head of his tribe, had, by his grandfather's desire, undertaken to be careful that the train of men and beasts should not come to a standstill, and to this end he had been intrusted with a chief's staff. The fishermen who dwelt in the huts at the foot of Baal-Zephon agreed with the Phœnician seamen in saying that as soon as the moon had reached the zenith the waters would rise again to their old place, so no delay could be allowed.

Thus matters sped through the darkness which quickly followed on the twilight. The strong smell of the fish left on dry land was pleasanter to the youth, who now felt himself a man indeed, than the sweet fragrance of nard in Kasana's tent. Once the thought of her flashed through his mind; but indeed, during these times, he had had no time to think of her. His hands were quite full; here the seaweed must be cleared aside which a wave had left in the way; there the ram of a flock which hesitated to set foot on the moist ground must be seized by the horns and dragged forward, or the oxen and beasts of burden driven through a pool they were shy of. Many times he had to lend a shoulder to lift a heavily-laden cart of which the wheels had sunk in the soft sand, and when a dispute arose between two herdsmen as to which should lead, he promptly settled by lot which was to go forward and which to follow. Two little girls were crying and refusing to cross a pool while their mother's arms were occupied with her infant; he picked them up with swift decision and carried them across the shallow lakelet; and when a wheel came off one of the wagons, he immediately had it dragged out of the way, and by the light of the torches he made some of the serfs who were least heavily loaded carry each a sack or a bale, nay, and even the pieces of the broken vehicle. He had comforting words for weeping women and children, and if the flare of a torch showed him the face of some youth of his own age, whose aid he hoped to secure for liberating Joshua, he hinted to him in a few spirited words that he had a bold deed in prospect which he proposed to achieve with the help of his friend.

The incense bearers, who had hitherto led the way, on this occasion closed the march, for the wind blowing from the northeast would have driven the smoke in the face of the people. They stood on the Egyptian shore, and soon all the multitude had passed them by, excepting only the strangers, and the lepers, who came last of all. The foreigners were indeed a motley host, consisting of Asiatics of Semitic blood, who were fleeing from the forced labor and cruel punishments which

were inflicted on them by the law of Egypt; of dealers, who had found buyers for their wares among the thousands of wanderers, and even of Shasoo shepherds who had been hindered from crossing the frontier.

Meanwhile the tempest continued to rage with increasing fury; the roar and long-drawn shrieks of the wind, mingling with the thunder of the breakers and the duller moan of the surf, drowned the shouts of command, the wailing of the women, the bellowing and the bleating of the trembling beasts, and the whining of the dogs. Ephraim's voice was audible only to those nearest to him; many torches were extinguished, and the rest kept alight with difficulty. At length, when for one short space he had been walking behind the last of the lepers, he heard his name called from the rear, and turning round, beheld an old playmate who was returning from spying the enemy, and who, seeing the leader's staff in the lad's hand, shouted in his ear with panting gasps that Pharaoh's chariots were coming on in the van of the Egyptian host. He had left them by Pihahiroth, and if they had not waited to let the other troops come up with them, they might at any moment overtake the fugitives. Thereupon he again pressed forward to reach the leaders of the multitude. But Ephraim stood still a moment in the middle of the way with his hand held to his brow, and great anxiety came down on his soul. He knew full well that the approaching army would overrun the women and children, whom he had just seen in all their pathetic terror and helplessness, as a man treads down a file of ants; and again, all his impulses urged him to prayer, and from the depths of his oppressed heart the imploring cry went up into the night—

"Eloi! Eloi, great God on high! Thou knowest, for I have told Thee, and Thine all-seeing eye must behold, in spite of the blackness of the night, how sorely Thy people are beset whom Thou hast promised to lead into a new land. Remember Thy word, O Jehovah! Be gracious unto us, God Almighty! Our foe is upon us with irresistible might! Stay his steps! Save us! Deliver the women and the children! Save us, and be merciful unto us!"

As he prayed, he had fixed his eyes on high and had espied the ruddy blaze of a fire on Baal-Zephon. This had been lighted by the Phœnicians to propitiate the Baal of the north wind in favor of the kindred race of Hebrews, and against the hated Egyptian nation.

This was friendly; but he put his trust in another God, and as he glanced again at the vault of heaven, over which the black rack raced and gathered and divided again, and swept to and fro, he despaired, between two parting clouds, the silver beam of the full moon already at its meridian. And fresh terrors came upon him, for he remembered the predictions of the weather-wise seamen. If the flood should at this moment return to its bed, his people were doomed; for, to the north of the gulf, where deep pools lay amid rocks and slimy mud, there was no escape. If within an hour the waters should rise, the seed of Abraham would cease from the face of the earth, as writing on a wax tablet vanishes at the pressure of a warm hand.

But was not this people, doomed to destruction, the same which the Lord had called to be His own? And

* From "Joshua." By Georg Ebers. John W. Lovell Co.

could He give them into the hand of the enemy which was His enemy also? No, a thousand times no!

And the moon, which was to cause the disaster, had but a short time since aided his flight. He could only hope and believe, and cling to his trust in God.

And as yet nothing was lost, not a single soul. If it came to the worst, the whole nation might not be destroyed; his own tribe, which led the way, least of all. By this time many must have reached the further shore; more, perhaps, than he thought; for the little bay was narrow, and even the lepers had already gone some distance over the moist sand.

He lingered behind every one to listen for the coming of the enemy's chariots. On the shore of the gulf he laid his ear to the ground; and he could trust the sharpness of his hearing, for in this attitude he had often detected the distant tramp of beasts that had gone astray, or, when out hunting, had heard the approach of a herd of antelopes or gazelles.

He, being the last, was in the greatest danger, but what matter for that? How gladly would he have given his young life to save the rest!

Since he had carried a chief's staff he felt that he had taken upon himself the duty of watching over his people; so he listened and listened, till at last he perceived a scarce audible thrill in the earth then a rumbling. This was the foe; this must be Pharaoh's chariots; and how swiftly were the proud steeds rushing on!

He started to his feet as though a whip had stung him, and flew onward to overtake the rest.

How oppressively sultry the air had become, in spite of the raging gale which had extinguished so many of the torches! The clouds hid the moon, but the dancing fire on the highest peak of Baal-Zephon shone broader and brighter. The sparks which it cast up flew scurrying to westward, for the wind was veering to the east. No sooner did he perceive this than he hastened back to the youths who carried the censers behind the procession, and commanded them, in breathless haste, to refill the copper vessels, and take care that the vapor rose thick; for he said to himself, that the wind would blow it into the faces of the horses and make them refractory, or stop them.

No means seemed to him too humble, every moment gained was precious, and as soon as he had seen the smoke from the censers was spreading in choking clouds over the track left by the advancing multitude he ran on again, warning the elders, as he came up with them, that Pharaoh's chariots were not far behind, and that the people must hasten their march. Forthwith the hosts on foot, the bearers, leaders, and herdsmen, collected their strength to proceed faster; and although the wind was every moment more against them, hindering their progress, they battled with it valiantly, and the fear of their pursuers doubled their energies.

The lad was like a sheep-dog watching and driving the flock, and the chiefs of the tribes looked kindly on him wherever he was to be seen; and as he made his way among the marching host, fighting onward against the blast, the east wind brought a strange cry to his ears as the reward of his efforts. The nearer he came to it the louder it rose, and the more sure he was that it was a shout of triumph and gladness, the first that had been raised by Hebrew voices for may a long day. It revived the youth like a cool draught after long thirst, and he could not refrain from shouting aloud, and hailing those behind with a cry of "Saved! saved!"

Several of the tribes had already reached the eastern shore of the gulf, and it was they who sent the shout of joy which, with the beacon fires they lighted along the shore, gave the rear of the host fresh courage, and renewed their flagging strength. By the light of the blaze he saw the majestic figure of Moses on a hillock by the shore, stretching out his staff toward the waters; and this image was stamped on his mind, as on that of every soul present, great and small, more deeply than any other, and strengthened his confidence. This man was verily the friend of God, and so long as he should hold up his staff the waves were spell-bound, and the Lord, by His servant, forbade them to return!

Back Ephraim flew to the elders and the incense-bearers, and to each division he shouted: "Saved! saved! Hasten forward! The rod of Moses holds the waters back! Many have reached the shore! Praise the Lord! Forward, forward, and you too may join the song! Fix your eyes on those two red fires! They were kindled by those who are delivered; between them stands the servant of the Lord uplifting his staff."

Then he again laid his ear to the ground, kneeling on the wet sand, and he heard quite near the rattle of wheels and the heavy tramp of horses. But even while he listened the sound gradually ceased, and he heard nothing but the howling of the storm and the ominous beating of the wild waves, or a cry now and then borne down on the east wind.

The chariots had reached the shore of the dry bed of the gulf, and paused some little while, hesitating before they started on so perilous a passage; then suddenly the Egyptian war-cry rang out, and again he heard rolling wheels. It came on, more slowly than before, but yet faster than the Israelites could march.

For the Egyptians, too, the way lay open; but, though his people had but a small start, he need no longer fear for them; all was not lost; those who had reached the shore could scatter themselves during the night among the mountain solitudes, and ensconce themselves in spots where no chariot nor horse could pursue them. Moses knew the land in which he had long dwelt as a fugitive; the only thing now was to warn him of the approach of the foe. So he charged a comrade of the tribe of Benjamin with the message, and the distance was no longer very great, while he himself still staid behind to watch the coming of the host. Without stooping to listen, and in spite of the gale which blew the sound from him, he could already hear the clatter of the chariots and neighing of the horses. The lepers, however, who likewise heard the noise, bewailed and wept, fancying themselves already trodden under foot, or swallowed by the cold dark waters; for the way was fast shrinking, and the sea was greedy to recover the ground it had abandoned. Man and beast were forced to march in a narrow file, and while the hurrying troops packed closer and closer they also stretched longer, and precious moments were lost. Those who walked on the right-hand side were wading through the encroaching waves, in haste and terror, for already behind them they could hear in the distance the Egyptian words of command.

Under cover of the darkness Ephraim crept back as near as he dared to the pursuing host, and he could hear now an oath and now some angry order.

Then a blast, rushing down from the southeastern gorges of Baal-Zephon like a roaring beast of prey, swept over the speakers, and a leaping wave wetted

Ephraim through and through. He shook back his hair and dried his eyes as he recovered his breath; but behind a loud cry of terror went up from the Egyptians, for the surge that had but drenched him had swept the foremost chariot into the sea. At this the lad began to be alarmed for his people, and he flew forward; but as he started a flash of lightning showed him the gulf, the mountain, and the shore. The thunder did not immediately follow, but the storm now came nearer; the lightnings, instead of cutting zigzag across the sky, flared in broad sheets through the darkness, and before they died out the deafening crack of the thunder echoed among the bare crash of the mountain cliffs, and rolled in deep, angry waves of sound to the shore and the head of the bay. Sea and land, man and beast, all was flooded with the dazzling glare each time the destroying clouds discharged their bolts; the surging waves and the air above them gleamed in sulphurous yellow, through which the lightning blazed as through an olive-tinted glass wall. Now, too, Ephraim thought he discerned that the heaviest clouds were coming up from the south and not from the north; and presently, by the lightning's gleam, he saw that behind him, here a refractory team were plunging into the waves, there one chariot was overturning another, and beyond these again several were locked together to the destruction of the drivers and men at arms, while they checked the progress of those which followed.

Still, on the whole, the enemy was advancing, and the space dividing the fugitives from the pursuers grew no wider. However, the confusion which prevailed among the Egyptians was by this time so great that the cries of terror of the fighting men and the encouraging shouts of the drivers waxed louder and louder, in the intervals between the maddening roar of the thunder. But, black as were the storm clouds to the south, fiercely as the wind raged, the darkened heavens shed no water, and, though the pilgrims were wet, it was not with rain, but with the sparkling waves which darted higher and higher every moment, washing up further and further over the dry sand in the bay. The path was narrowing, the passing of the multitude was at an end. The blaze of the beacons still guided the frightened rear to the hoped-for goal, reminding them that there stood Moses with the staff lent him by God.

Presently a shout of triumph proclaimed that the tribe of Benjamin had reached the shore, though they waded through the foaming fringe of waters for some little distance. It had cost them unheard-of efforts to save the cattle from the rising tide, to drag on the loaded carts, and keep the flocks together; but now they all stood in safety on dry land. Only the strangers and lepers remained to be rescued. The lepers, indeed, had not flocks nor herds, but the strangers had many, and the storm so terrified the people, as well as the cattle, that they dared not plunge into the water, which was now ankle deep. Ephraim, however, reached the land, and called to the herdsmen from the shore to follow where he had passed, and under his guidance they drove the herds forward. This was successful; the last man and the last head of cattle reached the land of safety under the raging storm, and amid loud shouts of joy. The lepers were forced to wade through waves up to their knees and even to their girdles, and before they had landed the gates of heaven were opened and the rain fell in torrents. But they, too, were safe, and though many a mother, who had been carrying her

little one in her arms or on her shoulder, fell on her knees on the shore; though many a hapless wretch who had been helping his sturdier fellow-sufferers to drag a cart through the yielding sands, or wade through the surf with a litter on his back, felt his head throb with fever; still, they, too, had escaped destruction.

They were to await further orders beyond a grove of palms which stood on some rising ground about a group of wells not far from the shore. The tribes had gone further inland, to proceed on their way at a given signal; this was to take them in a southeasterly direction into the mountain, where inhospitable rocks prohibited any pursuit by a regular army or war chariots.

Hur had gathered his men about him, and they stood armed with spears, slings, and short swords, ready to fall on the foe who might venture to set foot on land. Men and horses should be cut down and the chariots piled into a high barrier, so as to erect a difficult obstacle in the way of their pursuers. The beacons on the shore were so diligently fed and screened, that neither the rain nor the blast would extinguish them. They were to light the herdsmen who were prepared to attack the chariots, and old Nun, Hur, and Ephraim stood at their head. But it was in vain that they waited for the pursuers, and when the youth was the first to see, by the glare of the beacon-fires, that the way by which the fugitives had come was now one with the broad level of the sea, and that the smoke was driving to the north instead of the southwest—it was about the hour of the first morning watch—a shout of triumph burst from breasts overflowing with thankfulness and joy: "Look at the flames! The wind has changed; the sea is being carried northward! The waters have swallowed up Pharaoh's host!"

At this there was a silence for a while in the multitude, and then, suddenly, Nun's loud voice was heard: "He is right, my children! Vain is the strength of man! O Lord God! How terrible and fearful are Thy judgments on Thy foes!"

Here he was interrupted by a loud outcry. But by the wells, where Moses, greatly exhausted, was leaning against a palm-tree with Aaron and many others about him, the fact which Ephraim had first discerned was now observed by the rest; the glad and terrible tidings, incredible but true, flew from mouth to mouth, and each minute confirmed their certainty. Every eye glanced skyward; the black clouds were steadily sailing away to the northward. The rain was ceasing; instead of the angry flashes and roar of thunder, a few pale gleams lighted up the isthmus and the northern lakes, and to the south the sky was clearing. At last the low moon looked out between the banks of cloud; its peaceful ray silvered the tall flanks of Baal-Zephon and the shores of the gulf, now bathed once more in dashing waves. The roaring and shrieking blast sank to a murmuring breeze from the south, and the waters, which had been as a raging monster, besieging the rocks, now lay quivering with broken strength at the stony base of the mountain.

The sea spread a shroud, dark for a time, over those hundreds of corpses; but the pale moon, ere it set, took care that the watery grave of a king and so many great personages should not lack a splendid pall. His radiance poured down on the waves that hid them, decking them with a glorious embroidery of diamonds in silver setting. While the east grew bright and the sky was red with dawn, the tents were pitched.

VANITY FAIR—FADS, FOIBLES, AND FASHIONS

Fashion in Hair—Nell Nelson—N. Y. Evening World

Hair-dressing and hair-growing will be a matter of much consequence as long as

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Fashion-mongers seem determined to make white hair popular. An effort was made to bleach hair that was turning gray a pure white, but this foolish notion happily did not meet with approval, and hair-dressers have had to revert to the old method of powdering to produce the desired effect. To most faces powdered hair is distinctly becoming, while, on the other hand, the majority of complexions are too uncertain to bear the strong contrast, as may be evinced at a *bal poudre*. However, some device must be provided for the giddy grand dames who die hard and dye worse. The fact is the women of the age are averse to the iron that steals away the brown or black of their tresses. "Anything else" is the wail heard in the hair-dressing parlors, and it is to keep them from using gold wash, bleach water, and bronze liquid that duplicate the tresses of childhood that the white-hair movement has been determined upon. For the nonce reddish-brown hair is in the lead. Indeed, there has never been a time when it was not fashionable. History is filled with red-haired women. Titian painted nothing but sunburnt beauty. The lovely Sylvia had hair that was a halo of gold in the sunlight. Anne of Austria's tresses were described by the historians of her day as carrot color; Catherine of Russia had hair of flaming red; Ninon de l'Enclos was so proud of her warm-colored tresses that she wore skull-caps when she drove out and allowed her hair to float on the breeze and flame in the sun. In doors she delighted to throw her self against a bright yellow, green or blue screen to bring out the warm tints of her copper curls. Mary Stuart's wig was as red as mahogany, and the impassionate Leah seemed a daughter of the sun. Jane Hading has reddish-brown hair. Mrs. Kendal's tresses are a few shades lighter, though too dark to be called golden, and all the world has admired the copper-hued wig of Cora Urquhart Potter. Even Worth went into raptures over it and got permission to do a toilet that would match the coppery hair. Cloth, silk, fur, and *Suède* leathers for gloves, and low shoes were dyed the required shade, and the trunk that preceded the Cleopatra costumes was also brown. In her glory the Empress Eugenie had the real bright red hair that goes with freckles and a quick temper. Her court went wild, and so did the fashion of her time. Every trick was resorted to in order to get the red tinge. Red flowers were basted all over the chignon; a close-fitting cap of red net was worn, about which red feathers and red shell ornaments were fastened. Bleaches and dyes were tried that burned the hair to the roots and enforced the use of wigs, and not until the star of Eugenie—she who has known the extreme of happiness and sadness—had set did the hair dealers leave off striving for the famous shade of empress red. Now fashion seats herself in a barber's chair, takes a book or a paper for a three-hours' rest, and as she reads an expert goes over her hair, tress by tress, with a tooth brush and bleaches it the desired tint. The first dress-

ing costs five dollars, and subsequent touches are applied to the roots and about the temples for one dollar. It is not the easiest thing in the world to wear made-up red hair for the reason that eyelashes and eyebrows do not match and there is always something queer about the eyes themselves. At night the opposition disappears, for candles are kind; but in the glare of day a woman wants to be well brimmed and well veiled in her millinery. In some of the beauty shops where exclusive goods are a special feature of the trade red powder, known as *poudre acajou*, is sold to ladies who are restrained by husband or father from using a bleach. The powder is mahogany in shade, and is blown into the hair with a miniature bellows after the coiffure has been dressed. Under gaslight the effect is as red as red hair ever grown. The stuff is rare and costly and very highly prized by Cuban ladies, who, with red powder for their hair and egg-shell powder for their complexions, are beautiful beyond comparison. I was surprised to know the abundance of Mme. Patti's hair. I fancied her wig about like Lillian Russell's in color and quantity, whereas it is a bright chestnut and magnificent in weight and length. She sat in her toilet-room in the Hoffman House having a massage treatment of her face and neck. Her back was toward the door and her hair fell about her shoulders, completely covering them and reaching to the seat of the chair in which she reclined. Those who saw her in *Lakme* with a suit of what seemed to be bright brown hair in the glare of the footlights may have fancied that the diva wore a wig, whereas it was really her own hair. While delighted with the warm tint of her made-over raven tresses, Mme. Patti regrets the beautiful gloss that originally belonged to them. It may interest the ladies to know that the queen of the opera rolls her hair into five puffs about the crown of her head and dresses the front in loose ringlets. She is her own coiffeuse on and off the stage, even to the extent of putting her bangs in crimping pins. No coiffure is considered artistic without an *aigrette*, and not one can be had under ten dollars. These dainty pompons are made of white, black, pink, and yellow breast feathers silvered, gilded, or frosted and combined with marabout feathers, a loop of ribbon, or a spray of some fine flower, such as maybell, *bovardia*, violet, jasmine, *heliotrope*, or *verbena*, to match the garlands in or about the dress material. Coronets of field flowers made with ribbons and feather ferns sell at twenty dollars and thirty dollars each, the imposition of French hands having much to do with the price. M. Virgile, the great Parisian hair-dresser, decreed over a year ago that the hair must be worn low on the neck, either in *Catogan* or in plaits coiled together like the *Catogan*. It is only within the past few months, however, that the fashion has been generally adopted here, and it is not always becoming to our American faces. As a rule our faces are longer than those of French ladies, and a long face does not want to have the hair arranged to make it look longer. Neither does a short, round face want to be made to look shorter by keeping the hair at the back of the head. Only a lady with a long face should dress her hair on the back of her head. The hair on the top should be brought over the forehead and well over the

temples, the idea being to broaden the face as much as possible. If the neck is perfectly formed it should be left bare, but if long or thin it should be covered somewhat with small curls or frizzes. A lady with a round face should arrange her hair on the top of the head, and if she has a short neck the Catogan loop is becoming. Any one with a broad forehead should wear as little hair on the temples as possible and dress it high. One with a low forehead should keep the hair off the forehead in front and arrange a few loose curls on the temples. A lady with a receding forehead should have the hair well curled in front, and the bad effect of high cheek-bones can be modified by arranging the hair in a cluster of small curls on the temples.

Development of Style—Evelyn Thorp—N. Y. Mercury

The chief characteristic of the modern woman is her belief that nothing that nature may have done to her is quite irrevocable. She may not be able to add or to take a cubit to or from her stature. But, then, who says that she cannot, by certain little scientific arrangements of dress, by certain little secrets of coquetry, give the effect of that extra cubit, more or less, if she likes? And, after all, the effect—that is the essential thing. Most women who have been considered very pretty, who have had a reputation for charm, made their mark, been conspicuous among other pretty women, have usually gained this superiority by reason of this very thing—a certain distinctiveness of type; a look of being themselves and not any one else. Nothing is more useful to a woman who wishes to be successful than this acquiring and preserving of a definite personal style. Sarah Bernhardt is the most noteworthy example of what may be done in this kind. Here was a woman, at the start, without any beauty, possessed of a face and figure such as might have been duplicated and reduplicated among any assemblage of New England school-ma'ams in the land, yet out of these meagre materials a clever woman originates a style, a manner, absolutely her own. This, in so far as is practicable, is the business of every clever woman. Roughly speaking, it is done by emphasizing natural characteristics, whatever they may be, rather than by seeking to diminish them. For instance, let a little woman, inclined to be stout, have ever so much admiration for the tall and slender Dianas, common sense ought to tell her at the start that she can at no time of her life make herself look like one. Her sister, not really more than of medium height, but having certain lines of figure, may perfectly well so dress herself habitually, so walk, so carry her shoulders and her head, that she will convey the impression of height; and that is what women of medium height, so built, should endeavor to do. But where all the lines are round, rather than oval and oblong, any such effort would be absurdly abortive and only result in destroying what was possible in the way of charm in another direction. The Dolly Vardens are as attractive as the daughters "of the gods, divinely tall;" but the Dolly Vardens have first to be assured of the fact and then to concentrate their efforts on bringing out to the full effect the most salient characteristics of their own style. Who has not felt the absurdity of a little man's tall silk hat, of his pompous strut? Neither the hat nor the strut makes him seem taller; nay, all the shorter. Whereas, many small men who have neither strutted nor worn high heels and stove-pipes, have been among

the most fascinating and successful of their sex, with both men and women. A little woman, small-boned and slender withal has the simplest of tasks before her. She has but to accentuate all her pocket Venus characteristics; she must dress with a view to making herself more diminutive even than she is. Large picturesque hats that seem to smother the delicate features beneath them, tiny low-heeled shoes and slippers, gowns with the waist lines as short as may be. This last item is most important and all too frequently overlooked. A little woman who suffers her dressmaker to give her a long-waisted appearance becomes at once as absurd as the little man in the tall pot hat. The other extreme, rather, should be sought. To insure liteness and grace to a little woman who is slim and slight, as much effect of length as possible should be thrown into the lines from the waist to the feet; with a little plump woman, on the other hand, another mode of procedure is in order. Too long lines in the waist are absurd and grotesque here also, but the opposite effect must not be exaggerated, else the result is that short-armed, asthmatic, chin-and-bust-in-one look, etc., which shuts a woman off from any possibility of gracefulness and gives her the appearance of a turkey dying of indigestion. The exact limit here is difficult to get, and altogether the dressing of a plump little woman below medium height is an undertaking requiring great finesse. Yet there have been some few women of this style who contrived to convey as much an impression of natural dignity, of that sense of harmony, etc., which is the essence of grace in every line and movement of their figures as the most reed-like of nymphs at any time. The chief detail to be observed in seeking such a result is that the garments must absolutely not be too tight. It is an almost universal error that all stout women fall into, this short-sighted mania for being laced up and stiffened up, and sheathed in creaseless materials, straining at every seam like the gloves that constrict those plump palms to the point of apoplexy. Every dressmaker tells these women that the snigger their clothes the more slender they look. Of all follies, surely this is the greatest. A little plump pigeon of a woman thus buttressed and harnessed up moves hands and feet and head as if she were a jointed wooden mannikin. As for moving her body itself—and this flexibility of the trunk is precisely the centre of grace in man or woman—that is obviously out of the question, since she is often hard pushed to draw her breath. Is this gasping, panting, red-faced result an equivalent for the diminution of the circumference of waist and bust by an inch or so? At the end of all this discomfort, what is such a person but a little fat woman? Grace and harmony mean pliability, even in repose. A plump woman must wear her clothes, her stays, reasonably loose rather than tight. Plump she is, and nothing can save her from that; but ungraceful she emphatically need not be. We have in mind a little woman, decidedly below medium height and decidedly stout, who moved so lightly and yet with such erect dignity on her little high-heeled slippers, all of whose short, round lines of figure were so soft, who dressed with such consummate art for the partridge effects, with laces that turned back from her velvety throat and short sleeves that showed her dimpled wrists and closely arranged hair that did not increase the size of her head (and what less harmonious, more impossible, than a big-headed little woman?)—that she was charming.

No risk of this clever woman wearing Gainsborough hats, or Medici collars! While conforming to prevailing style in all general outlines she had, in reality, her own styles—that is, her own individual ways of adapting that which was currently worn to her own personal requirements. And this is the secret of securing that distinctive type for oneself, of which mention was made above. Marked deviations from that which custom and fashion make at the moment proper are eccentricities, and hence not in good taste. But to follow slavishly, and without personal selection or initiation, the fashions of the fashion plates and dressmakers, this is to be dressed as shop girls dress themselves. All thoroughly able portrait painters when they arrange their sitter's costumes proceed upon this line of clearly marked thought. They assimilate some phase of contemporary fashion to the individual needs of the subject before them; they make the fashion strictly subservient to the person's type of face and figure. What will accentuate the best points of each is subtly insisted on; what will detract from definite characteristics or prove simply superfluous and therefore of itself insignificant is rejected. This is what gives fitness, harmony to dress. And how many a charming type of womanhood fails of its proper effect all during life because of carelessness or ignorance or inability to give it the proper setting of this harmonious dress! It is usually a mistaken idea that short and stout women ought to eschew draperies of all sorts as much as possible. A little, slender woman is certainly prettier, more Titania-like, clad in close lines. Flowing lines add nothing to her in any way—seem cumbersome upon her—take from her airy look of a Dresden china shepherdess. But while the loose, serpentine folds that so aptly drape slender figures of some height are certainly out of their place in the clothing of stout little women, some very moderate modifications of the style—some soft flat folds about the waist, lengthwise folds in the skirt, are productive of a far more pleasing effect than the cuirass-like fashions that, adopted in such cases, accentuate every convexity into startling relief.

Artistic Muslin—The New York Sunday Sun

The very latest absurd, mischievous, and wholly incomprehensible woman's whim is a fancy for embroidering mottoes and precepts all over those mysterious garments she wears beneath her gowns and is supposed to reveal only in the solitude of her chamber. The garments themselves have developed wonderful tendencies of late, with their silken, clinging folds, their transparent, candid draperies, and their diverting decoration of sacred and interesting sentiments twined in and out, a *frou-frou* of filmy lace, or a tangle of flower petals wrought in silk. A few years ago a lady would turn away from a counter with blazing cheeks if a clerk were to offer her undergarments and gowns of silk which only footlight favorites dared to revel in. Now many a decorous and conventional woman need only lay aside her sweet tailor dress, don another gauzy skirt, and she is suitably equipped to pose in the front ranks of the ballet with a Bible text embroidered on her stocking—which isn't a stocking at all, though that is what the wearer asks for as she sidles up to the hose counter to purchase it. So the garment which does duty for stockings now has the wicked and suggestive name of tights. Just fancy that depraved little garment fitted out with "God is love" for Sunday wear,

wrought in letters of gold on a bronze ground, or a text of silver sheen on a shield of black. And then the others of pale flesh or soft blue tintings or delicate silver to match the evening gown, with a scroll-work round each knee spelling out some cute precept. The girls that aren't quite up to the new hose that fastens around the waist with a single strap, wear what is called the opera stocking, built on the plan of an opera glove, and so long that they are held by a satin girdle. The effect is quite as startling as that of the garment already described, which is called discreetly and modestly the combination stocking. Over them the unmentionable arrangement, with its unity of purpose at the waist and duality of design at the knee, which, before it was relegated to obscurity behind the veil of modesty, was finished with ruffles at the hem and flapped gracefully about the ankles. We used to make them of muslin, but now only the sheerest, thinnest, most transparent of grass linen, frilled with lace like cloud film or embroidery as softly outlined as frost pictures. The circumference of each division thereof must be three cubits, and the length just sufficient for the lowest point of lace or scallop of needle-work to touch the knee when it bends. Shades of Venus rising from the sea clad in a swirl of its foam; Cleopatra, with your visionary draperies embodied forth in perfume; Lady Godiva, clothed round about with chastity, your fame is forgotten in the beauty of the witching, gracious nineteenth-century wearer of the combination stocking. Three yards of fulness is considerable to gather in about a twenty-inch waist, so we run lengthwise tucks about half an inch wide from the belt downward in graduated lengths, simulating a deep yoke. A band of needle-work fastens it, and the fulness falls thence unconfined, with the effect of a jaunty little petticoat, with ruffles of lace as a finish. Sometimes the tucks extend a little further down and the depending fulness is folded in plaits, each plait finished in a deep vandyke of needle-work, and again there are no tucks, and bands of needle-work or lace gather the fulness down in a succession of puffs ending in a frill. But whatever may be the style of fashioning, there is the same transparency of effect, with the mottoes, merry, wise, loving, or sacred, just according to that state of mind their owner happens to be in when she orders them. Over this another soft silken or exquisite filmy linen creation, low about the neck, gathered into a ribbon girdle, thence descending to its lace borders, is the garment which has characterized woman's costume from time immemorial, but which close bodices and tight sleeves threw into desuetude for some time. It is now, however, fast replacing the little silk knitted shirt which ladies have worn from necessity of late, because, as a lady herself expressed it, "a chemise is part of a woman's costume, and she never did and never will feel good without it. We laid them aside, you know, because they would show under tight tailor dresses, but we are only too glad to resume them again." They are soul-satisfying little affairs, very low about the shoulders, of black or brown or delicately tinted silk, with broad turned-down frills of lace drawn up on ribbons about the neck, and a mass of lace and ribbon for sleeves. They are especially interesting when embroidered, as were a set forming part of a bride's trousseau which were exhibited recently with tracings of blossoms in their natural colors, entangling sweet sentiments like "Thou wert a beautiful thought and softly bodied

forth," or "Tender and true." A particularly exquisite creation of pale shadowy green with a frost of a lace about the neck, had a breast-plate of embroidered lilies in white silk, in and out of which ran the letters of the old saying, "Consider the lilies." The slumber gowns have their legends, too, pertinent and suggestive—"Slumber, darling, peaceful be thy dreams," "As I lay a dreaming," "He giveth His beloved sleep," etc. Little skirts have their literary broiery of line upon line and precept upon precept, and on one of those anomalous affairs known as a divided petticoat was wrought Othello's saying, "I do perceive here a divided duty." Those compound double and twisted skirts that a woman must climb into feet first are getting to be quite the correct thing just now, and are seen in all the large stores, not modelled quite on the severe original plan, with its hemstitched borders, but generously frilled with lace, and made with one little skirt telescoping a longer one, all fastened to the same yoke, but each completed with its own generous finish of lace. They are especially designed for dancing, are made quite short, and of silk or some other soft material that is never starched. Actresses, too, are patrons *par excellence* of this petticoat, which adapts itself so readily to all postures and contingencies, never catches on things, misbehaves, or asserts itself aggressively under any circumstances. Still, ladies say, who purchase it, that it is only a whim, and will never quite take the place of the regulation skirt which must be lifted in front when one ascends, and raised at the back when one descends stairs or steps, drabbles itself on all the crossings, and is about as much trouble on a promenade as a baby's perambulator or a perfumed poodle. Black is at present the popular color for underwear, and figures largely in all bridal outfits, one of which recently contained not a single article of white or bright lingerie. Black laces, guipure and chantilly, decorate them; fine tuckings and dainty needle-work are displayed whenever possible, and the laces are filled on tiny ribbons of the same sombre hue. It has been quite a severe struggle to introduce the color for garments coming in contact with the flesh, but it has been accomplished, and the most conventional and refined women wear black chemises and gowns, corsets, etc., as they have long worn black hose, with a very dazzling Frenchy and sensational effect. A still later fashion is that of matching the color of the gown, whether for street or house wear, in every garment worn beneath it, from the stockings to the petticoats. An *écru* dress, with dark fur trimmings, has skirts, chemise, and all of soft fawn India silk, with brown guipure laces, frills, and stitchings, and gray dresses are matched in beautiful delicate silk, as softly shaded as a dove's breast feathers. Dark brown silk underwear is also very much worn, and daintily dressy in effect with creamy lace trimmings and cream ribbons, tied at all its fastenings. For evening wear the sheer fine linen is preferred with combination stockings and quantities of ribbon bows, all in the color of the gown, which must be matched in slippers as well; or some very luxuriant women match the color of the dress in everything worn beneath it. These colored suits are always of fine silk with tucks, briar stitchings and smocking in finest needle-work and dainty frillings of lace or the flower and motto decoration described. No lady's outfit is quite complete without a collection of æsthetic silken gowns in faint and dreamy tint smothered with laces. Some ladies wear

them for slumber robes simply; others put them over the linen nightgown when obliged to lie in bed through the day, and many ladies wear them for *négligé* gowns in their rooms, or even at breakfast in their own homes. They are most picturesque, quaint, fascinating little affairs, as simply sweet and artistic as the Mary Anderson and Modjeska stage dresses which have been so much admired. There must be, too, one or more *négligé* sacques of silk and ribbon and lace, elaborate and dressy enough for a queen's drawing-room or the grand row at the opera, and infinitely more becoming as well as comfortable than the dresses at either place. The new full waists and high sleeves have wrought a revolution in corset covers, replacing by exquisitely fashioned and uniquely ornamented little bodices the old plain, tightly buttoned waist which the close-sleeved, tight waist has required of late. One of these corset waists of pale pink surah has a tucker of old Valenciennes lace about the neck, and is fashioned after the Empress waist, its fulness confined just below the bust by fine tucking, held in place with rows of feather stitching. A pretty fancy is to fashion every *négligé* garment with some sort of Grecian surplice, or empire effect, leaving the throat bare and finishing the neck with broad ruffles turned back toward the shoulders, cut in deep Vandyke, and bordered with lace or needle-work. Corsets are fashioned from the new brocades, with elaborate decoration of baby ribbons threaded through lace meshes, and must match the gown in tint as carefully as do the slippers and gloves. The latest fancy for an evening corset is a sort of skeleton affair made of satin-covered bones, with a connecting tissue of silk elastic, which yields so readily to every movement of the body that one can scarcely detect the presence of the corset at all. Another popular evening corset is of white undressed kid, with very few and very light bones, which also adapts itself so graciously to its wearer's willowy grace that it is a fitting adjunct to the æsthetic maiden's gown. It is beginning to be just the least bit popular with women of artistic taste in dress to dispense with corsets if their figure is trim and slender enough to permit, because of the additional grace they may lend to the flowing lines of the picturesque short-waisted dress of the present passing fancy by the supple yielding curves of their own pretty forms. There is a latent element of naughty witchery in a pretty girl's make-up, which finds welcome expression in these latter-day wickedly suggestive, but demure little duds, so very like those worn in the realm of tinsel and tarlatan, and many a glorious frolic they have with their petticoats tossed aside, posing and pirouetting in costumes which on the stage would startle front-row dudes out of their apathetic, blasé indifference.

How to Be Well Dressed—The New York Star

Every man in New York who has any pride whatever about him likes to be well dressed. This is especially true of the young man, and if he is a discerning one, he soon learns that being decently clad is no drawback to him. On the contrary, he finds that, if anything, it tends to push him along a bit. No staid business man would admit that a good suit of clothes and spotless linen ever made an impression upon him. At the same time he is likely to have remarked to his partner that he favored so-and-so, among a long line of applicants for a subordinate position, because he appeared very respectable. The speaker would never add, of course,

that the trim outward appearance of the applicant had materially aided in forming his judgment. He would probably charge the opinion to his ability as a character reader, and flatter himself that he had read the young man with the nice clothes through and through. There is no doubt about it. A good outfit is a credential that waives considerable examination. A well-dressed man can go through life with his head in the air, and it will be generally concluded that he knows what he is about, while an infinitely superior being, with seedy apparel, will be harassed and cross-examined by lackey as well as master. The first will be given credit for an unusual amount of ability in his line, whether he possesses it or not. If the latter proves the case, surprise will be expressed. In any event, he won't be hurt by the good start he gets. But the man who is not well groomed will suffer a succession of petty oppositions. He will be set down as worthless at the beginning, and he must have wonderful talents to override the prejudice. He is on the defensive with the world all the time, being constantly called upon to demonstrate that he is not what he seems to be. Besides, a well-dressed man is nearly always a better man for being well dressed. He takes more pride in himself, his conduct, and his work. What he does he does better. He instinctively endeavors to "live up to" his appearance. A neat and conventional dress is an easy guarantee of politeness from those you meet, and is a better recommendation than most of the commendatory letters that you may carry. It serves as a ready passport in the business community, and squeezes many a man into good society. Relative to this subject, I once heard a gentleman tell this story: "I believed that clothes never made the man," said he, "until I started out in life for myself. I was rather indifferent then regarding my attire—in fact, I think it might have been deemed shabby. Well, what was the consequence? Every hotel I went to made me pay in advance if I stayed but a single night. I noticed then that others with better clothes than mine were treated with greater confidence. I took the hint and braced up, and, would you believe it? I could remain at a strange hotel for three and four weeks, after that, and never be presented with a bill. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is unprofitable to dress badly." Dr. Holland, who became famous as Timothy Titcomb, made the subject of dressing an important part of his published letters to young men, and the soundness of his philosophy was never questioned. Ten dollars a year spent in neckwear, he declared, went further toward dressing a man well than one hundred dollars a year spent in clothes. Timothy did not assume that a man could neglect his clothing because he wore fine neckwear. But he made the broad claim that a man with spotless linen, a becoming and well-arranged cravat, well-polished shoes and a clean suit of clothes would be described as well dressed by the casual observer, even if the garments were very much the worse for wear. The greatest compliment that could be paid a man with respect to his apparel, Timothy Titcomb wrote, was to refer to him as one whose cloth and general outward appearance had made no impression, save that it was pleasing or neat. It indicated that nothing striking had been worn, yet an artistic effect had been produced. Another philosopher describes the best-dressed man as "he who wears nothing out of the common, but who wears that so well that he is distinguished among his fellows." Dr. Holland's

idea respecting the necktie and linen is undoubtedly one of the secrets of good and cheap dressing. Scouring and renovating without stint might be added as another. A poor man who wants to dress well and as cheap as he can should not discard a suit so long as its color is firm and its fibres hang together. No man knows how far fifteen dollars a year spent for repairs will go toward making his appearance presentable, nor how large an expenditure for new garments it has saved him, until he tries it. If men with moderate incomes, who feel obliged to dress shabbily six months out of the year, observed a woman's way of sponging, overhauling and retrimming they might get a useful object-lesson from it. It is often remarked as being beyond explanation how that fellow can pay his board and dress so well on a salary of fifteen dollars a week or less. I happen to know a young man who does that very thing, and he dresses as well as any of the men about town who have far greater means, and says the cost of doing so is the smallest portion in his expense account. He contrives to own a dress suit, a suit for occasional wear and a business suit. His dress suit he has worn five years already, and has no idea now of replacing it with another. Frequently he has had it altered, to keep nearly apace with the decrees of fashion. In doing this he has practised some original ideas. For example, here is a bill he showed me:

To putting new broadcloth collar on dress suit.....	\$2.50
Widening trousers.....	.50
Total.....	\$3.00

The first item is decidedly unique. The present make of the coat might seem an anomaly to tailors, but it is strictly first-class in the public eye. The sleeves of the garment appeared a little bit threadbare, and the owner declared that he would remedy that defect in a couple of weeks by having a pair of new sleeves put in. I asked him how he prevented the new cloth being distinguished from the old, and he replied that his bushelman managed in some way to sponge them up even. With his other suits he could not resort to such devices, but he keeps them looking new until, I might say, they are worn out. He buys coat and vest buttons by the box, so that they cost him about a cent a dozen. The moment the old buttons grow rusty he plies the needle himself in putting on a new set, and the appearance of the cloth is at once heightened. When binding breaks or gets glossed, he has the garment rebound, and at a very moderate cost it bobs up again in attractive shape. Now, if one wants to pursue this sort of economy he can do so still further. A silk hat can be made over with any style of brim, washed, blocked and ironed, for one-third the price of a new one. This expenditure will include the cost of new lining, a new leather sweat-band, and a new silk band and lining. Between it and a new hat, then, where is the difference? Some small cobblers make a business of vamping patent-leather shoes for two dollars. Nine hundred and ninety-five men out of a thousand throw away their patent-leathers as soon as they crack. The same proportion of men discard light-colored neckties when they become soiled. Various establishments clean them for fifteen cents each, or to practise more economy, a can of ether for sixty cents will clean two dozen and a half of them. Summing the whole thing up, I should say that a man can dress handsomely on from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a year, and very well on much less.

THE SONNET—A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

Foreshadowings—Theodore Watts—Poems

The mirrored stars lit all the bulrush spears,
 And all the flags and broad-leaved lily-isles;
 The ripples shook the stars to golden smiles,
 Then smoothed them back to happy golden spheres.
 We rowed—we sang; her voice seemed, in mine ears,
 An angel's, yet with woman's dearest wiles;
 But shadows fell from gathering cloudy piles
 And ripples shook the stars to fiery tears.
 God shaped the shadows like a phantom boat
 Where sate her soul and mine in Doom's attire;
 Along the lily-isles I saw it float
 Where ripples shook the stars to symbols dire;
 We wept—we kissed, while starry fingers wrote,
 And ripples shook the stars to snakes of fire.

A Meeting—Charles Edwin Markham—Scribner's

Softly she came one twilight from the dead,
 And in the passionate silence of her look
 Was more than man has writ in any book:
 And now my thoughts are restless, and a dread
 Calls them to the Dim Land discomfited;
 For down the leafy ways her white feet took,
 Lightly the newly broken roses shook—
 Was it the wind disturbed each rosy head?
 God! was it joy or sorrow in her face—
 That quiet face? Had it grown old or young?
 Was it sweet memory or sad that stung
 Her voiceless soul to wander from its place?
 What do the dead find in the silence—grace?
 Or endless grief for which there is no tongue?

A Country Road—R. K. Munkittrick—Harper's Weekly

Yellow with dust it sleeps in noonday's glare,
 Yellow with dust it stretches far away;
 On the mossed wall the chipmonks frisk and play,
 Where golden daisies broider all the air.
 Now nature seems to dream 'mid fragrance rare,
 For summer silence holds unbroken sway,
 Till round the bend a creaking wain of hay
 Comes lumbering down the drowsy thoroughfare.
 Then all is still again; the orchard trees
 Are motionless as the distant purple hills
 On which the shadows of the white clouds rest,
 When suddenly the white-flecked clover seas
 All joyous tremble, while the bobolink trills
 His wildest melodies with sweet unrest.

Help Thou My Unbelief—Louise C. Moulton—Poems

Because I seek Thee not, oh, seek Thou me!
 Because my lips are dumb, oh, hear the cry
 I do not utter as Thou passest by,
 And from my life-long bondage set me free!
 Because content I perish, far from Thee,
 Oh, seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try
 My soul in Thy consuming fire! Draw nigh
 And let me, blinded, Thy salvation see.
 If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears,
 If I were clamoring to see Thy face,
 I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,
 Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,
 Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place—
 Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed!

Patte de Velour—F. S. Saltus—Pittsburg Bulletin

'Twas in a conquered town—we warred in Spain.
 I was a gay lieutenant, rash and young;
 Loving to lisp the Andalusian tongue
 With jet-eyed charmers who to list would deign.
 Oft by old Alcazars, with mandolin strung,
 I would not warble long my amorous strain,
 And, for my blue eyes' sake, one beauty hung
 Over her balcon's gloom a silken skein.
 Deluded boy, with fatuous pride elate,
 I could not deem her love to danger led;
 Yet in that Spanish heart a world of hate
 For me in each soft kiss more surely spread,
 And I was found one night beside her gate,
 Her poniard in my throat, and left for dead!

Seeking Forgetfulness—William Bell Scott—Poems

And yet I am as one who looks behind,
 A traveller in a shadowed land astray,
 Passing and lost upon the boundary
 Of actual things, who turns against the wind,
 A hundred simulacral ghosts to find
 Close following, a hundred pairs of eyes
 Shining around like phosphorescent flies,—
 And all of them himself, yet changed in kind.
 Those once I was, which of them now am I?
 Not one, all alien, long-abandoned masks,
 That in some witches' sabbath long since past,
 Did dance awhile in my life's panoply,
 And drank with me from out of the same flasks;
 Am I not rid of these, not even at last?

The Venus of Milo—Paget Toynbee—The Academy

Goddess of Beauty! Goddess still, though Time
 Hath ruthlessly defaced thee, what rare art
 Was his who fashioned thee? Thou stand'st apart
 From all thy kind, most perfect, most sublime.
 Thy beauty wastes not, nay, for never crime,
 Nor hate, nor passion hast thou known, nor smart
 Of cankering grief, nor pain, nor aching heart;
 Thy brow is smooth to-day as in thy prime
 Thou standest yet, but where is he who planned
 The fashion of thy limbs, and wrought the stone
 With ever-patient skill and loving hand,
 And left thee faultless, lacking life alone?
 World-famous thou, by eager thousands scanned,
 While he, forgotten, lies with the unknown!

Evening Near the Sea—Edward Dowden—Poems

Light ebbs from off the Earth; the fields are strange,
 Dark, trackless, tenantless; now the mute sky
 Resigns itself to Night and Memory,
 And no wind will yon sunken clouds derange,
 No glory enrapture them; from cot or grange
 The rare voice ceases; one long-breathed sigh,
 And steeped in summer sleep the world must lie;
 All things are acquiescing in the change.
 Hush! while the vaulted hollow of the night
 Deepens, what voice is this the sea sends forth,
 Disconsolate iterance, a passionless moan?
 Ah! now the Day is gone, and tyrannous Light
 And the calm presence of fruit-bearing Earth:
 Cry, Sea! it is thine hour; thou art alone.

FACTS AND FIGURES—THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA*

France has half as many people as the United States, but her national debt is twice as great as ours.—The deepest mine in the world is at St. André du Poirier, France, and yearly produces 300,000 tons of coal; the mine is worked with two shafts, one 2,952 feet deep and the other 3,083; the latter shaft is now being deepened and will soon touch the 4,000-foot level; a remarkable feature is the comparative low temperature experienced, which seldom rises above 75° Fahr.—The sure test of genuine American paper currency is to hold the bill up to the light so that you can discern two lines running parallel across its entire length; these are a red and blue silk thread inside the paper; no counterfeit has them.—The king or horseshoe crab chews its food with its legs; the little animal grinding its morsels between its thighs before it passes them over to its mouth.—A new maregraphical observatory for the study of the tides has been built a short distance east of Marseilles; the instrument traces the curves of rise and fall in the tide by means of a diamond point on a travelling band of paper coated with black varnish; the point is actuated by a float which rides with the sea.—There are now on the rolls the names of 10,567 pensioners on account of the War of 1812, which ended 75 years ago.

The depth of a sea about six miles is reduced 620 feet by compression; if the ocean were incompressible the level of the surface would be 116 feet higher than it is at present, and about two million square miles of land would be submerged.—An Australian town has given its streets chemical names, such as Argent, Beryl, Cobalt, Kaolin, Iodide, Oxide, Bromide, and Sulphide.—The Sandwich Islands alphabet has 12 letters; the Burmese, 19; Italian, 20; Bengalese, 21; Hebrew, Syrian, Chaldee, and Samaritan, 22 each; French, 23; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; German, Dutch, and English, 26 each; Spanish and Slavonic, 27 each; Arabic, 28; Persian and Coptic, 32; Georgian, 35; Armenian, 38; Russian, 41; Muscovite, 43; Sanskrit and Japanese, 50; Ethiopic and Tartarian, have 202 each.—The Persians have a different name for every day in the month.—Interesting facts were shown by graphic representation at the recent Paris exposition regarding the decrease of illiteracy in France: 1831, illiterate, 48 per cent; 1848, illiterate, 32 per cent; 1860, illiterate, 30 per cent; 1870, illiterate, 19½ per cent; 1880, illiterate, 14 per cent; 1886, illiterate, 11 per cent.—Stanley estimates the population of Africa at 250,000,000.—The entire population of the world could be provided for in the United States, allowing each person one and a half acres of land.—Germany is the only civilized country in the world wherein murderers are still beheaded with an axe or a sword.—The vitality of the snail is remarkable; one that had been glued to a card in the British Museum for four years came to life upon being immersed in warm water; some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years.

The name of God is spelled in four letters in almost every known language; in Arabian it is Alla; East Indian, Zeul or Esgi; Egyptian, Zeut or Aumn; French, Dieu; Vaudois, Diou; Tahitian, Atua; Hebrew, Adon;

Irish, Dich; Japanese, Zain; Latin, Deus; German, Gott; Malayan, Eesl; Persian, Syra; Peruvian, Llan; Tartarian, Tgan; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Spanish, Dios; Swedish, Oodd; Syriac, Adad; Wallachian, Seue.—An English inventor offers a system by which coal gas compressed to one-eighth its natural bulk can be carried about and utilized as an illuminant when desired.—The five heaviest hammers in the world were built in the following order: Krupp, at Essen, 1867, 40 tons; Terni Works, Italy, 1873, 50 tons; Creusot, France, 1877, 80 tons; Cockerill, Belgium, 1885, 100 tons, and Krupp, Essen, 1886, 150 tons.—Belgium is the only maritime country in Europe without a navy.

Supposing that you wished to walk through all the streets and lanes and alleys of London, and were able to arrange your trip so that you never traversed the same one twice, you would have to walk ten miles every day for nine years before your journey would be completed.—It is calculated that a range of mountains consisting of 176 cubic miles of solid rock falling into the sun would only maintain the heat for a single second; a mass equal to that of the earth would maintain the heat for only ninety-three years, and a mass equal to that of the sun itself falling into the sun would afford 33,000,000 years of sun-heat.—The tongue of the giraffe is nearly a foot and a half long.—A new albuminous poison, of one hundred times the power of strychnine, has been described by Prof. Kobert; it is extracted from the seeds of *Abrus precatoria*, which have long been used as irritants and anti-hemorrhage remedies, in Brazil for ophthalmia and in India as a poison; the poisonous principle causes death by coagulation of the blood-corpuscles.—Africa has nearly 700 languages, and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.—Not including Alaska, Brazil is larger in extent than the United States; it possesses within its limits an area of 3,287,964 square miles, with a total population of 12,338,375.—The average height of the clouds from the earth is about one mile.

The Almanach de Gotha is over a century and a quarter old; when it was first issued, among its collection of sovereignties written up, there were only three republics, Switzerland, San Marino, and Andorra, while to-day, out of its total of fifty-eight states mentioned, twenty-six are republics.—The following is said to be the shortest sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."—The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls over five inches in fifty seconds; a lady-bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour; an elk can run a mile in seven minutes; an antelope can run a mile in a minute; the wind-mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly fifty-four miles in an hour; while a canary falcon can even reach seven hundred and fifty miles in the short space of sixteen hours.—One-seventh of the coal mined is lost from being broken up too finely to be burned with profit; a prominent railroad company is now mixing the dust with pitch, and compressing it into blocks that burn like hard coal, with the advantage that they are entirely consumed to ashes.

* Compiled expressly for CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

How Death was Buried—From the Pall Mall Budget

The Polish poet, Henryk Sienkiewicz, is making a tour in the Tatra Mountains, where he is collecting a store of legends, poems, and proverbs from the Galician peasantry. Their stories about death are curiously original. Here is one of the most interesting of them: Once upon a time a farmer went from the Tatra toward Nowy targ, carrying with him his axe and his bore. He had not gone far before an old woman joined him, and began to chatter. The farmer quickly recognized that she was no other than Death, who, in the legends of Polish Galicia, is always feminine (*Ta Smievc*). He was naturally anxious to get rid of such a dangerous fellow-traveller as soon as possible. So he bored a hole in the ground, and said, "Look in here!" Death looked in the hole, but could see nothing. "You must creep into it," said the peasant, "and you will behold a wonderful sight." So Death went in, head foremost. The peasant took advantage of the situation and hastened to fill up the hole. So Death was buried, and he went on his way rejoicing. Nobody died in that whole district for many long years. At last Death's grave-digger became so ill and feeble that he longed to get out of the world he could no longer enjoy. So he went to Death's grave, restored the old woman to liberty, and she gently put an end to his pains.

A Striking Hypnotic Experiment—Dr. Charcot—Forum

The end I have ever held before my eyes, then, and which I hope I have never lost from view, is this: to study the hypnotic phenomena according to a strictly scientific method, and for this purpose to employ processes purely physical and which can always be compared with one another, so that the results obtained by me may be rigorously tested by all observers who shall use the same processes under the same conditions. Take one example from among a thousand. I present to a woman patient in the hypnotic state a blank leaf of paper, and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it? Is it a good likeness?" After a moment's hesitation, she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject this imaginary portrait, I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind, I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her to go over them and let me know whether she finds among these anything she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves one after another, and as soon as her eyes fall upon the one first shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern), forthwith she exclaims: "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf upside down, as soon as her eyes rest upon it she turns it over, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper, even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as be-

fore when she was hypnotized, and utters the same exclamation: "Look, your portrait!" If now I tell her that she may retire, she returns to her dormitory, and her first care will be to show to her companions the photograph I have given her. Of course, her companions, not having received the suggestion, will see only a blank leaf of paper without any trace whatever of a portrait, and will laugh at our subject and treat her as a visionary. Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days; all I have to do is to express the wish to the patient before awakening her. The foregoing experiment has been made hundreds of times by me and by others, and the facts can easily be substantiated; their objectivity is as complete as could be wished. Hypnotism is directly amenable to our means of investigation, and must needs be an integral part of the known domain of science; to that goal all our efforts ought ever to be directed.

The Spectre Wedding-Guest—New York Dispatch

Some thirty years ago there occurred at Fort Union, New Mexico, an affair of such ghostly character as to stamp itself indelibly on the minds of all connected with it. Mrs. C., the wife of one of the officers stationed there at that time, had a young sister of her husband visiting her from an eastern city. Lieutenant O., one of the most gallant and brave young officers in the service, was one of her earliest victims, and became completely infatuated with the young lady, who, while she found only amusement in his earnest devotion, still allowed him to hope that he might ultimately win her hand. While she was pursuing this heartless sport news was received at the fort of an Indian raid on a defenseless farm-house some twenty miles away, and as the treacherous Apaches had particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion for cruelty and outrage, a detachment was at once detailed to find and punish them. Lieutenant O. was placed in command, and, as his errand was one of danger and from which he might never return, he resolved to ascertain his real position with the object of his affections. Whether it was from a lack of principle or a weak desire to send her lover off with a light heart was never known, but Miss C. undoubtedly gave him her promise to marry him should he return, or to remain single always for his sake should he lose his life. At any rate Lieutenant O. was heard to say, as he bade his sweetheart goodbye: "If I cannot have you no one else ever shall. I will come back to claim you, dead or alive." In a few days the detachment returned, but the gallant young lieutenant was not with it. Miss C. seemed utterly indifferent to the fate of her lover, and soon announced her intention of marrying at an early date a young man who had followed her from the East. The occasion was to be made one of great festivity, and all the fashionable element of the post was invited to participate. The marriage ceremony was followed by a ball, and the merriment was at its height, when the loud banging of a door was heard above all the crashing music of the band and the noise of the revellers. A cold wind, icy and unnatural, swept through the rooms, causing the lamps to burn as blue as corpse lights, and a dreadful cry, half-human, half-weird, was heard echoing

all over the house. The guests, awed and terrified, though they could as yet give no reason for the uncanny feeling, huddled close together, shuddering and looking at each other with white faces. While they stood expecting they knew not what, a figure came gliding into the room, at the sight of which many of the ladies fainted, and the men felt themselves turn cold and the hair rise on their heads. It was that of a man who had lain dead and unburied for a long time, for the corroded flesh was dropping foul and discolored from his hands and face, while a tattered uniform, covered with blood and mould, hung rotting about a swollen, horrible figure. The eyes of this apparition were wide open with a fixed stare of the dead, but in their glassy depths burned a light not of earth, but lurid and dreadful beyond description. Thick drops of coagulated blood were slowly falling from the skull, from which the hair was gone, showing the Indian scalper's work, and on the left temple was the criss-cross mark of a tomahawk; but in spite of its disfigurement all recognized without difficulty the figure to be that of young Lieutenant O. It went straight up to the bride, who shrieked aloud and clung to the arm of her well-nigh insensible bridegroom, but the bloody, ghastly form drew her into its embrace and dragged her on to the floor. The musicians, who afterward declared that they were unconscious of what they were doing, began to play a sort of music unearthly and weird, and the spectre, clasping the fainting woman to its bosom, danced about in a hideous mockery of gayety. The guests, with the bridegroom, could only look on, too horrified to move. Round and round went the pair, until the convulsed features of the woman were seen to become fixed and pallid with the rigidity and pallor of death, and then, and not till then, did the spectre relax its hold and suffer its victim to fall to the floor. The lights were suddenly extinguished and the whole house left in utter darkness, while the fearful cry heard before was repeated again and again. When a light was finally obtained all traces of the phantom had disappeared, and only the dead body of the woman was found. A party of gentlemen who had been present and witnessed that dance of death, resolved to satisfy themselves that no trick had been perpetrated. They accordingly went in person to the spot where Lieutenant O. was supposed to have lost his life. Careful search finally revealed a half-decayed body hanging in the branches of a tree that jutted from the wall of the cañon half-way down the cliff, over which it had evidently been thrown. It presented the identical appearance, even to the scalped head and the mark of the tomahawk, as the spectre wedding-guest had done. The body was brought back to the place and buried by the side of the false woman.

Indian Burial Customs—From the London Globe

Among the Indians of North America there have been and yet are, burial customs, and legends concerning these, which are both interesting and unfamiliar to many. A great number of the tribes have long practised cremation; and the Nishinams, of California, account for the introduction of the custom among them by the following legend: The moon and the coyote created all things that exist. "The moon was good, but the coyote was bad." This, by way of parenthesis, would seem to be a survival of the dual principle which runs through all the beliefs of India proper. When

human beings were created the moon wished to pattern them after herself; so that, like her, they should only vanish from the earth for a short time, and return again in a few days after death. But the coyote would not agree to this. He said that when men died their bodies should be burned, and the friends who remained should make a great mourning for them once a year. And the thing was done as the evil coyote decreed. But the moon was wroth, and created the rattlesnake, and caused it to bite the coyote's son, so that he died. The coyote, however, flatly refused to burn his own offspring until the moon insisted. "This is your own rule," said the latter, "you would have it so; and now your son shall be burned like the others." So he was burned; and after a year the coyote made a great mourning for him. Thus the law which the coyote had decreed was established over all. According to the account quoted by Dr. Farrow in his valuable work on the Mortuary Customs of the North American Indians, the Tokotins of Oregon compelled widows to pass through an ordeal to which the suttee would almost be preferable. The body of the deceased husband was kept for nine days laid out in his lodge. During these nine days the widow is obliged to lie beside it from sunset to sunrise, no matter what the season or the temperature. On the tenth day the body is burned, together with whatever of property once appertained to it in the way of clothing, arms, etc. The widow must also lie beside the corpse on the funeral pile. On no account may she move until the doctor so orders. This merciful command is never given, however, until the living body of the poor woman is completely covered with blisters. If, at any time during the life of her husband, she has been known to commit any act of infidelity, or to neglect to minister to his comfort in any way, she is now severely punished. The relatives of the dead warrior will again and again fling her back upon the burning pile, from which her own friends must as many times drag her forth, more dead than alive. When all is over, the widow must collect the larger bones, roll them up in an envelope of birch bark, and carry them constantly on her back for years. She is now a slave to the whole village, and her least refusal to obey any order is cruelly punished. The ashes of her late husband are collected and buried in a grave; and should any weeds appear upon this grave she is obliged to root them out with her bare fingers, while her husband's relatives stand over and beat her. It is little wonder how frequently the wretched creatures commit suicide to escape from this complicated system of brutality. Among his contributions to North American ethnology Stephen Powers gives a graphic word picture of another funeral ceremony. Among the Seneel of California, he says, the dead are mostly burned. At the frenzied scene described, the corpse was that of a wealthy chief. As he lay in state on the pyre, two pieces of gold (each worth \$20) were placed in his mouth, and smaller coins in his ears and hands, and on his breast. All his finery—his feather mantles, plumes, clothing, shell-money, fancy bows, painted arrows, etc., were disposed about him. When the torch was applied to the pile the Indians around set up a mournful ululation. They chanted, they danced, and gradually worked themselves into a delirium which might well represent demoniacal possession. They lost all self-control—leaping, howling, and lacerating their flesh. The young English-speaking Indians tried to restrain themselves

before the American spectators; but they, too, felt the contagious fury of old racial instincts. One of these stripped off a new and handsome broadcloth coat and cast it upon the blazing pile with frantic yells. Another rushed up, and was about to throw into the fire a pile of California blankets, when a white man present, desiring to test the sincerity of his passion, offered him \$15 for them. But, though he jingled the money in his open palm, the avaricious trader had once more become the tameless savage of the bribeless woods. He hurled the money away with an execration, and flung his offering to the flames. Squaws were even more frenzied. They flung upon the fire all they had to give—their most treasured ornaments, their gayest dresses, their rarest shells. Screaming and moaning, tearing their hair out by handfuls, beating their breasts madly, some of them would have cast themselves bodily into the flames, and perished with their chief, had they not been forcibly prevented. Many of the tribes place their dead on scaffolds lashed to the branches of lofty trees; others lay them in canoes and launch them by night upon some quiet stream. But space permits reference to but one more. Let this, for its characteristic mingling of pomp and cruelty, be that of the burial of Blackbird, the great chief of the Omahas, as recorded by Catlin. This chieftain was, in strict obedience to his own commands, taken down the river to his favorite haunt, which was the pinnacle of a towering bluff. From here, he said, he should still be able "to see the Frenchmen passing up and down the river in their boats." Blackbird owned, among many others, a noble white horse. This designated favorite was led to the top of the grassy hill. There, in the presence of the whole nation, several fur traders, and the Indian agent, the dead chief was solemnly, and for the last time, placed astride his horse. His bow was in his hand, his shield and quiver slung, his medicine bag and a supply of dried meat, his pipe and tobacco pouch were all replenished to last him through his long journey to the happy hunting-grounds where the shades of his fathers follow the chase; his flint and steel, and the tinder to light his pipe by the way, were none of them forgotten; the scalps he had taken were proudly hung to the bridle of his horse. He was fully equipped, and on his head waved his beautiful headdress of eagle plumes. When the medicine men had performed the last rites every warrior painted the palm and fingers of his right hand with bright vermilion, with which he imprinted the red fac simile of his hand on the milk-white body of the horse. This done, turfs were laid around the feet and legs of the devoted and unsuspecting creature. Gradually they rose above its sides; at last over its back and head. Finally they shut in forever the nodding eagle plumes of the rider; and there the dead and the living were left to moulder undisturbed unto this very day.

String Alphabets and Symbolic Cords—New York Ledger

The formation of a species of record of facts and ideas, by means of knots tied upon cords, was common among the inhabitants of Peru on the discovery of that country by the Spaniards. These knotted cords, or quipos, as they were called, seemed to have served instead of written records, and to have been preserved in bundles, like the archives of more civilized nations. A knowledge of this extraordinary kind of tactile literature was early brought to Europe and disseminated among the learned; yet it is somewhat remarkable that

up to the present time no notice has ever been taken of the quipos with a view of drawing an analogy between them and the knotted symbolic cords of the Jews, which are of vast antiquity. Many years ago, two men in Edinburgh, Robert Milne and David Macbeath, who were both blind, invented an alphabet of knots tied upon a string, which was not only of a simple nature, but capable of expressing ideas of the most abstruse kind, and of recording facts of any description. This invention was quite original; neither of the inventors had ever heard either of the Peruvian quipos or the Jewish cords. In their efforts they were only guided by a desire of producing something which might be useful to their brethren in the same unfortunate condition, and of communicating at a distance with each other. This string alphabet was a great deal more simple than those of the Peruvians. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet are divided into seven classes, proceeding straight forward from A to Z; each class consists of four letters, with the exception of the last class, which comprehends but two. The first four letters, or A, B, C, D, are each formed by a large round knot; the second four, or E, F, G, H, by a knot projecting from the string; the third four, or I, J, K, L, by a knot vulgarly called drummer's plait; the fourth four, or M, N, O, P, by a simple noose; the fifth four, or Q, R, S, T, by a noose with the string drawn through it; the sixth four, or U, V, W, X, by a noose with a net-knot formed upon it; and the seventh class, or Y and Z, by a twisted noose. Thus there are just seven different kinds of knots to indicate the whole letters of the alphabet. But to distinguish each of the four letters in a class from the others, the expedient was adopted of adding a common small knot at a lesser or greater distance from the letter to which it belongs. By this the letter A is indicated only by the knot of the class to which it belongs. B is the same knot repeated, but close to it is a small common knot; C is the same knot repeated with the small knot half an inch distant; and D is the same knot repeated with the small knot an inch distant. The same plan goes on throughout; so that by first feeling the kind of knot, and then feeling whether it has a small knot attached, and at what distance, any letter can be instantly told. The length of this string alphabet is little more than three feet, and any blind individual, with the ordinary sense of touch, may learn the whole alphabet in a single hour.

The Phantom Owl—St. Louis Globe-Democrat

A man named R. residing at Doniphan, Kansas, claims to be haunted by phantoms of an owl and its former owner. He is of a very nervous, energetic temperament, has a vivid imagination, and was formerly connected with a metropolitan daily, but was obliged to forego that vocation owing to his penchant for novel-writing. He became morose and immured himself in the solitudes of the Missouri-bottom forests, where he lived in a rural cabin, and, it was whispered, made his living by questionable methods. No case could be made against him, however, though what seemed the strongest evidence at times encompassed him. Early in 1883, a family of settlers named W. were murdered, most brutally, across the Nebraska border. Only one boy escaped. He was not heard from for years, when he suddenly turned up, and indited a placard, in a bold, clear hand, and posted it publicly, charging R. with the murder of his parents. Excitement against

the accused ran high for a time, but he ignored public opinion until it finally subsided. Young W. left shortly, and quietly. R. was then accused of putting him out of the way. The boy had been heard from but once, and, it has been whispered, not then in the flesh. This was when R. received an express package and letter, addressed evidently by the same hand that wrote the placard. The former contained an owl, and the latter a statement that it was a pet of his murdered mother, and begging him to take care of it. R. accepted it. His protégé soon became at home. It would perch outside the window, and with its eyes, that looked like great disks of phosphorescent light, staring in, would make the lone, still forest resound with echoes of its unearthly to-ho-ho-ho-hoot, until R. would open the door to drive it away, but the bird of ill-omen would then force its way to a position on the foot-rail of the one bedstead, from which it could not be driven. All night it would sit there, and when the suspected murderer fell asleep, a vision as of a woman, her head split open by a cruel gash, from which copious streams of blood flowed down over her pallid face and breast, the latter exposed by the careless arrangement of a snow-white gown, making a ghastly sight, would startle him to wakefulness. The figure would appear again the moment his eyes closed. It would seem to reach out a long, thin, blood-stained hand, and caress the ugly bird. The nocturnal visitor so persistently appeared to torment the old hermit that it overcame his fears of bad luck and he killed the owl. Burying it deeper in the ground than such are usually interred, he thought his trouble at an end. But judge of his terror the first night at being startled from slumber by a horrible din, only to meet the eyes of his feathered victim placidly but firmly riveted upon his, brighter, they seemed, than before, and pierced the gloom by a vividness that almost paralyzed him. A brilliant corona formed about the glittering balls, which seemed to recede as the same spectral figure slowly materialized. When it faded away a hollow voice sounded through the still gloom, "Look into every corner of his black heart. Hunt out the devil that made him do the foul deed. Haunt that out of his being, and he may go free." Then deep silence reigned, and the light from the awful eyes grew brighter and fiercer, until, at last frenzied with horror, the man suddenly clapped a pillow close to his eyes and fled forever from the house.

Evicting a Ghost—From the Philadelphia Times

Almost every town or village has its haunted house, and the settlement of Wanda, in India, was no exception. Here a number of English officers and their families lived during the warmer months. The rumor that Captain Beauchamp's house was haunted was circulated by a servant. He was awakened one night by a most extraordinary noise. The door-bell was ringing violently, and a struggling, writhing noise in the wall of the house—not in one place, but in several at once, and then he heard a long-drawn sigh. This was the last feather. He rushed to his employer's room, and aroused him, vowing that the place was haunted. The notoriety so cheaply earned became exceedingly disagreeable. Matters stood in this shape for some days, when one morning a party of jugglers reached the haunted house. As there were a number of children in the family, the performers were invited into the grounds and gave an entertainment. Finally, one of

the men took out a small oval basket having an orifice in the top, and seating himself near it began to play a quaint air upon a flute. After industriously playing for a few moments, up through the hole in the basket came the head of a cobra, and when twelve or fifteen inches above the basket it began to wave to and fro, as if in obedience to the measure of the music. After the snake dance—or the snake-charming, as Europeans are wont to call it—the Indian snake-charmer walked around the house, and among the bushes pointed out a hole which might have been made by a rabbit. To one of the natives he said he would take out a cobra which he thought was in the hole. Seating himself before the hole the magician began his mournful plaint. For fifteen minutes he kept up the noise, and then from the opening there appeared the ugly, hooded head of a cobra. Another hole was soon found, this being directly at the base of the wall of the house. The man examined it a few moments carefully, then began to play upon the flute. Hardly had the group gathered about the performer before a most remarkable noise came from the house. First, there was a sound as of escaping steam; then a sound of some great body striking the wall and rubbing against the timbers. Dust in clouds came from the hole, and the charmer started back in terror, overturning the man behind him. Recovering himself, he darted at the hole and, thrusting his arm in, drew out, not a cobra, but the tail of a larger snake. Astonishment was depicted on the native's face, and horror on those of many of the spectators, as he stood holding the tip of the tail, and five feet of the body was visible. For a second the man hesitated, then regaining his courage, he shouted in Hindoostanee for the lookers-on to stand back, and, taking a good grip upon the tail, he pulled gradually backward. Out it came, foot by foot, inch by inch, five, ten, fifteen, sixteen feet—eighteen, was there no end?—eighteen feet of quivering snake-flesh as large as a man's thigh! A quick jerk and the entire monster was clear—at least twenty feet in length—big enough to swallow a deer and yet held by a single man. The native was, however, not in the least discouraged. He clung to the tail, and as the huge reptile turned toward him with an angry hiss he gave it a swinging motion by turning slowly. Gradually he increased his speed, turning faster and faster, until he seemed the centre of a wheel, the spokes of which were the body of the python. So rapid was the motion that the snake's body was perfectly straight, and it was evident that as long as the motion could be kept up the man was safe, but if the monster could reach him he would in a moment be crushed in the horrible folds of the reptile. It soon became apparent that the charmer knew what he was about. Not far from the house stood a stout flag-staff a foot and a half through, of solid teakwood, and toward this he was gradually moving, whirling the snake faster and faster. When he was within twenty-five feet of it, it dawned upon the few spectators what he was about to do. This was to strike the head of the reptile against the pole. Nearer he came, whirling faster and faster, until the reptile stood out like a whip-lash, and then, with a quick step forward, he brought the head of the animal against the wood with a crushing sound. He released his hold, and the great reptile doubled up in convulsive folds, digging up the earth and sending clouds of dust into the air, finally dropping limp and lifeless. One thing was evident, there was the ghost.

THE WRONG LETTER—MARY FENWICK'S AWAKENING*

She read the letter slowly through—once, twice, she read it; stopping now and then to scan some line again, the meaning of which did not seem clear to her stunned comprehension. It was long before the frankness of the words and thoughts came thoroughly home to her mind. She felt as if a heavy cloud hung upon her brain, obscuring her vision so that the writing on the paper danced and flickered before her; a cloud too that, for the time, dulled the sharp pain that rose spasmodically at her heart.

She shivered with physical cold, and the blood ran chill through her veins. She shrank back as if she had been struck; her face twitched and quivered as the light words imprinted themselves upon her understanding, roughly awaking her from her sweet dream. And he—he whose touch a moment before had brought a blush to her cheek—he it was had given her this deadly cup of humiliation to drink. Anger with him, scorn with him, overwhelmed, for the time, every other feeling.

Her color came and went, her lips curved proudly, her delicate nostrils dilated, strong passions rioted unchecked upon her tell-tale face. She held up the letter before her so that her husband could not see her face; it had the advantage, too, of screening him from her indignant eyes. She felt almost afraid of the tumult raging within her; hitherto, in her calm life, she had flattered herself on possessing an even temper and well-controlled emotions. Now something stronger than her will, something mighty for evil, reigned stormily within her breast. Every remembrance that floated through her brain served to increase the violence of her scorn.

Was it possible that, five minutes before, he had smiled, with a look that she had dreamed was love, into her eyes? He, who had treacherously and basely deceived her? She thought she could have borne anything—the bitter ending to her bright hopes, the galling wound to her vanity—anything better, anything rather than that he should have boasted of his false vows and despicable mercenary motives.

Meanwhile, Captain Fenwick's eyes fell on the soft white hand that lay idle upon the fur rug before him. It was a slim, well-bred hand, with long tapering fingers and polished filbert nails—quite a hand to admire, and the plain band of gold, his wedding-ring, became it well. He looked at it with careless approval. It was doubtless his duty (and his pleasure, perhaps) to hold it in his own. And, so deciding, he languidly bent forward, appropriating it with a condescending gesture.

Then Mary, dropping the letter with which her face had been screened, looked up, disdain in her cold eyes, her lip curled by an ugly sneer, and said, in a voice ringing with anger and disgust such as had never been addressed to him before in all his easy life:

"No, no, you need not play this farce any longer." And she drew away her hand with a sudden movement of dislike—almost repugnance. "Pray consider it at an end. If your duty compels you to offer me such attentions, my duty does not compel me to accept them."

*From "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick." By Beatrice Whitby. In the railway train on their way to their new home on the day of their marriage, Captain Fenwick hands to his wife what he supposes is a letter from a friend in Venice. By mistake he gives her a letter from his sister congratulating him on his cleverness in winning the heiress and suggesting how he might spend her money.

Captain Fenwick sat erect, and looked keenly at his wife. She was holding the letter fast in both her hands. He saw angry gleams of light shining in her eyes, but he could not read the expression of her face.

Was she acting? He supposed so. Women, he knew, were fond of a drama off the stage on their own account. However, he was not amused at the turn things had taken, and he answered, coldly enough:

"Do not be afraid, I will not offend again."

At length a shrill whistle from the engine and a perceptible slackening of speed announced that their destination, Crewcurt Junction, was at hand. Captain Fenwick put down his paper, remarking:

"Here we are at last, the gods be praised! You had better get ready to be off, for they don't give us overmuch time. I am afraid you are very tired, Mary;" in a soothing tone which maddened her. "However, half an hour's drive, and we shall be at Woodcote."

She did not answer. She was revolving a thousand schemes in her busy brain. She must go away, far away, out of his sight, far away where she would never see his face nor hear his voice again;—where, as years passed, the memory of her wedding would seem to be nothing but an unhappy dream. Surely, in the fog and darkness at the station, it would be easy to find some means of escape, and then she would slip back again into the kindly express and be out of his reach before he even missed her. She had plenty of money in her purse, enough to take her a thousand miles away, and, as for the rest of her hateful fortune, he might keep it all—all, so that she never saw his face again.

Refusing his proffered aid, she alighted on the platform, and hurried off in pretended search for her maid; but she had not gone more than a few steps, when a footman, meeting her, touched his hat with the inquiry, "For Woodcote, ma'am?"

She stopped to answer in the affirmative, and, looking round, found that Becket, her maid, was beside her, and besieging her ear with questions as to the luggage.

Travellers bustled by, jostling her with true British unconcern. Doors were slammed; the hissing of the engine ceased. Mary grew desperate.

"Go to Captain Fenwick, Becket; he saw to my things. I expect he has the jewel-case. Ask him."

Mary found herself opposite to an empty carriage, the door of which, however, was closed. She attempted to turn the handle; it was stiff, and would not yield—in-deed, her hands trembled so that they were powerless.

"Porter," she called, faintly, as a step approached, "I want this door opened."

"What on earth do you want in there? That wasn't our carriage, you know; and I had your jewel-case. Nothing is lost." Her husband's voice answered.

"Oh! nothing," she answered, dreamily; and in the lamplight he saw a look on her face that startled him.

"My dear Mary, is there anything wrong?" he asked, with some concern. "Are you ill?"

"Ill? No, I don't think I am ill," she said, wildly. "But I have lost something. It would be no use to look for it, I can never find it again as long as I live."

As she spoke, the train moved slowly out of the station, and he, drawing her hand through his arm, led her away, and helped her into the carriage.

A ROYAL WHIM—THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN*

The little dauphin is ill; the little dauphin is dying.

In all the churches of the kingdom the Holy Sacrament remains exposed night and day, and great tapers burn, for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the old capital are sad and silent, the bells ring no more, the carriages slacken their pace and creep silently along as they near the house where the little dauphin, beloved of all, lies dying.

In the neighborhood of the palace the curious townspeople gaze through the railings upon the beadsles with gilded paunches, who walk up and down as they converse in the courts and put on important airs.

All the castle is in a flutter.

Chamberlains and major-domos run up and down the marble stairways. The galleries are full of pages and of courtiers in silken apparel, who hurry from one group to another, begging in low tones for news. Upon the wide perrons the maids of honor, in tears, exchange low courtesies and wipe their eyes with daintily embroidered handkerchiefs.

A large assemblage of robed physicians has gathered in the orangery. They can be seen through the panes waving their long black sleeves and inclining their periwigs with professional gesture.

The governor and the equerry of the little dauphin walk up and down before the door awaiting anxiously the decision of the learned faculty.

Scullions pass by without saluting them, seeming unaware of their presence. The equerry swears like a pagan; the governor quotes verses from Horace.

And meanwhile, over there, in the direction of the stables, is heard a long and plaintive neighing; it is the little dauphin's sorrel, forgotten by the hostlers, and calling sadly before his empty manger.

And the king? Where is his highness the king?

The king has locked himself up in a room at the other end of the castle that he may mourn alone. Majesties, you know, do not like to be seen weeping.

For the queen it is different. Sitting by the bedside of the little dauphin, she bows her fair face, bathed in tears, and sobs very loudly before everybody.

For seven nights she has sat at the sick-bed of the little dauphin. With her own hands, she has held the spoon of medicine to his lips and given him the little food—a sip of wine, and a light cake or a taste of fruit—all he could take. The queen, stern and haughty, had become gentle and kind; the shadow of coming death had transformed the stately queen into the loving mother—the mother who counts nothing in life great but the treasure she is to lose.

On the bed, embroidered with lace, the little dauphin, whiter than the pillows on which he is extended, lies with closed eyes, his face thin and worn.

They think that he is asleep; but no, the little dauphin is not asleep, he hears all.

He turns toward his mother, and seeing her tears, puts his hand caressingly into hers, draws the jewelled hand of the queen to his lips, and kisses it reverently.

"Madame la Reine, why do you weep? Do you really believe that I am going to die?"

The queen tries to answer.

* Translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Stuart Merrill, in "Pastels in Prose." Harper and Brothers.

Sobs prevent her from speaking.

"Do not weep, Madame la Reine. You forget that I am the dauphin, and that dauphins cannot die thus. Do not weep so."

The queen sobs more violently, and the little dauphin begins to feel frightened.

"Holloa!" says he, "I do not want Death to come and take me away, and I know how to prevent him from coming here. Order up on the spot forty of the strongest lansquenets to keep guard around our bed! Have a hundred big cannons watch day and night, with lighted fuses, under our windows! And woe to Death if he dare to come near us!"

In order to humor the royal child, the queen gives the required command. In an instant the great cannons are heard rolling in the courts, and forty tall lansquenets, with halberds in their fists, file in through the open doorway, with all the pomp and dignity of a royal review, and draw up around the room.

They are all veterans, with grizzly mustaches.

The little dauphin claps his hands on seeing them.

He recognizes one, and calls:

"Lorrain! Lorrain!"

The veteran makes a step toward the bed.

"I love you well, my old Lorrain. Let me see your big sword. If Death wants to fetch me, you will kill him before he can touch me, won't you?"

Lorrain answers: "Yes, monseigneur."

And two great tears roll down his tanned cheeks.

There is a restless little stir in the ranks of the tall lansquenets, as if they, hardened and roughened as they are, feel saddened at the strange stillness and sense of loss at the death-bed of the little dauphin.

At that moment the chaplain approaches the little dauphin, and pointing to the crucifix at the side of the bed, talks to him in low tones.

The little dauphin listens with astonished air; then, suddenly interrupting him:

"I understand well what you are saying, Monsieur l'Abbé; but still, couldn't my little friend Beppo die in my place, if I gave him plenty of money?"

The chaplain continues to talk to him in low tones, and the little dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little dauphin resumes, with a heavy sigh:

"What you have said is all very sad, Monsieur l'Abbé; but one thing consoles me, and that is that up there, in the Paradise of the stars, I shall still be the dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and cannot fail to treat me according to my rank."

Then he adds, turning toward his mother:

"Bring me my fairest clothes, my doublet of white ermine, and my pumps of velvet! I wish to look brave to the angels, and to enter Paradise in glory and splendor, in the dress of a dauphin."

A third time the chaplain bends over the little dauphin, and talks to him in low tones.

In the midst of his discourse the royal child tosses restlessly, interrupts him angrily.

"Why, then," he cries, "what is the use to me—to be dauphin is nothing at all!"

And refusing to listen to anything more, the little dauphin turns toward the wall and weeps bitterly.

THE SKETCH BOOK—CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Jack and the Preacher—Smoky Mountain Lore

One time there wuz a feller over yander in Kaintuck. He went north en' bought up a heapin' big passel o' mules, which it was his idee to take back down hyar en' sell. One night he kem to a place whar a widder woman wuz a-livin', whilst he war on his way back with his mules; en' he axed the widder, ez hers wuz the only house nigh about, ef he could get a night's lodgin' thar. The widder she said she didn't hev no room; she was boordin' "the rider" jes' then en' her house warn't longways too big nohow. Well, the feller 'lowed he was thet tired out en' done up thet he believed ef she'd no 'bjections ez he'd sleep 'ith the preacher, sooner'n lay out 'ith the mules en' th' drivers. The widder fixed it up, en' arter the feller had eat supper en' looked arter his stock he 'lowed he'd turn in.

The preacher was jis' goin' to bed then, en' he says t' the feller, says he, "My friend, endurin' the night en' longwhiles o' my sleep sometimes I'm given to makin' gesters, me a-dreamin', ye know, that I'm a-preachin'. Ef this bothers ye," says he, "why, I hopes ye'll not feel hard o' me."

The feller says thet wuz all right; he warn't goin' t' make no racket 'bout a little thing like that. So he hung his blacksnake whoop up cluss t' the bed en' turned in. (The preacher was a hard un; the drover see thet by his eye.) 'Twarn't long 'fore the preacher riz up in bed, en' sorter 'lowed to himself ez he b'lieved he'd hev some fun. So he 'gun to preachin' en' a 'zortin'.

"O ye pervarse children of Isryul-ah! Come out'h Egypt-ah! [Blip!—he tuck the feller in the stomach.] Gether yoreselves together-ah [blip!] en' march fo'th to the glory of the Lawd-ah [bang!]. Remember now thy Creator-ah, in the days of thy youth [whack!], while thy evil days come not-ah, en' the yerrs draw nigh-ah [blip!] when thou shelt say, truly, I hev no pleasure in them [blap!]."

That las' lick hit the drover on the nose en' mighty nigh kilt him. Yit he didn't raise no racket.

The preacher settled back toreckly en' war soon snorin' away like all possessed. 'Bout thet time the mule-driver retched over with his right hand en' tuck down his blacksnake. Then he grupp'd the preacher by his harr en' swung 'im clean out'n the bed, a-curlin' that whoop around his legs en' hollerin' of like he war a-yellin' at a mule: "Come in hyar, Jack, ye triflin' fool! Come in hyar, I say! Come in hyar, Jack!"

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It's about half an hour to train time when Uncle Reuben and his old wife and six children and a crowd of twenty others came down to the depot. "De ole woman ar' gwine up to Tarboro, sah," and the rest have come to see her off. She was crying with one eye as she approached the depot. She cries with both when she reaches the great barn-like building.

"Now, den, honey," says the old man as he pats her on the shoulder, "I's gwine ter git a ticket."

"O Lawd! dis gwine away—dis gwine away! I wish shore 'nuff I'd dun staid home!"

"Sho, Mrs. Yadkin," says one of the women, "but doan' I dun wish I war gwine wid you on dem great, fine kivered kyars up dar to Tarboro!"

"I'd dun give my eye to go," adds another.

"Dar's de ticket," says Uncle Reuben, as he returns with it, "an' I reckon you can't miss de road. Doan' you git off dem kyars 'till you git to Tarboro!"

"If you do you is a lost woman," said one woman.

"Git lost in de swamps, shore 'nuff," adds a second.

"Oh, dis gwine away—dis gwine away!" wails the woman. "Rebuen, I's dun 'feared of my life. S'pose dem kyars scatter off de track!"

"Huh! How ye talk! If dey scatters I reckon you'll scatter, too. You jist sot right dar as bold as anybody, and when de feller calls out 'T-a-r-burrer!' you git out an' drap off, an' William Henry will be right dar to meet you. Better kiss dem chillen."

She kisses the children in rotation, is hugged and kissed by all the women, and as each man, in turn, shakes hands with her he says:

"Good-by, Mrs. Yadkin. Reckon won't nobody hurt you." Then the parting one cries:

"O Lawd—O Lawd!"

"Now, honey, shet dat cryin'!" commands Reuben. "Dar cums de bullgine an' kyars, an' ye're gwine fer shore. Kiss de ole man an' git dem eyes wiped right quick out so ye won't stumble."

She gives him a long hug and a kiss, grabs up each child for a last caress, takes a grip on her umbrella and bundle, and as the train rolls up climbs into the smoker, pokes her head out of the window, and calls:

"Dis leavin' you all has dun broke my heart. Good-by, Mary—Hannah—Mrs. Judson—Reuben—all of you'uns! If I git to Tarboro, fer shore I'll write home. If I doan' nebber git dar I'll—"

The bell rings, the whistle blows, and the train rolls away with all hats waving and bandanas fluttering a last farewell to Mrs. Yadkin standing at the car-window.

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The object of every woman's ambition is a bank account, and her desire to achieve it is usually proportioned to the smallness of her income.

To pay her small bills with checks transforms those petty matters into imposing facts. A check, moreover, has a soothing effect upon a landlady and a lodging-house keeper, in view of prospective bad weather. In addition, it is always convenient to have a place to cash other people's checks without first having to establish one's pedigree, nativity, and sponsors in baptism.

New banks are very complaisant to this pardonable ambition. As this is a topsy-turvy world, they do not know but that the next week their timid depositor may inherit a gas-well or marry a millionaire.

Bank accounts have been known to start on a single ten-dollar bill, that sum entitling the depositor to a check book, pass book, and all the accompanying frills. But an established bank holds itself dear, and calmly inquires: "Will you agree to always have \$200 on deposit? The interest on that only pays for the clerical work your account involves."

The satisfaction of drawing one's first check is one of those sensations which, like first love, seeing Mont Blanc in sunlight, joining the church, or earning your first money, can never again be fully realized. And as for the trust which a woman under such circumstances

puts in a bank that (she feels) has thus honored her, it is about as near to the beautiful ideal as the real can ever hope to get in this world of woe.

This is the way a woman does her banking. Her check book occupies her completely. That is her affair, and she attends to it. Her stubs might almost rank as literature. She puts down her deposits and makes cabalistic signs to tell her where the money comes from. She is careful to date and number her checks, and jots down what they represent: Fur cape—Board—My new pink dress. She adds, subtracts, and carries her balance along from day to day with maternal solicitude.

She likes to deposit in whole numbers, and will scrimp in car fare and deny herself ice-cream soda water rather than break into a bill. And how does she deposit? She runs into her bank in passing, makes out her ticket, thrusts it and her money into the receiving teller's window. "I haven't my pass book, but never mind. I'll bring it down some day," and then speeds away with a light heart. Or, she is going down town, so she thrusts her pass book in the window. "I've ever so many errands. I don't want to be carrying this thing all over town and leaving it some place." And the pass book stays for weeks at the bank. She gives herself no concern about it. That is the bank's affair.

It is in this heedless fashion that one day she comes to grief, and all for the reason that she did not know that she must not only do her part, but also see that the bank did its part. Women's bank accounts are apt to run so close that a very slight error will oftentimes upset the whole financial fabric.

Some fine day she is amazed to learn that a check has not been honored, and that she has overdrawn her balance. She vows she has not, and flies to her check book for support. Sure enough, there was the balance that she consulted according to her custom before she drew her check, for she is very proud of keeping up her credit. She rushes back to the bank, and after a conference with the bookkeeper, she is told that a deposit had been overlooked. She is perfectly satisfied, and so glad that she was in the right, that she does not realize the loss that she has suffered, nor of this has the bank made any mention.

Everything goes merrily on again. She thrusts in her little ticket and ignores her pass book as usual, but never lets go her communion with her check book. Then, again, some fine day the same little obstruction occurs. She is annoyed, but it is no matter, her check book reassures her. Still she feels that the bank is getting careless, and she determines that gently but firmly she will admonish it.

To her surprise the bank stands up for itself, and she says, with commiseration: "But, you know, you consulted my check book."

"But where is your pass book?"

"It's home. No, I believe it's here." The pass book is fished out of a drawer, and the bookkeeper consults a ledger weighing fifty pounds, and figures on a memorandum slip a little while.

"There, you see, you have overdrawn your account, and this check unpaid."

"Impossible!" she gasps.

"See for yourself. You'd better look it over."

She goes home and for the first time compares her check book with her pass book. In the latter the dates are every which way, which she thinks reprehensible. With care she checks off all the deposits.

"Aha!" She has found it. Here is a deposit in her check book that has no entry in the pass book. She goes back to the bank triumphant.

"You haven't put this down," pointing to her book.

"Oh, that is nothing. We can't go by your check book. There's no such deposit in the pass book."

"But there ought to be. That's what is the matter. Here it is as plain as day."

"But we don't accept your check book."

The jaw falls, the eyes stare wildly.

Not accept that check book—that faithful and continued record of all their mutual financial doings, in which every figure is an old friend! It takes time to realize this new ignominy.

"We haven't any record of that deposit."

That deposit! The mind recurs with effort to that deposit. December 23d. Two days before Christmas. How it all comes back! She remembers how she restrained herself in Christmas presents to make that deposit. And why? Because she had a bill due on Thursday and she must meet it.

She rallies now and offers to explain the whole circumstance, but the bookkeeper, the teller, and even the president, say: "But, madam, that makes no difference. The deposit is not on the pass book. Of course you didn't make it or it would be entered."

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A few crisp bills flutter down.

"Then you admit your mistake?"

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"Do you think, then, that I would take your money? Oh, no. You may close my account."

The bills are swept aside, and outraged, indignant, but clasping tenderly her check book, she sweeps out.

"*The Rode to Salvation*"—F. A. Wilson—N. Y. Graphic

When he slouched into camp every one thought he was a tramp, and not the slightest attention was paid to him, except by one or two, who returned his "Howdy?" with a brief nod of the head.

After the lamps had been lighted in the front room of the one saloon which Quartz Hill boasted, and a dozen or so of the men had collected, the same forlorn-looking object straggled in, as if gently propelled by some unseen power, and deposited himself on a bench against the wall, where he sat in silence for half an hour, glancing furtively up now and then.

At length he arose, and, after straightening himself out like a rusty jack-knife, drew from its hiding-place in the bosom of his faded blue shirt a small Bible. Standing close under one of the dismal-looking lamps, in order that he might get the full benefit of its feeble rays, he opened the book and began to read from that chapter in the Acts which describes so realistically and dramatically the conversion of Saul.

No introduction prefaced the reading, but his clear voice attracted immediate attention from the miners,

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who found themselves gathering about him, listening eagerly to words that were as an unopened book to many, while to a few it revived tender recollections of boyhood days at home and a dear mother long since gone to a claim in the haven of rest.

Even old Joe, the helper behind the bar, who, though nearly crippled from rheumatism, still managed to hobble about like a human crab, forgot to grumble and scold at the interruption to business, as was his wont when a counter-attraction appeared, and was as much interested as the next one, even though, as he afterward explained, "it was only the Bible."

When the reading had finished and the stranger had refused numberless invitations to "licker up," he made a brief but effective speech, in which he said he was a minister of the Gospel, devoting his life for the good of his fellow-man, and asking no pay except the reward of which the good book told.

He had established a church in every place he had visited, and when he modestly asked if they objected to his working among them, the affirmative shouts of the miners jingled the glasses behind the bar.


"Ye're right welcome, parson," said Jim Corrigan, a big, hearty Irishman, who was everybody's friend, "and yer shan't want fer nothin', neither. We want all the salvation we can git, and yer can't pile it on too thick, fer this crowd needs it bad."

And so it was settled that Parson Holmes was to become at least a temporary fixture.

The following Sunday he stood on a board placed across a nail keg, and preached a sermon to an attentive crowd of rough men, selecting for his text the nineteenth verse of the sixth chapter, St. Matthew.

It pleased the boys immensely, and whenever the preacher would make what was considered a good point, rough but good-natured remarks of approval would greet and encourage him.

On week days he could be found wandering among the claims, still miserably dressed, talking pleasantly with the men, and although his grammar was far from perfect, they grew to look upon him as an ornament to the camp, so much so, in fact, that several of the more enthusiastic put up a sign-post and board on the trail, so that all who passed might read:

 This Rode to Salvation. Preachin' Sundays.

For two months the "preachin' Sundays" continued without a break, and then the miners fell to thinking there was a hitch in the salvation business somewhere, for the men began to miss their valuables and the savings of months took unto themselves wings and fled, leaving not a trace or track behind.

The parson made the matter the subject of a special sermon, and earnestly exhorted the sinner, if he happened to be present, to turn from his evil ways, go and sin no more. But even this was as ineffectual as the watch set every night. The climax came when the saloon was robbed one night and poor old Joe, who usually slept in the bar-room, was found dead next morning with his skull crushed in by a blow from a hatchet.

A vigilance committee was formed and the night patrol of the camp doubled. A half-breed Spaniard, called, oddly enough, Mexican Joe, and sometimes alluded to as the Greaser, was suspected of the strange robberies until one dark and stormy night he roused the whole camp and startled the watchers by running out half-dressed and frantic, yelling excitedly:

"Me le han robado! Mi oro! mi oro!"

He had been robbed too, but he had felt the hand of the thief unloosen his treasure belt and had come to his senses just in time to see a form glide toward the door with the gold-laden strip of leather. He had started in pursuit, but it was like chasing a phantom, and he cried out in his despair.

Then another startling discovery was made.

The parson was missing.

Two and two make four, and it did not take the miners long to solve this simple mathematical problem, and the next morning half the men in camp mounted, with rage in their hearts at having been duped, and rode out for blood. Work was stopped for three days, and the men who had no horses waited impatiently enough for the return of the vigilantes and news of the chase.

On the evening of the third day half the party returned. In their midst, bound to the horse he had stolen and with his arms well roped, sat the parson. He looked sullen and defiant, and said not a word.

He was dismounted, tied up like a bundle of straw, and laid down, not gently by any means, on the ground, while the jury was being formed.

There are no postponements of Western justice. It is convict or acquit—convict means death; acquit means to get out of camp in a few hours. Enough stolen property was found on the parson to convict him a dozen times, and it was with no qualms of conscience that the judge told him that he must swing.

"I am ready," he said, while the sullen look deepened. "I suppose you fellows have got enough salvation now to last you a long while."

No answer was made to this, but when he sat astride of a horse, with one end of a half-inch rope around his neck and the other end fastened to the branch of a pine, Corrigan, who was to act as executioner by whipping the horse out from under the doomed man, said, as he poised the stick in the air:

"Parson, we tried to do the squar' thing by yer, but yer haven't lived up to yer preachin'. Ye've had a fair trial, but everything is agin yer. G'lang there." The horse bounded forward, and Parson Holmes, after a few convulsive twitches, was but a memory.

The sign-post was taken down next day.

A Death-Bed Vow—Hall Caine—The Bondman

Jason stood with his back to the glow of the fire, and his hard-set face in the gloom. Never a word came from him, never a sigh, never a tear. Only with the strange light in his wild eyes he looked on and listened.

Rachel stirred and called to him.

"Are you there, Jason?" she said feebly, and he stepped to her bed-side.

"Closer," she whispered; and he took her cold hand in both of his hard sun-browned hands, and then her dim eyes knew where to look for his face.

"Good-by, my brave lad," she said; "I do not fear to leave you. You are strong, you are brave, and the world is kind to them that can fight it. Only to the weak is it cruel—only to the weak and the timid—only to women—only to helpless women sold into the slavery of heartless men."

And then she told him everything—her love, her loyalty, her life. In twenty little words she told the story of her years of hopeless struggle.

"I gave him all—all. I took a father's curse for him. He struck me—he left me—he forgot me with another woman. Listen—listen; closer still—still

closer," she whispered eagerly, and then she spoke the words that lay deep in her heart for years.

"You will be a sailor, and sail to many lands. If you should ever meet your father, remember what your mother has borne from him. If you should never meet him, but should meet his son, remember what your mother has suffered at the hands of his father. Can you hear me? Is my speech too thick? I can speak no longer. Have you understood me?"

Jason's parched throat was choking, and he did not answer—he tried, but the words would not come.

"My brave boy, farewell," she said. "Good-by," she murmured again more faintly, and after that there was a lull, a pause, a sigh, a long-drawn breath, another sigh, and then over his big brown hands her pallid face fell forward, and the end was come.

For some minutes Jason stood there still in the same impassive silence. Never a tear yet in his great eyes, now wilder than they were; never a cry from his dry throat, now surging, hot, and athirst; never a sound in his ears, save a dull hum of words like the plash of a breaker that was coming—coming from afar. She had sunk like a wave, and the billows of the ocean were pressing on behind her. She was lost, and the tides of life were flowing as before.

The old pastor shuffled to his feet, mopping his moist eyes with his red handkerchief. "Come away, my son," he said, and tapped Jason on the shoulder.

"Not yet," the lad answered hoarsely. And then he turned with a dazed look, and said, like one who speaks in sleep: "My father has killed my mother."

"No, no; don't say that," said the priest.

"Yes, yes," said the lad more loudly; "not in a day, or an hour, or a moment, but in twenty long years."

"Hush, hush, my son!" the old priest murmured.

But Jason did not hear him. "Now listen," he cried, "and hear my vow." And still he held the cold hand in his, and still the ashy face rested on them. "I will hunt the world over until I find that man, and when I have found him I will slay him."

"What are you saying?" cried the priest.

But Jason went on with an awful solemnity: "If he should die, and we should never meet, I will hunt the world over until I find his son, and when I have found him I will kill him for his father's sake."

"Silence, silence!" cried the priest.

"So help me God!" said Jason.

"My son, my son, vengeance is His. What are we that we should presume to it?"

Jason heard nothing, but the frost of life's winter that had bound up his heart, deafening him, blinding him, choking him, seemed all at once to break. He pushed the cold face gently back on to the pillow, and fell over it with heavy sobs that shook the bed.

The Old Man's Watch—From the New York News

Mischief was in little Tom's eye—mischief in his hand. Wherever he went something happened. The cream was spilt in the pantry, the jelly jars upset, mamma's vases broken, grandpa's caps tied upon old Carlo's head and tin pans to the cat's tail.

The prettiest flowers were torn up by the roots, the morning paper made into a kite and valuables generally demolished or ruined. Yet Tom was the pet of the house, and was never scolded for his worst tricks.

If it had been, perhaps that which came to pass at last would never have occurred. Perhaps old Grandpa

Orchard, going into his room one day, would not have found his wonderful watch—costly, elegant, and precious as a keepsake—being neatly picked to pieces by master Tom. That was too much to bear. Tom's ears were boxed to begin with, and declared that whatever happened Tom must be punished at last.

"I suppose he must," sobbed Tom's mother, who had been Fanny Orchard before her marriage, and venerated both her father and his watch. "But we surely can't whip the boy."

"No," said papa, in a decided tone. "Some other means than that must be devised."

"Shut him in a closet," said grandpa.

"Oh!" cried ma. Then acquiescing—"I suppose it must be done, poor child."

And Tom was shut in a dark closet.

Now, a sound whipping would have done the child good. But Tom was a superstitious child, and dreaded the dark most woefully. The ghost he had always expected to see came to him probably in that murky closet, for at the end of an hour he was taken out in a fit, caused by his terror. It was a terrible confusion and excitement for that little household. Tom was put to bed and a doctor sent for.

Grandfather Orchard shut himself up in his room and wept, and his daughter almost hated him. For his sake she had punished Tom, and this was the end.

Alas! worse was to come. The little head never lifted from the pillow. It was certain to have happened some time, the doctor said. The child could not have lived to grow up, but was dying.

In a week he was dead, and the mother and father in their self-reproach heaped double reproaches on the old man, who bore them all in silence.

All the reproaches were of no avail, however. The little creature lay in his coffin, and Grandfather Orchard was to leave his daughter's home forever.

It was midnight. The mother sat alone in the room with her dead child. It was not very light, and the curtains of the window dropped over her. To one entering, the room would have seemed empty. Some one did enter on tip-toe. The weeping woman did look. It was her father. His face was wet with tears. In his hand he carried something, glittering in the feeble rays of the lamp on the mantel.

He bent over the coffin.

"Grandpa's Tommy!" he moaned with his feeble old voice. "O my pretty child! My pretty, murdered child! I'll be the next—I'll be the next, I hope! But I never thought to see this sight!"

Then he seemed to move the little form—to be busy, fumbling about it somehow.

The mother stepped forward and looked unseen.

The old man had lifted up the head of the dead child, and beneath the little lace-trimmed pillow was hiding away his watch. The watch now in order again, as before the child's fingers had been busy with it. The only thing of value the poor old man possessed.

The mother saw, and was softened.

She came closer to the old man, and called him by the familiar name: "Father—dear father!"

Then she lay upon his breast, weeping, and the two, father and child, were reconciled.

But she made no effort to prevent the accomplishment of the old man's wish, and the watch, which had been the cause of the child's death, if any earthly thing were actually the cause of it, was buried with him.

THE BRAVE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD*

Bring, novelists, your note-book! bring, dramatists, your pen!
 And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
 It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,
 Of a terrible storm and shipwreck, that happened off Mumbles Head!
 Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and south;
 Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oystermouth;
 It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a casual way,
 And have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse stands alone
 In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of stone;
 It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, and the storm-bell tolled, or when
 There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launched, and a desperate cry for men.
 When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt was he!
 Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted the sea,
 Welchmen all to the lungs and loins, who, about the coast, 'twas said,
 Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so a head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the tempest's roar,
 And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys at the oar.
 Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the sons!
 Leaving the weeping of women and booming of signal guns,
 Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the sailors love,
 Going to death for duty and trusting to God above!
 Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cozy and safe in bed,
 For men like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off Mumbles Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm that blew!
 And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the drowning crew;
 And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
 But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave old boat.
 Then at last on the poor doomed lifeboat a wave broke mountains high!
 "God help us now!" said the father. "It's over, my lads! Good-by."
 Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered caves,
 But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
 And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form.
 It might be a gray-haired father, then the women held their breath;
 It might be a fair-haired brother who was fighting a round with death;
 It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
 Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the sea in ships;
 They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had seen the worst, and more;
 Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the lighthouse straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
 Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach the land.
 'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave—
 But what are a couple of women with only a man to save?
 What are a couple of women? well, more than three craven men
 Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir—and then
 Off went the women's shawls, sir; in a second they're torn and rent,
 Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea they went!

"Come back!" cried the lighthouse-keeper, "for God's sake, girls, come back!"
 As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce attack.
 "Come back!" moaned the gray-haired mother as she stood by the angry sea,
 "If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me."
 "Come back!" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood faint and pale,
 "You will drown if you face the breakers! you will fall if you brave the gale!"
 "Come back?" said the girls, "we will not! go tell it to all the town,
 We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown!"

"Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess! Give one strong clutch of your hand!
 Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe to land!
 Wait for the next wave, darling! only a minute more,
 And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him safe to shore."
 Up to the arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
 They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you know the rest—
 Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
 And many a glass was toss'd right off to "The Women of Mumbles Head!"

*From "Poems for Recitation." By Clement Scott, author of "The Story of a Stowaway," and other poems.

LIFE, DEATH, IMMORTALITY—ETERNAL QUESTIONS

Duty in Life: Edmund Burke.

When you choose an arduous and slippery path, God forbid that any weak feelings of my declining age, which calls for soothings and supports, and which can have none but from you, should make me wish that you should abandon what you are about, or should trifle with it! In this house we submit, though with troubled minds, to that order which has connected all great duties with toils and with perils, which has conducted the road to glory through the regions of obloquy and reproach, and which will never suffer the disparaging alliance of spurious, false, and fugitive praise with genuine and permanent reputation. We know that the Power which has settled that order, and subjected you to it by placing you in the situation you are in, is able to bring you out of it with credit and with safety. His will be done! All must come right. You may open the way with pain and under reproach; others after you will pursue it with ease and with applause.

Sorrow for the Dead: Washington Irving.

Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember is but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart crushed, would accept consolation bought by forgetfulness? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection,—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the bright days of its loveliness,—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart?

The Coming of Death: William Sherlock.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies: for what man who knows he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts, or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet, how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great things do they many times do! and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation while it is innocent! How they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age! How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be did they know how little time many of them were to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who

must die as soon as they have learnt them? No; half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunneries and nurseries for the grave. Well, you may say, is not this an advantage above all inconveniences, to secure the salvation of thousands now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety, if they knew how little while they were to live here? Right; I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to show them heaven and hell; but God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory, over this world by the power of faith. Now, God will force and drive no man to heaven; the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenuous spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die and go into another world. God will never try with man whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious.

Faith in Immortality: Padre Agostino.

"All the subtleties of metaphysics," said Rousseau, "will not make me doubt the immortality of the soul for one single moment. I feel it, I wish it, I hope for it, I will defend it with my latest breath." At all periods all nations have agreed about this belief. Abraham, hoping in the Resurrection, consoles himself for the sacrifice of his son Isaac; Job, abandoned by all, was comforted by the conviction that he would rise again from the grave. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." The Maccabees gave their bodies to the executioner, saying: "God will restore them to us." Greeks, Persians, Egyptians believe in their Elysian fields, in Tartarus. And for the Romans? You have only to read Virgil's *Æneid* to see what they thought about it. It seems as if God willed to engrave on the soul the word immortality, that it might be a centre of light destined to shine in the midst of the blackest darkness, in all ages. Even on the shores of Africa you will hear the Hottentot entreat that his bow and arrows may be buried with him, so that he may fight in the land of spirits. When savage tribes think they hear the souls of their beloved ones in the murmurs of the breeze, this is a mistaken conception of the idea of immortality, but it proves their belief in the existence of the soul after death. When they place food in the fallen warrior's grave, it is because they believe that the soul has need of nourishment. When the Indian mother pours milk mingled with her tears upon the grave which covers her child, does not this erroneous belief testify to the innate conviction that the soul survives the body? Surely, then, the voice of universal testimony is the voice of truth. Were it only a solitary voice, that would be sufficient to arrest our attention and arouse our fears; but it is the voice of the whole human race. Nor is it only the voice of the whole human race, it is the voice of God.

A STRANGE DUEL—THE CONFLICT OF LOVE *

Baron de Serène moved toward the door, gave a last glance, then spoke, with terrible earnestness:

"Hélène, I have warned you. When you see him standing before those who judge with their heads, not their hearts; when your name is brought in connection with his, your reputation blackened, every act of your past life distorted, magnified, and gloated over in the criminal columns of the newspapers, you will regret you did not listen to me before—the Prefect of Police."

The rigid figure turned, the lips moved mechanically.

"Wait—give me a moment to decide."

She stepped out upon the balcony; the birds chirped merrily; the sun streamed warm upon her cheek; she heard nothing, saw nothing. She was conscious only that this was a plot to ruin Maurice. She knew the Baron de Serène's influence and position would bear weight against him; and she knew how merciless is the world. More than all, she knew Maurice's unswerving sense of honor. Once aware that his name was associated with Achilles' death, it would rear an inevitable barrier between them. He must never know. She must get this man away! Once married to Maurice, they could face him together. But, how? There was a way, but she shrank from it—through his passion. She looked back at the stone-like figure. She would fight him with his own weapons—cunning and deceit.

With an air of quiet resolve she walked into the room, passed Raymond without a word, and stopping before the glass over the mantel, removed her bonnet. Then carefully smoothing back a stray lock of hair, she glanced covertly in the mirror and saw Raymond gazing at her in trembling suspense. The clock before her caught her eyes. It was fifteen minutes to five!

Turning toward Raymond, she unbuttoned her gloves, throwing them indifferently upon the table.

Raymond's breath came quickly. "Well!"

She raised her eyes to his for the first time; by their resolute expression he saw that she had decided.

"I expect Maurice very soon," she answered, in measured tones; "I cannot look him in the face with the shadow of such a crime between us—I will feign illness, delay the—marriage. Have a carriage at the door for the night express, I will leave Paris with you."

"Hélène!"

"I am reckless, I care not what becomes of me now."

"Hélène, don't play with me. Do you mean what you say? Answer me!"

His eyes flamed into hers, he looked like a man whom any woman might fear to trifle with.

"I am a creature of impulse. I married Achilles in a moment of desperation. Fate a second time is driving me from Maurice—I do it—to save him." Here her voice trembled—"Now go.—Stay—at what time does the night train leave?"

"At twelve."

"I will be ready. My maid will await you at the door. Now go! go!" she said, growing excited.

* From "Hélène Buderoff," by Martha Morton. J. W. Lovell Co. Baron de Serène, who for years has loved Hélène, his cousin's widow, in the desperation of his love, declares he has evidence proving Dr. Maurice Clermont, whom she is to marry, murdered her husband. She knows this is false, but fears even the public accusation and the attendant notoriety will ruin Dr. Clermont's reputation, so the Baron de Serène must be silenced at any cost.

The hands of the clock point to ten minutes to five.

Raymond stood irresolute. "How do I know you are not playing a part to get me out of the way?"

"Then stay here," answered Hélène, calmly; "but I solemnly swear, one word of this to him, or to the outside world, and I will never see you again."

He wavered between distrust and the overpowering passion which forbade him to let go this one last chance.

Suddenly he leaned forward, and throwing his arms around her, he cried, "Hélène, you are deceiving me."

She tried to break from him, but he held her as though in a vise. His hated face was close to hers. Suddenly a new expression crossed it. He was looking into the garden behind her. She made an effort to raise her head, but it was held tightly against his breast. His eyes gleamed with joy—the clock strikes five—

"My God! it is Maurice. He has seen!"

Raymond's voice rang out clear and triumphant—"You are mine, I will never leave you again, my own beloved." His kisses rained upon her face.

Maurice had sprung up the balcony steps as if treading on air. He stood for a second as if turned to stone, then staggered against the wall with a groan.

With a cry Hélène tore herself from Raymond's loosening hold, and sank beside the motionless figure of Maurice. The terror of the last half-hour broke forth in a storm of convulsive sobs. Raymond, with folded arms, awaited developments.

Maurice, in unnaturally calm tones, said at last to the quivering girl beside him: "Hélène, what is the meaning of this, what is the Baron de Serène to you, that I find you in his arms?"

The sobs ceased, her head drooped upon his arm.

"My God! Speak, or you will drive me mad!"

"Is it discreet to force a confession?" insinuated Raymond, in his low intense voice.

Throwing off Hélène's detaining touch, Maurice faced him with blazing eyes.

Raymond, in suave tones, continued:

"I will explain—"

Hélène sprang frantically between them.

"Raymond, you shall not!"

"My lips are sealed," he assured her.

Then, turning apologetically to Maurice: "You see, monsieur, out of consideration for the lady—"

Maurice, curbing the passion which this man's mocking smile aroused in him, turned to Hélène.

"Hélène, you know what I must infer from your silence?" Each word cost him a pang.

Her lips were sealed for his sake. He looked at her, standing with clenched hands and drooping eyes. The repressed agony in his voice was piteous.

"Hélène! what secret is there between this man and you?" Still she stood silent.

Raymond gazed at her in admiration. What a magnificent creature, with the woman's instinct of self-sacrifice so strong in her; she would never tell!

Maurice waited in vain for an answer, then, with a despairing look, turned from her with a stifled cry, wrung from his anguished heart:

"Thank God! this guilty woman is not my wife!"

A strange, oppressive silence fell upon the three, broken at last by Raymond's voice.

"I am ready to give monsieur every satisfaction he may desire. In fact, I came prepared."

He took a pistol-case from his pocket and threw it open, upon the table. Maurice started to his feet, grasping one of the pistols.

"Name your time, monsieur," said Raymond.

"Now."

"No! no! his aim is sure, it will be certain death for you," cried Hélène. "Maurice! Listen to me, I will tell you all, yes, all!"

But in Maurice, as in all deep, calm natures, passion once given the rein cannot be curbed.

"With him first!" flinging off her grasp, "then I will listen to you—if I live!"

"And place, monsieur," said Raymond's voice.

"Here."

"Without witnesses?"

"We have one," glancing toward Hélène.

"No! no!" she cried, in terror.

"Be silent!" said Maurice, pointing to the door at his right. "My mother is there!"

"But we cannot fight here," insisted Raymond.

"As I am no candidate for public comment, I have no intention of fighting you."

"Ah!" with a sneer, "you know other means to kill?"

The two men faced each other. Merciless, undying enmity imprinted in every lineament.

"Yes—one of us can die by his own hand."

"A game of chance," thought Raymond, with a throb of excitement. "I have luck at that."

"I am no skilled duellist," said Maurice, with forced calmness, "and I do not choose to be shot down by an unworthy hand. I want an even chance against you. Do you agree?"

A moment's silence! Hélène held her breath.

"Yes," answered Raymond.

"Ah!" thought Maurice, contemptuously, "I have aroused the gambler's instinct."

"Who shall decide for us?" asked Raymond, with gleaming eyes. It would be an exciting game.

Maurice looked at Hélène. "You shall!"

Is this the tender, calm Maurice, this man approaching, with flushing cheeks, and eyes blazing with an almost brutal light? With a thrill of horror Hélène threw out her hands toward him off.

"Maurice! have mercy, spare me!"

"You shall have more than mercy! You shall have justice. You have held our hearts; you shall hold our lives in these soft, clinging hands. Ah! you tremble and grow faint at the thought of death, but you can torture us and smile, when we cry out in agony. You drove us to this. You shall make the reparation!"

Leaving her white and trembling, he went to the table and tore some slips of paper from his note-book.

"Will monsieur write his name upon this slip?"

Raymond did so.

Maurice also wrote his name, throwing it on the table with a number of other slips which were blank.

Grasping the hand of the almost paralyzed woman, he dragged her to the table.

"Turn your eyes away, and select one of these papers. Wait!" turning to Raymond. "Do you wish the one selected to live or die?"

Raymond hesitated, then with a refined stroke of cruelty, "I leave the decision to Hélène."

With streaming eyes and quivering lips, she pleads with the man who once almost worshipped her.

"Maurice, save me! save me from this!"

The answer comes stonily: "Silence!"

Grasping the table to prevent herself from falling, she sways helplessly to and fro, tossed without volition, like a leaf, in the whirlwind of passion she had aroused.

"To live or die?" Raymond spoke.

"May heaven guide me right. To live!"

"So be it. The man whose name is selected goes unharmed. The other dies by his own hand. I solemnly swear to abide by this decision."

Raymond's voice trembled a little. He was playing for high stakes. Maurice echoed the oath firmly.

The woman stood with her back to the table. The two men with arms folded on either side. The last rays of the sun fell athwart the room.

"Now!"

With a convulsive start, the woman's hand closed over one of the papers behind her. With weak, trembling fingers, pitifully eager, she opens it.

"Blank!" She grasped another.

"Blank!" it fluttered from her trembling fingers.

Consciousness was fast leaving her. With a superhuman effort to retain it, she clutched another and held the tiny fateful slip close to her glazing eyes.

A stifled shriek escaped her.

She fell against the table as Maurice took the paper from her nerveless hand. He waited a moment before looking, but his heart did not beat more rapid than before. Death will be more welcome now than life. He reads it, then hands it silently to Raymond. He too waits a moment before looking. Years older than Maurice, life is dear to him. He is not prepared to die.

On the paper is written—Maurice Clermont.

Raymond staggers slightly, his eyes fall on the picture of Achilles. The lips seem to move, saying, as if the very dead spake: "It is retribution."

Mechanically he moves to the table, and lays his hand upon one of the pistols. A movement from Hélène arrests it. A cry escapes him.

"Are you satisfied now? I have given you my life!"

Hélène looking at him with dulled eyes, presses her hand to her brain, striving to collect her senses.

"A life sacrificed for me! No! no! Maurice! he must not kill himself. Save him! save him!"

"You ask me for his life? Ah! this is too much."

Maddened by jealousy, he turns upon Raymond.

"Monsieur, you have pledged me your honor and you shall redeem that pledge; I will follow you, and if you hesitate"—he grasped his pistol, significantly.

"Enough, monsieur!" stung by the taunt to a semblance of a courage he was far from feeling. "I am a Serène. There are no cowards of that name. My life has had its secrets, like that of most men, but before the world my honor is unsullied, and shall remain so. Hélène"—he broke down completely now—"thank you for those words, I did not deserve them."

Maurice follows him as far as the balcony, then stands, his eyes fixed with a deadly purpose on the form descending with uncertain steps into the garden.

Hélène, in turn, watches Maurice with a fascinated horror. Sees him start forward, levelling the weapon.

Raymond is hesitating.

His arm drops again to his side.

She sits waiting.

A sharp report! A hand-grasps her shoulder, Maurice Clermont's white, avenging face is bent to hers.

"Your lover has shot himself."

THE INNER MAN—CONCERNING BODILY REFRESHMENT

Bread-making in India—From the Conditorei Zeitung

Indian yeast is made from the sap of the date-palm. In April, before the flowers appear, a Hindoo climbs the naked trunk—for the leaves, as in all palms, are all borne at the top. The man's feet are bound together by a rope and about his hips are fastened two pots for the reception of the sap. As he climbs he calls out: "Darpor, darpor ata hain," which, being interpreted, is: "The palm-tapper is coming." This is for the benefit of the Mohammedan women who might be sitting unveiled in the courtyards of the houses exposed to the view of the climber after he has risen above the tops of the walls. A tapper who once fails to give this warning cry is thenceforth forbidden to ply his trade. A European who sees this performance for the first time, not knowing what the man is after, is very apt to take him for an ape, to which animal the brown and nearly naked Hindoo bears a striking resemblance. When the tapper has reached the crown of the tree he cuts two gashes in opposite sides of the trunk with an axe, which he has carried up in his mouth. Then he fastens the pots under the gashes and descends. The full pots are taken away and empty ones put in their place twice daily. The sap has a sweet taste, and contains some alcohol even when fresh. After standing in the sun in great earthen pots for a few days it begins to ferment, after which it deposits a thick white substance. This, taken at the proper time, is used as yeast. The natives also make vinegar and a kind of distilled liquor from the palm sap. The Indian flour-mill is very primitive, consisting of two great millstones, of which the lower is fast, and the upper is usually turned by two women who feed the wheat by handfuls into a hole which passes through the stone. The meal so obtained is simply mixed with the palm-yeast and baked in very hot ovens, which have been heated for several days. The small European householder finds it more convenient to patronize the Mohammedan bakers, of whom, however, the bread must be ordered in advance. Sometimes two or three English families combine and hire a baker, paying him a monthly salary and providing him with raw material. The Hindoos eat unleavened bread made by mixing flour and water and baking in thin loaves or cakes over a wood fire.

Artistic Kitchens—Mary G. Humphreys—Syndicate

The most ideal kitchen I ever saw was at Fecamp, famous for its Benedictine and Benedictines of blessed memory. The waiting-room, which was also dining-room, was too reminiscent of dinners past and dinners to come to be tolerable. So, impelled by the natural instinct after a more agreeable environment, I reached the kitchen. The change from the grim, weary waiting-room to this airy, spacious kitchen, filled with gayety and color, had the enchantment of a transformation scene. The three large French windows were vine-wreathed. The range was framed in with scripture tile, and a spit strung with fowls cheerily spun before an open fire. An annex to the range, also framed in with blue tiles, was filled with holes, each requiring its own charcoal flame and to be used as the service pressed. Against the walls and over doors and in panels hung copper pots and pans, arranged with as much skill

as if they were trophies of arms, and burnished to the last degree of brilliancy. Long-handled frying-pans, like unstrung banjos, were graded down to baby pans for a single egg, without a missing link, and copper measures, in like manner, seemed to go off toward a vanishing point. Many of these were beautifully wrought with incised ornament. I will not attempt to describe the personal attractions of the kitchen, the rotund hostess who was cook, nor the wit and good fellowship which evidently made the kitchen a rival of the wine room, for we are about more serious business. The Norman kitchens of the humbler sort with which I became familiar were all arranged with reference to form and color, due presumably to the fact that they were largely living rooms, and will always be remembered as among the most artistic rooms I have ever seen. "Perfect ventilation," says Mr. George Post, the architect, who is regarded as an authority on the subject of kitchens, "is the first consideration in a kitchen, then come light and the possibilities of perfect cleanliness." To get these in a crowded city block and half-buried in the earth, is, in the nature of things, difficult. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's kitchen was the first of the evolutionary series which Mr. Post inaugurated. It is a large room, 33 x 16. There are three windows on Fifty-seventh street, and these are peculiarly constructed to receive the light and air on which the architect insists. A bronze grating only is seen from the street; within this are shelving panes of glass which may be opened so as to freely admit the air yet will prevent the passers-by from looking in to see what the Vanderbilts are going to have for dinner, for there are people who entertain that sort of curiosity. Another provision prevents them from smelling the dishes. This inheres in the more essential ventilation. The range is situated in the remote corner of the room, in order to be near the main ventilating shaft of the house. An immense hood is suspended above, which connects with the shaft, and gathering all the steam and odors passes it through and, without losing a single smell, out of the house. This is an immense advantage, as every one living in the city houses around which linger the scent of perpetual dinners knows. The range is in fact two ranges separated by a partition. These are built out from the wall and behind are two horizontal boilers. Attached at one end is the charcoal broiler, at the other is the roaster, which consists of a low grate with a spit attached to a jack moved by clock-work, and a semicircular Dutch oven. Of course for ordinary occasions but one spit is used. At this end of the room the cook moves, a cherry table at his right hand, his copper treasures in a pot closet at his left, the dresser at his back. This dresser has no back except the enamelled tiles of the wall. This, too, is a consideration in a city which, lacking the necessary supply of Croton water, is overstocked with Croton bugs, insects which show an unreasonable disposition to colonize in the seams of dressers, that they pry open for that purpose. At the other end of the room the kitchen maid moves. At one side is the table at which she prepares her vegetables, and opposite the porcelain-lined sink and draining-table where they are washed. This sink is provided with a grease-trap, a clever arrange-

ment by which the grease is chilled and adheres until it can be removed and the stoppage of pipes thereby prevented. In front of the windows is a long table for the preparation of entrées, and beneath this are closed compartments. Near by is the chopping-block, its architecture that of the butcher's block. The pastry shares a cooler room, which the scullery maids also occupy. I have been specific because this kitchen has been thoughtfully considered, and while it has what is needed, has only what is needed. The floor is laid in red and gray encaustic tiles, the walls are lined with cream enameled tiles, and there is no reason here, as Mr. Post suggests, why a hose should not play without detriment to anything but dirt. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's chef has had such renown that the temple in which he moves and the altar at which he officiates must be of interest. Both are worth his cost to import, and worthy his talents. Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen is really very beautiful to the eye. The purity of marble, the lustre of tiles and the gleam of metal are what one sees. The floor is of marble, the shelves, the tables, the sinks, all the things that are rarely moved are of marble and cut with the precision of jewels. The walls are lined with cream enameled tiles and all the angles are covered with brass mouldings. Where these meet the doors and the windows they are covered with these metal mouldings, dispensing even with wooden trim. The ceiling is made of white enameled tiles set in cement. But one does not imperil the head of a \$10,000 cook with a loosely set brick, so each tile is also secured with raised metal bolts. Accenting all this gleam of white and metal is the large double range. It is similar to that already described, and set in one corner under a large semicircular hood enriched with embossed copper ornaments, and swung from iron bars wrought in spirals and foliations. This hood, the purpose of which has already been described, is so powerful an agent in carrying off the odor and greasy steam that it will waft from the hand a newspaper held under it. The cooking utensils are in keeping with all this splendor. They are of copper, with wrought iron-handles, many of them ornamented, and some of them have been copied from special pieces in the Cluny and other museums. Luxurious cooking utensils are indeed the thing of the moment, and a wedding present not disdained is a set of copper silver-lined such as are now displayed among gems and gold at the jewelers'. Leading from the kitchen to the butler's pantry are spiral stairs entirely inclosed in glass to shut out possible odor yet retain the light. And this is so successfully done that although the kitchen is directly below the dining-room and butler's pantry, nothing disagreeable makes its way aloft. Before referring to another attachment of this kitchen, allusion should be made to the drains and hose outlet in the centre of the marble floor, for it is by a hose which may play fearlessly in any part of the room that the kitchen is kept clean. Connected with the kitchen and built under the sidewalk is a series of vaults. These are for ice, meat, vegetables, milk, and eggs, and are built in three sections of hollow masonry that may be kept free from damp, and insure perfect ventilation. The heavier articles, such as ice and meat, are let in through the sidewalk with derrick and hoist, which relieves the kitchen of a good deal of unpleasantness, as every housekeeper may imagine. The very latest thing in kitchens is that of the Café Savarin, in the fine build-

ing of the Equitable Insurance Company, in lower Broadway. Although it is intended to feed 3,000 people between noon and three o'clock, its methods, appliances, and perfect organization present hints to people who dine in more moderate numbers. Through the courtesy of Mr. Dolver, the superintendent, I was allowed to inspect it just before the fray began. It is a large open apartment at the top of the house, reached by elevators. The floor is laid with white encaustic tiles, and the walls are ceiled and lined with lustrous white enameled tiles. Three ranges are built out in the floor, and the forty-two cooks skirmish on all sides. This position of the range is approved in some private houses, as it gives the cook greater command of her resources. Between these ranges were two long tables, and in the centre of each was a sunken square of tin or zinc perforated with holes. In these basins stood tin handleless pails and around them water surged and spluttered. These were the steam tables, and in them all the cooking that requires no browning or crust is done. The question of fuel is now a very open one. In this kitchen everything that can be done by steam is done, and as steam is required for the other purposes of the building, the fuel is practically saved, not to speak of the lack of wear and tear in merely turning the wrist to let the steam off and on. At Billett's, which is small but the most fashionable of the downtown restaurants, all the cooking is done by gas. And while talking with Mr. Post, he recalled an engagement that afternoon to see some cooking done by electricity. Press a button and the pot boils. But steam will not broil, bake, or roast; this handicaps it greatly for private use. In this kitchen there were separate charcoal fires for broiling, a large brick oven in the centre of the room for the pastry with gas-lighted peep-holes for the pastry cook, and a tremendous upright grate with three tiers of spits before which fowls were now spinning and shedding juices gloriously. The spit and the upright grate make the one luxury that private kitchens, however unpretentious, should try to afford. One need not be so fastidious as the old Norman epicures, who required their fowls to be roasted before apple-tree logs, but the kiss of the flames is certainly transforming and idealizes even the pig, as we have been delightfully told. Every piece of furniture in the kitchen has a special definite purpose to fulfil. The brawny butchers occupy one corner with their battle-axes. The pastry cooks practice the fine arts on their own area, the men cunning with their knives keep within their own barrier. Everything is calculated to save space and time. Above each range are horizontal bars, from which hang the long-handled copper pans which the nimble cooks manipulate with the rapidity and ease of the tumbler in the circus. One of the most novel of the private kitchens in New York is that of Dr. Morton, on Fifty-second Street west. All the household offices are on the top floor. The servants' bedrooms are in front. Midway is the laundry with tiled floor and wainscoting; connecting with it is the servants' sitting-room, and opening into it the kitchen. This is a noble room, with windows that catch the first rays of the morning sun and the last rays of his benign majesty, and command the distant prospect right and left. One may well envy the cook her private dominion. The humane aspect of this elevated kitchen is worth notice when one considers the army of servants that spend their lives in basements inaccessible to

air and light. Mrs. Morton says that by organizing her household carefully, less, not more, servants are required. A great lift is used at stated intervals by the man who manages the furnace; everything else is brought up on dumb-waiters, and a servants' stairway is screened off by a pretty arrangement of spindles. The clothes are dried on top of the house, and in a cold room above the kitchen meats are hung and perishable articles kept. It is not a misapplication of an adjective to call some of the kitchens in the handsomer apartment-houses beautiful. These are small but calculated to a nicety. In fact, except when there is a staff of servants, it is a mistake to have a large kitchen. It wastes the time and takes the strength of the cook to cover more space than is required. As these kitchens are placed in the least advantageous parts of the house, every care is taken to give them all the light and air possible. The floors are tiled. The walls are lined with enamel tiles, usually white, but sometimes made gayer with colored tiles, blue or pink. The sinks are porcelain-lined and the faucets silver-plated. The cupboards and dressers are in light natural woods and the glass unspotted. The cook feels as if she is in a jewel box or is a precious article enshrined in a cabinet, she therefore usually strives to keep her situation.

Something about Cheese—From the New York Tribune

It is a part of the religion of every epicure, that dinner without cheese is like a beautiful maiden with only one eye. An Englishman of national reputation has said: "I do verily think that in 1828 a Stilton cheese was a better fellow than he is in 1889," and the man ought to know, for he has eaten them for almost three-quarters of a century. Stilton is a quaint old village in the northwestern part of Huntingdonshire, in the west central part of England. It has never been famous for anything but cheese. The Stilton that comes to this country is fairly good. It has been said that in the old days men put less milk in their cream and less water in their milk than at present, but it is only fair to admit that the crusty, brown old port that was taken with it made it seem better to those who ate it long ago. Stilton is the most expensive of the cheese brought to this country, and the sale for it is found altogether in the Eastern States. The other English cheeses imported are cheddar, royal arms, Cheshire, and Double-Gloster, but the demand for these is small. Three-quarters of all the cheese sold in America is of Swiss manufacture, and the Gruyère, or Emmenthal, and Sbrinz lead in popularity, with Sapsago a close third. Swiss cheese can be shipped the year round, but it is affected by exposure to extreme heat or cold. It is kept best by storing in cold, damp cellars. From Holland, Edam, Gouda or Patégrasse, Gouda-Kosher or Gowsché-Kass Leyden or Cominje-Kass are reported. The Dutch cheeses are kept easily and are consequently popular. From Germany comes Romatour, some of the Limburger, Thuringer Kümmel, Olmützer Hand-kase, and Harzer Hand-kase. The Schweizer-kase and Limburger used here are almost altogether made in this country. From France we get Roquefort, the most popular; Menanta, Bricquebec, Camembert, Pont l'Eveque, Bondous de Neufchatel, Coulounniers, and last, but by no means least, Fromage de Brie. Brie is extensively imitated in America, most of the factories being in Ohio, New York, and Michigan, and one firm has three factories in New York

turning out Brie. The cheese should be soft; in fact nearly soft enough to be eaten with a spoon, but the dealers say that they find it impossible to sell it in that condition, except to foreigners and Charles Delmonico. From Norway and Sweden, Gammelost, gjedost, and myseost are imported, but they don't sell except among Scandinavians. In the Italian cheeses Parmesan, Romano, Caccio, Cavallo, Canestrati, Farmaggio di Sicilia, Gorgonzola, and Strachino di Milano are to be had. Parmesan and Gorgonzola are most eaten. The Swiss cheeses, Fromage d'Isigny, Fromage de Brie, Camembert, Hamburger, Kümmel, and Muenster are all extensively imitated. One of the gustatory surprises which awaits the daring epicure is Limburger cheese. Not the rank, ill-smelling imported cheese known by that name, but a very fine quality, which the writer discovered is made in the northern part of this State and also in Ohio. At a recent cheese-tasting this cheese was served and compared with a number of other fancy cheeses. It was pronounced decidedly excellent. This decision is surprising, from the fact that two of the party were well-known German gastronomers. They found it difficult to believe that our American cheese makers were so far advanced as to be able to make a better and more palatable Limburger than the imported article. Another discovery was made. This was that beer was the only beverage to drink with Limburger. This decision was rendered after sampling the cheese with Rhine wine, claret, and champagne. One of the strange cheeses introduced was called Fromage Raffiné. It hails from Canada, and the sooner it recrosses the border the better. It would make the loudest aromatic cheese on earth green with envy. Oh, what a compound! One of the gentlemen who was present said to the waiter: "For goodness sake, take it away and give the Limburger a chance." After several experiments the committee decided that either Rhine wine, Moselle or—on a pinch—Burgundy might be drunk with Swiss cheese. The general impression is that beer is the proper drink with this cheese. Another discovery made was that champagne tasted most appropriate with Roquefort and Camembert cheeses. A so-called American Camembert cheese was tried, but it was simply a cream cheese made in the shape of the genuine article. We have not as yet made a Camembert cheese, although Americans succeed in imitating nearly all the other imported cheeses. The genuine Camembert was voted the prince of cheeses. It resembled liquid velvet, it was so soft. This particular cheese came from Normandy, where the Camembert is made in all its unsurpassed excellence. The method of manufacture is a simple process, provided the milk used is rich and contains a large proportion of caseine; otherwise the cheese will be hard and tasteless. After the testing of the cows' milk it is warmed in a water-bath until it reaches about ninety degrees Fahrenheit; the rennet is then added and gently but thoroughly mixed with the milk. It is allowed to stand nearly an hour, until the curd is quite soft and smooth; then it is transferred to the moulds. The preparation of the curd is a matter of the utmost importance. When the curd is sufficiently dry the moulds are placed in a draining-room. Air is admitted through numerous small windows, which are opened or closed from time to time according to the direction of the wind or the change of temperature. In winter this room is heated to the proper temperature. When the cheeses are dry enough

they are removed to the ripening-room, or cave, where they receive still greater attention. The fermentation, which perfects the cheese, must progress regularly to insure success. The cheese expert of the party informed us that the delicious Roquefort cheese was made of sheep's milk. The average diner believed it was made of goats' milk. The green fungoid growth in Roquefort, and in Gorgonzola, is formed by mixing flour and vinegar together and allowing it to become mouldy, then adding a sprinkling of the mould to the curd.

How to Eat an Orange—A. Forman—Ladies' Home Journal

Until the last few years, since oranges have become popularized, it was a matter of no little difficulty and concern to those who desired to eat gracefully to hit upon the best way to eat an orange. The thick, easily broken skin of the Spanish and Italian oranges admitted of but little variation in method. The skin was carefully removed and the fruit separated in its natural sections, and eaten piece by piece. With the thin, tough peel and tender interior skin of the Florida orange this was a matter of greater difficulty. Fastidious people objected to the style which is the delight of childhood, viz., punching a hole in the orange with the forefinger and extracting the juice by pressure and suction, and soon the fashion as set of dividing the orange in halves at the equator, if the expression may be permitted, and digging out the pulp with a teaspoon. Some genius improved upon this by cutting off only a small slice of the top of the orange, at about the arctic circle, so to speak, then with a sharp knife cutting out the core, a second circular cut just inside the skin separates the pulp, and if the operation is dexterously performed the fruit can be eaten with a spoon without spilling a drop of the juice, a recommendation which has made it more popular than any other method. The native Sicilian, who does not care if he does get a little of the juice smeared upon his countenance, takes his long, sharp knife and cuts the orange spirally around so that it becomes a long strip of peel and pulp. He grabs this strip at either end and draws it rapidly across his mouth, absorbing the juice as it passes. It is not pretty, but it is remarkably effective. A modification of this style is practised in the United States and used to be known as New Orleans fashion. It consists in dividing the orange diagonally into four sections, cutting across the core. It is not, however, considered good form by orange experts. Oranges are grown all over the semi-tropical world. Spain, Italy, Northern Africa, China, Southern California, Florida, Cuba, and Palestine send their quota of the fruit to the great markets. But for excellence the Florida orange takes the lead. Florida produces a larger variety of oranges and brings them to greater perfection than any other region in the orange belt. Whether this is to be attributed to the soil, the climate, or to methods of cultivation, has not been definitely decided, though I fancy the latter cause has the most to do with the excellence of the Florida fruit. Another fashion of eating an orange—which is considerable trouble and has but little to recommend it on score of elegance—is to cut just through the skin at the equator, and by carefully turning the peel back, form a cup of the skin at each pole of the orange. The pulp is then bitten off around and around, as a school-boy eats an apple. While this style keeps the hands comparatively clean, it smears the face most unpleasantly. The same ob-

jection may be urged against the fashion of peeling the orange on a fork and holding it in that way while eating it. Some people thrust a fork into the core of an orange, peel the fruit and then slice it as one would an apple, losing thereby a large quantity of the juice. At a dinner-table, if the orange-knives are very sharp—a circumstance which rarely happens, by the way—this is perhaps as good a way as any. It is simple and makes no fuss, and there is an air of refinement about touching the fruit only with the knife and fork, if it be gracefully done, which recommends it to many people. With a Mandarin orange, which as its name suggests originated in China, none of these methods are practicable. The Mandarin is a delicate little fruit with a strong musky flavor, and its tender skin fits as loosely upon the pulp as does the silken coat of its Celestial namesake. Like the Italian and Spanish oranges, its inner skin is dry, and it can be readily peeled and divided into sections. Its first cousin, the Tangirine, whose habitat is Algiers and Northern Africa, is a trifle larger, not quite so musky, but possesses all the other peculiarities of the Mandarin. There is no doubt that the orange has been brought to its highest perfection in Florida; larger, juicier and fuller-flavored fruit come from the groves of that State than from any other part of the world. The Navel orange, so called from the peculiar appearance of the blossom cup at the lower end, is a true seedless orange, and probably stands first among orange-lovers. It has hardly any core, the flesh is solid and juicy, and the skin is thin and smooth. Tangarines, Mandarins, sweet and sour oranges seem to thrive equally well on the sandy soil, which looks as if it would not support a blade of grass. Orange growers say that the long tap-root of the orange tree pierces through the sand into the primeval swamp which underlies all Florida, and it sucks nourishment from the same source whence the orange grower gets his chills and fever. However that may be, the fact remains that Florida is rapidly approaching the point where she can, if necessary, supply the world with oranges. A word or two as to the methods of serving oranges at table may not be amiss here. A simple way is to remove the peel from the top and bottom of the fruit, leaving a girdle about an inch wide all about the equator; sever this at one side and carefully separate the sections from each other, leaving them all attached to the strip of skin. Another fashion, which is effective for table-dressing is to cut the skin on the lines of longitude, leaving the sections attached at the south pole. In making up a dish of oranges prepared in this way some of the points of the peel may be bent forward under the orange and others be allowed to stand loosely away from the fruit. Carefully done, this makes an orange look like a large yellow flower with a white centre. Sliced oranges is too familiar a dish to require any comment, but a very palatable modification is to alternate in the dish layers of sliced banana and sliced orange, and cover the whole with a frosting of desiccated cocoanut. The oranges do not look quite so pretty if the slices are cut parallel with the core rather than across it, but they are easier to eat. But every housewife knows of dozens of ways of fixing oranges for the table. After all, an orange is something like a watermelon. However beautiful and palatable it may be when prepared for the table, it never tastes quite so sweet as when plucked from the tree and sucked with the assistance of both hands to squeeze out the juice.

LOVE AT THE GRATING—COURTING IN ANDALUSIA*

Moreover, Gloria described for me, with great success, the other sisters whom she had had as teachers. There was one, likewise a Frenchwoman, called Sister Saint Étienne, whom she mimicked for me with wonderful effect. *Oh, silence, enfant! oh, malhonnête enfant, je vous mettrai en cachot!*

It was delicious to hear her pronounce the French! "She was justified," poor creature, in threatening me with the dungeon," she concluded, laughing, "for I was a very, very bad little wretch!"

During those evenings I also learned much about the details of her taking of the vows. She was so annoyed at home that she resolved to go back to the convent. Still, she did not wish to enter the order. But it was impossible for her to remain there on any other terms. At last, forced by necessity, and under the constant and persistent pressure of those who were with her, she had decided to do so.

It was the ninth day of May; her mother and some of the aunts and cousins whom she had in Seville came to the convent to be present at the ceremony of her taking the veil. After listening to the confessor's discourse in the chapel, and when all the ceremonies were at an end, a sister took her to her cell and left her alone to put on the habit and the head-dress of the order. She put on the dress without hesitation, but when it came to the head-dress, such a strong uncontrollable repugnance came over her that three times she flung it in desperation to the ground, saying:

"I won't put on that old night-cap."

And each time she had picked it up again.

At last she put it on. The sister came back to her, and she asked her for a mirror. There was none in the college, but she said she was going to take her to the sacristy, where she would find one, and could get a good view of herself. She did not want to go. She was in the very worst of tempers. As she passed in front of a glass door with a red curtain over it, she had caught sight of her reflection. "And do you know, it struck me that I really was not so bad-looking, after all, in that head-dress."

"More than that," I replied. "It was very becoming to you; you were most charming."

"Hush! let me finish. As soon as I caught sight of myself in the glass door, I felt a little better in mind. I went to the chapel again, and there all my girl friends bade me farewell. Ay! my son, then I began to weep like a fountain. I thought I should melt away."

But she was just like a child. She flew from sadness to joy. The sisterhood celebrated her taking of the habit with a splendid collation, and a little comedy in which the school-girls took part. All that day she was greatly excited; sometimes she was as ready to laugh as to weep. When she found herself really a nun she had calmed down a little, and there were even times when she really believed that she had a call, in which she went beyond most sisters in penances and scruples. They almost came to look upon her as a saint. The slightest fault gave her conscience such

keen anguish that she was not satisfied with going on her knees to the person whom she had offended, but when the sisterhood came together at dinner-time she would fall down in abject humiliation before them all and say, with tears in her eyes:

"My sisters, I accuse myself of having offended such and such a one in this way or that, setting a bad example to the sisterhood."

And in the same way she would publicly confess to them all her naughty thoughts:

"My sisters, I accuse myself of being proud, of being very conceited, and of believing that I do things better than any one else. My sisters, will you in your charity forgive me for the sin of not having been attentive as I should during mass?"

"In short, my dear, I bothered them to death with asking their pardon. I don't see how the poor good sisters ever endured me."

Then she went to the opposite extreme.

There were times when she pretended to be wicked, and became a pest to every living thing.

The girls were afraid of her. She would find pretexts to punish them; she fomented quarrels among the sisters; she was the evil genius of the convent.

These times ended, like the others, with a tremendous nervous crisis, a severe attack which prostrated her, and kept her for several days in her room confined to bed, too weak to see any one.

She also had moments of such deep sadness that she longed for death, and even tried to kill herself. On one occasion she threw herself into a deep pool, from which they fished her out half-drowned, but no one except the kind-hearted and trusty old confessor knew that she had intended to commit suicide.

The only really happy days were those which she had spent in the convent at Vergara, when she had made such a friend of Maximina. The blind affection, or, rather, ecstatic adoration, shown for her by that young girl had consoled her for many afflictions. "God forgive the one who took me away from her!"

Gloria's incessant, gentle, monotonous conversation, in which was heard the continuous sibilant of the *s*, produced in me a languid intoxication, a sort of voluptuous lethargy, to which the heated atmosphere which I was breathing contributed, as well as the penetrating perfume of the flowers and plants, sweet marjoram and sweet basil, among which I was sitting.

During these confidential talks, entirely given over to her recollections, she let me hold her hand; and the warm contact of the delicate skin, through which I felt the mysterious warmth of life palpitating and throbbing, filled me with a new strong bliss—a profound, incomparable, infinite, perfect bliss.

I played gently with her rounded fingers, and imagined that I felt in them sometimes feverish tremors, then again invincible longings, ardent promises, and suffocating throbs of tenderness and love.

From time to time I would hold up my head, for I felt suffocated, and breathe in long, strong draughts of refreshing air, with a strange sigh, which made the beautiful maiden laugh.

As the night hours passed, one by one the points of light which gleamed in the street went out; the calm

* From "Sister Saint Sulpice." By Armando Palacio Valdés. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Crowell & Co. Ceferino Sanjuro in this scene is talking through the grated window to Gloria, known within the cloister walls as Sister Saint Sulpice.

and heated air brought to us confused sounds of closing doors, farewell greetings, faltering footsteps; all the noises that precede repose of the late night hours.

And this at last came.

The calm and melancholy night air no longer vibrated with a single sound: only from quarter to quarter the slow stroke of the clock of la Giralda suddenly broke forth with its metallic clang.

The sultana of Andalusia gave herself up to sleep under her splendid canopy of stars. Within her boundaries, nevertheless, love was ever on the watch.

Even until dawn could be seen in her narrow and mysterious by-ways, here and there, young men like myself standing motionless with their foreheads bowed to some iron grating.

The hours swiftly sped, but we heard them not, nor wished to hear the strokes of the clock solemnly sounding in the silence and loneliness of the night.

Still the ill-mannered stroke of one would startle us, and fill us with anxiety.

We still remain for some little time talking.

Half-past one sounds.

"Go, go!" cries Gloria.

"Only just five minutes more."

The five minutes pass, and then five more, and still I do not move from my post below her window.

Then Gloria suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, springs up, turns, vexed with her own sweet self, and says to me abruptly:

"Adios! hasta mañana—till to-morrow!"

"Give me your hand once more, I will say good-by."

She gives it to me, and I forcibly hold it with a lover's pressure a few moments more.

Then suddenly she raises her head in alarm, and says in an altered voice, as if fearful of something:

"I hear a noise."

Frightened out of my wits, I let go her hand, and she runs away, laughing at her little deception.

I was always just as sorry to leave that dark and discreet corner where my happiness was. With rapid step I hurried through the narrow streets buried in shadows, able to see above my head only a narrow band of deep azure sown with thousands of silver stars.

Every day she decorated me; that is to say, she put into my buttonhole the flower that she wore in her bosom. On the next day she had to take it out all faded; then she would pick the petals off carefully and insert a fresh one I must wear all day.

The thought that I might give that flower to any other woman greatly disturbed her.

I began to notice with delight that she showed signs of jealousy—of an unconscionable and vague jealousy which tried to have some excuse, something to give it substance and could not attain to it.

She questioned me closely about the Anguitas' tertulia, and obliged me to enter into a minute description of all the young ladies who were present, and then suddenly, looking straight into my eyes, she asked me:

"Now tell me which one of all pleases you most?"

"Not one; they all please me alike."

"Why do you say such absurd things? Do you think that I am going to be annoyed because you should like one more than another? No, surely, not I. Quite the contrary, my dear!"

"I have eyes only to look at you, and since you please me I have lost all pleasure in the rest of woman-kind! I live only for you. What do you fear?"

She insisted hotly, calling me dissembler, gypsy, comedian, and other names I did not deserve.

At last, one night, more to gratify her than for any other reason that I could tell, I said:

"Well, if you wish me to be frank, the one who pleases me most there is your cousin, Isabel."

Great heavens!

What had I done!

In spite of the slight light around us, I could see that she turned suddenly very pale.

"I suspected as much!" she exclaimed, in a hoarse, strange voice, that startled me. "Such a lovely girl could not help pleasing you. And you pleased her too, as I might have known. . . . You have tried to deceive me well! But it is a shame! yes, it is a shame! . . . From the moment that you began to have anything to do with her I might have known that she was anxious to have another lover. or rather another slave, on her string——"

"But, Gloria, what art thou talking about?"

"Don't say thou to me," she exclaimed, her eyes glaring at me with fury. "I will have nothing more to do with you. Go away and leave me in peace."

Scared, cast down, without knowing what had happened to me, I endeavored to make her see reason. It was in vain, she would not listen to me. Excited by her own words, which trod upon each other's heels, wrathful, beside herself, she overwhelmed me with reproaches and insults, each instant repeating:

"Go away! I do not want to see your face again."

There was nothing else left to do but wait patiently as I could till she had spent herself.

When the sudden storm was over, she fell into a strange state of depression. She covered her face with her hands, and began to sob like a child.

I took advantage of those moments to tell her what I thought about the matter, with irrefutable reasons showing her how mistaken she was and what a wrong she did me. It seems that my words and my firm and calm attitude made some impression upon her, for before long she began to talk again.

Still, she overwhelmed me with questions, trying to involve me in contradictions, looking into my face with inquisitorial eyes; then she made me swear more than a hundred times, by all the dear ones who had gone before and by all the saints of heaven, that she was the only one that I really and truly liked, and that she was the only one on the whole earth that I loved.

One of the vows, the last and most solemn of all, compelled me to kneel down on the stones of the street, and attest my fidelity by all that is good and holy.

"If you are deceiving me," she said finally, knitting her brows and looking at me sternly, "remember, I will put a dagger into your heart!"

"And here is the dagger," said I, drawing out the one which had been presented to me by the Fomento de las Artes, and which I carried by way of precaution during my nocturnal excursions as the ways were dark and Andalusian suitors fear danger in narrow streets.

"You will stab yourself when you stab me to the heart," I added with a smile.

"Ah, you gypsy, you boaster!" she exclaimed, looking at me at the same time with surprise and affection. "Come. I will keep it. Be certain that you will not escape if you are false to me!"

"Ah! my Gloria, I am almost tempted to try it just for the pleasure of dying at thy sweet hands."

TREASURE TROVE—RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

Gone Before—Benj. F. Taylor—Poems

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel but cannot hear.
The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep:
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.
There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from these dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.
Ah, well! And summer is come again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh, it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.
There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

When the Cows Come Home—Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell

With kingle, klangle, kingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home.
How sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineleingle,
'Way down the dark'ning dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang,
Go-ling, go-lang, golineleingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.
With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang,
To-ring, to-rang, toringleingle,

By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm;
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.
With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam;
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank,
To-link, to-lank, tolinkleinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.
With kingle, klangle, kingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home
And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of Whip-poor-will;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineleingle,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

Fra Giacomo—Robert Buchanan—Poems

Alas! Fra Giacomo,
Too late!—but follow me;
Hush! draw the curtain—so!—
She is dead, quite dead, you see.
Poor little lady! she lies
With the light gone out of her eyes,
But her features still wear that soft
Gray meditative expression,
Which you must have noticed oft,
And admired too, at confession.
How saintly she looks, and how meek!
Though this is the chamber of death,
I fancy I feel her breath
As I kiss her on the cheek.
With that pensive, religious face,
She has gone to a holier place!
And I hardly appreciated her—
Her praying, fasting, confessing,
Poorly, I own, I mated her;
I thought her too cold, and rated her.
For her endless image-caressing.
Too saintly for me by far,
As pure and as cold as a star,
Not fashioned for kissing and pressing—
But made for a heavenly crown.
Ay, father, let us go down—
But first, if you please, your blessing!
Wine? No? Come, come, you must!
You'll bless it with your prayers,
And quaff a cup, I trust,

To the health of the saint up-stairs?
 My heart is aching so!
 And I feel so weary and sad
 Through the blow that I have had—
 You'll sit, Fra Giacomo?

Heigho! 'Tis now six summers
 Since I won that angel and married her:
 I was rich, not old, and carried her
 Off in the face of all comers.
 So fresh yet so brimming with soul!
 A tenderer morsel, I swear,
 Never made the dull black coal
 Of a monk's eye glitter and glare.
 Your pardon!—nay, keep your chair!
 I wander a little, but mean
 No offense to the gray gabardine:
 Of the church, Fra Giacomo,
 I'm a faithful upholder, you know.
 But (humor me!) she was as sweet
 As the saints in your convent windows.
 So gentle, so meek, so discreet,
 She knew not what lust does or sin does.
 I'll confess, though, before we were one
 I deemed her less saintly and thought
 The blood in her veins had caught
 Some natural warmth from the sun.
 I was wrong—I was blind as a bat—
 Brute that I was, how I blundered!
 Though such a mistake as that
 Might have occurred as pat
 To ninety-nine men in a hundred.
 Yourself, for example: you've seen her?
 Spite her modest and pious demeanor,
 And the manners so nice and precise,
 Seemed there not color and light,
 Bright motion and appetite,
 That was scarcely consistent with *ice*?
 Externals implying, you see,
 Internals less saintly than human?
 Pray speak, for between you and me
 You're not a bad judge of woman!

A jest—but a jest! . . . Very true:
 'Tis hardly becoming to jest,
 And that saint up-stairs at rest—
 Her soul may be listening, too!
 Well may your visage turn yellow—
 To think how I doubted and doubted,
 Suspected, grumbled at, flouted
 That golden-haired angel—and solely
 Because she was zealous and holy!
 Noon and night and morn
 She devoted herself to piety;
 Not that she seemed to scorn
 Or dislike her husband's society;
 But she trembled if earthly matters
 Interfered with her *aves* and *paters*.
 Poor dove, she so fluttered in flying
 Above the dim vapors of hell—
 Bent on self-sanctifying—
 That she never thought of trying
 To save her husband as well.
 And while she was duly elected
 For place in the heavenly roll,
 I (brute that I was!) suspected
 Her manner of saving her soul.
 So, half for the fun of the thing,
 What did I (blasphemer!) but fling
 On my shoulders the gown of a monk—
 Whom I managed for that very day
 To get safely out of the way—
 And seat me, half-sober, half-drunk,
 With the cowl thrown over my face,
 In the father confessor's place.
Eheu! benedicite!

In her orthodox sweet simplicity,
 With that pensive gray expression
 She sighfully knelt at confession,
 While I bit my lips till they bled,
 And dug my nails in my hand,
 And heard with averted head
 What I'd guessed and could understand.
 Each word was a serpent's sting,
 But, wrapt in my gloomy gown,
 I sat, like a marble thing,
 As she told me all!—SIT DOWN!
 More wine, Fra Giacomo!
 One cup—if you love me! No?
 What, have these dry lips drank
 So deep of the sweets of pleasure—
Sub rosa, but quite without measure—
 That Montepulciano tastes rank?
 Come, drink! 'twill bring the streaks
 Of crimson back to your cheeks;
 Come, drink again to the saint
 Whose virtues you loved to paint,
 Who, stretched on her wifely bed,
 With the tender gray expression
 You used to admire at confession,
 Lies poisoned; overhead!

Sit still—or, by Heaven, you die!
 Face to face, soul to soul, you and I
 Have settled accounts in a fine
 Pleasant fashion, over our wine.
 Stir not, and seek not to fly—
 Nay, whether or not, you are mine!
 Thank Montepulciano for giving
 Your death in such delicate sips;
 'Tis not every monk ceases living
 With so pleasant a taste on his lips;
 But, lest Montepulciano unsurely should kiss,
 Take this! and this! and this!

* * * * *

Cover him over, Pietro,
 And bury him in the court below—
 You can be secret, lad, I know!
 And, hark you, then to the convent go—
 Bid every bell of the convent toll,
 And the monks say mass for your mistress' soul.

The Lost Chord—Adelaide Anne Proctor—Poems
 Seated one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the ivory keys.
 I knew not what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then;
 But I struck one chord of music,
 Like the sound of a great Amen!
 It flooded the crimson twilight
 Like the close of an angel's psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit
 With a touch of infinite calm;
 It quieted pain and sorrow
 Like love overcoming strife,
 It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life.
 It linked all perplexed meanings
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence
 As if it were loth to cease.
 I have sought, but seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 That came from the soul of the organ
 And entered into mine.
 It may be that death's bright angel
 Will speak in that chord again,—
 It may be that only in heaven
 I shall hear that grand Amen!

SCIENTIFIC, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL, GENERAL

Some Queer Languages—The London Public Opinion

At a recent meeting of a scientific society in Berlin, a German officer who has spent some time on Gomera Island, one of the Canaries, described the whistling language used by the inhabitants. It consists of the ordinary speech of the natives, expressed by articulate whistling. Each syllable has its own appropriate tone. The whistler uses both fingers and lips; and it is asserted that conversation can be kept up at the distance of a mile. Whistling is said to be confined to Gomera Island, and to be quite unknown on the other islands of the group. The adoption of this mode of carrying on conversation is due to the geological formation of the island, which is intersected by frequent gullies and ravines. As there are no bridges across these ravines, intercourse between neighbors is often difficult. A man living within a stone's-throw of another may have to go many miles around to make a call upon his neighbor, and the inconvenience of intercourse led the people to cultivate whistling as a useful means of conversing at a distance. The natives of the Cameroons, on the west coast of Africa, use what may be called the drum language. For this purpose a peculiarly-shaped drum is used. The surface of the head is divided into two unequal parts. In this way the instrument is made to yield two distinct notes. By varying the intervals between the notes, a complete code of signals for every syllable in the language is produced. All the natives understand the code, and by means of it messages can be sent quickly from one village to another. The drummer in one village sends on to the next the signals which he hears, and so on until the message is delivered. Another queer language is the finger-speech, as it may be called, of Oriental traders. It is largely employed on the east coast of Africa. The parties engaged in conversation by this method clasp each other's hand beneath the capacious sleeves worn in the East. If they are not wearing garments with sleeves, then one will unroll his turban, and under the folds of it they will carry on the bargaining in which they are engaged. The reason for adopting this secret intercourse is simple. In the East, all business is transacted in the open air. The idle bystanders have a good deal to say, and are free with advice. It would become a great hindrance to trade were it not for some such device to keep business negotiations private.

The Glory of the Great Republic—Philadelphia Press

There are some eloquent figures which cannot be repeated too often and which men are too apt to forget. The fashion in which this great land has paid its debts, while others have increased theirs, is one of them. Here are the figures for a quarter of a century, a mere span in the life of nations and the life of national debts:

	Principal.	Interest.
August 31st, 1865	\$2,755,995,275	\$151,832,051
March 4th, 1869	\$2,525,463,250	\$126,389,550
" 1877	2,088,781,142	94,408,645
" 1881	1,879,950,497	76,745,037
" 1885	1,405,934,350	47,013,959
" 1889	865,106,020	41,000,000
" 1890	765,273,750	36,000,000
Reduction	\$1,990,721,525	\$125,832,051

While we have done this, Europe, with about five

times our population, about four times our wealth, and not twice our natural resources, has added to its national debts in the last 20 years \$8,200,000,000, or over thrice our total original debt, and the interest charge to-day is thirty-fold our own. In 1865, when our figures begun, Europe owed \$15,000,000,000. It owes to-day over \$23,000,000,000, it pays \$1,068,000,000 a year interest, and is loaded besides with \$887,000,000 for military, war, and naval expenditures, including pensions, where our own are \$130,000,000. This is the lesson of liberty; these are the fruits of freedom, and the Great Republic, without debt, without army, or navy, goes on in the race of prosperity and industrial supremacy, distancing these heavily loaded competitors.

The Work of a Clearing House—The New York Star

There is situated at the corner of Pine and Nassau streets, within a stone's-throw of the New York Stock Exchange, an unpretentious brownstone building, known to very few outside of bank messengers and clerks, and possibly a few business men. At certain hours of the day, however, should one take the trouble to climb a long, winding flight of stone stairs, a scene as busy as anything ever witnessed on the floor of the stock exchange presents itself. Should the visitor be fortunate and gain admittance beyond the heavy swinging doors and the attendants, he finds himself at the end of a large, well-lighted room, divided into sections by a tall wire screen. Long rows of high desks extend the length of the room, and these desks are also separated by screens. At each portion of the desks so divided stands a clerk whose sole object in life seems to be to add up a seemingly endless column of figures as rapidly as possible. The scratching of pens and the rustle of crisp treasury notes, varied now and then by the rattle of silver or gold coin, are the only sounds to be heard. At the opposite end of the room, on a high platform, from which he can overlook the entire room and its army of workers, stands a shrewd, business-looking man with a number of assistants, also busy on long columns of figures. Such is the daily scene at the New York Clearing House during the time from 10 o'clock until 11 or 11:30. The clerks at the desks in the room are representatives of all the banks in the city, and the man who is on the platform, keeping a general oversight over all the work and noticing each detail, is Mr. W. A. Camp, the manager of the Clearing House. This association of banks is a comparatively new institution, being only about thirty-six years old; but so rapid has been the increase of business in New York City, that to-day the New York Clearing House is the largest institution of its kind in the world—greater even than the Bank of England. When the clearing house was first organized in 1853, there were in the association fifty-five banks, and for the year ending September 30th, 1854, the daily exchanges averaged \$19,104,504.94. At the present time there are sixty-four banks in the association, and last year the daily average of exchange at the clearing house was \$101,192,415.11. So, during the time which it has been in existence, the total exchanges amount to \$843,806,456,478.62, and the total transactions amount to \$881,135,273,210.16. In order to form some idea of how

vast this amount is, it may be stated that it would take nearly six thousand years to count it, at the rate of two hundred and forty a minute, day and night. The largest transaction for any one day through the clearing house amounted to \$295,822,422.37, and the smallest daily transaction was \$8,300,694.82. So large are these figures, however, that one can scarcely realize the amount of money which they represent, and yet, to the credit of the management of the clearing house, be it noted that since the first day when it opened for business, so much as a penny has never been lost, nor has a mistake ever occurred. One quite naturally asks how all this business is transacted during one or, at the most, two hours daily, making exchanges of notes, bills, and drafts between the eighty-odd banks in the city, and never a mistake made. The answer is simple enough, and the work appears quite easy when one really knows exactly how it is done. In the first place, each bank in the association sends two representatives to the clearing house promptly at ten o'clock each day, the few banks not in the association making their exchanges through some bank belonging thereto. When all the clerks are in their places in the big hall of the clearing house, exactly at ten o'clock the manager comes in, and a gong sounds the signal that work is to begin at once. One clerk from each bank is known as a settling clerk, and the second as the delivery clerk. It is the duty of the settling clerk to receive from the delivery clerk from each of the other banks whatever exchanges there may be on his own bank—drafts, notes, checks, etc. When the various delivery clerks have handed to the settling clerks of other banks all outstanding items, the settling clerk records them as received, crediting each bank with its proper amount. A proof of this sheet is then delivered to the proof clerk, as are also little slips from each bank showing exactly the amount which it has sent to the clearing house. These tickets, known as credit or debit tickets, as the case may be, should, and always do, as a matter of fact, balance. In case an error is made by some clerk in recording the amount received from or paid to some bank, the slip at once shows where the mistake is, and a correction ticket is at once sent to the proof clerk, who rectifies the error. So rapidly are the exchanges made that it takes only about ten minutes for the delivery clerks to make the entire rounds, thus practically having visited every bank in the city, and making the necessary exchanges, and over four thousand packages of checks have been distributed and receipted for by the proper representatives of the banks. After the exchanges are all made and the proofs are found correct, the delivery clerk takes each to his own bank the amount received in exchange, while the settling clerk remains to complete his proof sheet and compare it with that of the proof clerk on the platform, who works under the direct supervision of the manager. Thus within an hour work has been done which, before the institution of the clearing house, used to occupy three and four hours daily, and afterward, as business increased, used to be done only once a week. Under the present system, each bank has deposited as a fund in the Clearing House an amount proportionate to its capital, thus enabling each bank to make its exchanges at once and in the clearing house. The greatest balance resulting from any one day's transaction at the clearing house amounted to \$12,505,134.15. The greatest amount of exchanges ever made through the

institution in any one day by any one bank was \$31,772,391.51. The least balance paid by the clearing house to any one bank was ten cents, and the least balance paid to the clearing house by any one bank was paid on September 22, 1862, when a certain city bank scrupulously sent around and paid a balance of one cent. At one time gold was largely used in payment of settlement of balances, and on November 11th, 1879, the sum of \$8,315,000 in gold, weighing about fifteen and a half tons, was received in payment of balances; but since the latter part of 1882 the government has issued gold certificates, so that now there is very little gold coin received in settlement. There are clearing houses in all the principal cities of the United States, doing a yearly business amounting to over \$52,000,000,000, while the total amount done by English clearing houses is about \$38,000,000,000. As showing what an amount of money is represented by the New York Clearing House, the amount of money handed through that institution during the past year was over \$33,000,000,000, while the London Clearing House did over a billion of dollars less business. Such is a brief outline of the work which is done each day through this institution, and shows in a measure the most complete system of banking exchange in the world.

Indian Literature—Dr. Stoll—From the Baltimore Sun

Dr. Stoll, of Zurich, Switzerland, in a lecture on the American aborigines, said: "As soon as a people rises from the primitive organization of family ties to the more complicated form of tribal union, it will readily attempt to fix in written representations the events of its public life, treaties, wars, religious usages, rites, etc., to preserve these for posterity. It may borrow the art of writing from some other people, or acquire it through its invention by some prominent member in its own midst. In either case writing will have a decided influence upon its language and the development of its culture. The character of its language, on the other side, is of essential moment in the forming of its writing system. The most cultivated of America's nations speak languages which offer great difficulties to popular analysis, since the single word, and particularly the verb, frequently represents a highly complicated combination of various elements, which, by their entering into this compound, more or less undergo phonetic changes. All parts of a sentence aggregating into the verb may form words of an immense length. By this process a word may shrink to half its sounds, even to one single letter, so that its rediscovery may be successfully obtained by scientific analysis, but not by popular dissection. This polysynthetic character the American languages possess in common. Like elsewhere has been in America the foundation of all scriptural attempt the pictorial description of events. On a walrus tooth from Alaska, shaped like a blade, fields of carving may be seen, each representing some scene from the life of its carver. One tells us how the artist slew an enemy with bow and arrow; another represents him starting for a trade expedition on his dog-sled, etc. The signification of some of the figures escapes interpretation. Among other American nations of a more advanced grade of civilization we meet with pictures of persons and objects which do not any longer denote the direct and complete representation of any event. Every single picture rather recalls one single and often merely secondary circumstance of some event to

memory, serving thus as support for the other figures, and assisting the association of ideas with reference to other incidents. Upon a so-called winter count of the Dakotahs a large number of signs in black or red color may be noticed, most of which represent men, horses, houses, etc. Every single drawing corresponds to a winter season, by which this tribe is accustomed to reckon. There are, for instance, thirty-one strokes, that indicate how in the year 1800 as many of the Dakotahs were killed by hostile Indians. The sign of a horseshoe reminds us of the fact that in 1802 the Dakotahs for the first time saw shod horses. It would be impossible to interpret such a winter count if the meaning of the different drawings were not handed down by tradition of Indians expert in their explanation. The Iroquois used to make a sort of belt or wampum, upon which, by means of pearls of different colors, certain patterns were formed, serving for symbolic representations of definite events. White was the color of peace; red that of war. These wampum belts were carefully preserved and from time to time read in public by officers especially appointed, so that the people might get acquainted with the history of their tribe, illustrated in the script of pearls. Among the ancient Mexicans the phonetic element of the spoken language was in so far introduced at the side of the hieroglyphics, as without the knowledge of their tongue the pictures cannot be understood. One manuscript shows on a blue strip four signs, which are to be explained as denoting rabbit, house, stone, and reed. They are connected by circles and define the chronology of the events represented on the manuscript. To designate some certain year the Mexicans took from the twenty days of their month four signs, rabbit, house, stone, and reed, which they connected with the numbers one to thirteen in regular order. Each year had its particular combination of numbers and signs, and, by means of reed-tufts, they indicated how many cycles of thirteen years had passed since the beginning of their era. The name of the chieftain Chimalpopoca, for example, is represented by a shield (*chimalli*) and the figure of clouds of smoke, since *popoca* means to smoke. The chieftain's figure is combined with the year '4 rabbit.' In that year the towns *Tegniquiac* and *Chalco* were taken, which fact is represented on the tablet by a shield with three arrows, the emblem of war, and the houses of the conquered cities, from whose falling roofs flames and smoke are rising. Other pictures represent words which in their pronunciation together form the names of the two places. The death of Chimalpopoca, which happened in the year '13 reed,' is indicated by his figure appearing without the sign of the breath of life, a blue vapor accompanying everywhere the figure of the living chief. This Mexican writing notes an advance over the North American system, inasmuch as they kept exact chronological records and the spoken language exerted its influence upon scriptural representation. The Maya Indians of Yucatan, like the Mexicans, made paper from the bast of certain plants and the fibres of the agave. Upon this they painted figures and scriptural characters. Besides the figures, numbers and calendar signs, there occur in these Maya manuscripts characters that have as yet defied all interpretation. Perhaps they are symbolic of certain events or abstract ideas, or they may be really a phonetic script. Bishop Diego de Landa, who was living in Yucatan during the second half of the sixteenth cen-

tury, claims that the Mayas possessed the art of phonetic writing. He even gives its alphabet. The letters he mentions are, however, not found in these manuscripts, and so their contents are still hidden from us. In South America we meet a substitute for writing in pre-European times only among the Peruvians. Their quipus are woollen strings, from which lateral strings at varying distances proceed. A single knot designates the number 10, a double knot 100. The strings were often of different colors, by which different meanings were conveyed. White referred to silver, or peace; red to war. These strings were used in statistical records, tax lists, birth registers, etc. After the invasion of the Spaniards the knowledge of their contents soon was lost. The aborigines of America, in their more advanced representatives, were evidently on the road toward inventing phonetic writing, and thus powerfully enlarging their mental activity and developing their beginning civilization, when the encroachments of the European conquerors brought the evolution of their culture to a sudden end. Only by utmost and unwearied labor we may gradually succeed in tying again the thread of the development of American culture, that was several centuries ago so ruthlessly broken."

Cremation in Paris—H. La Luberne—Boston Trans.

The French Cremation Society, which was founded in 1882 for the purpose of familiarizing people with the idea of the new method for disposing of the dead, has for its president M. Kœchlin-Schwarz, mayor of the eighth Paris ward. In order to become a titular member of the society a minimum sum of two dollars must be paid the first year, and one dollar for each successive year afterward. Donation members are expected to contribute at least a sum of twenty dollars on entering. The last report shows that the body numbers at the present moment upward of a thousand members. Pending a law rendering the practice of burning or burying the dead optional, which has since been passed, the Paris Municipal Council voted a grant of money for the erection of a crematorium, which is now in part built on ground at the Père-Lachaise Cemetery. The monument, as you enter the gateway, is to be seen at the opposite extremity of the cemetery, near the Jewish burial ground, and facing the Mussulman section, which is rendered conspicuous by the tomb of the Queen of Oude. It looks something like a mosque, with two high chimneys, which answer the purpose of beacons. There are three domes, corresponding with the three halls inside, where as many furnaces are to be established. There is a separate room in which the bodies are placed while awaiting incineration. The building as it now stands forms only a portion of what the crematorium is to be. The façade, which is to have alternate layers of black and white marble, and the cinerarium, for preserving the ashes of the dead, have not yet been begun. A hall and reception room for funeral parties will also ultimately be added. It is computed that the whole building, when finished, will cost \$120,000. When tested for the first time, October 23d, 1887, the apparatus used did not meet the expectation of the authorities as to its capacity for disposing quickly and cheaply of human remains. Defects had to be remedied before proper working could be obtained. The heat from beech-wood logs was found inadequate, and the flames charred the body to an ugly brown compound. The cost of the operation

was too high, amounting in each case to twenty-four dollars. The ashes of the first two corpses reduced by this insufficient process have been lodged in the Carnavalet Museum, in Paris. The present arrangement is perfect. As only one furnace is now in use, the bodies awaiting cremation are brought up in rotation from a separate room in the building. I was present the other day while two dead bodies were consumed, and followed the process throughout. The first of these was the corpse of a pauper patient who had died of small-pox in one of the Paris hospitals. The body was placed, in its deal-wood shell, upon two flat iron bars, each about three inches wide and six feet long, fixed to a kind of truck. When the retort door was opened and the corpse run in, a glow of heat so candent burst forth from the oven that it was almost impossible to look inside. The wooden shell split up, and the dead body fell between the two iron bars on to the incandescent floor, where gas and coke combine to keep up a bright red roaring heat ranging between 1200 and 1500 degrees centigrade. The hair and beard caught fire immediately, and the body itself began to blister. On the door being closed, there was a light emission of smoke and a smell of charred flesh, which was due, the stoker said, to the fact that the coke furnace in the flue had been excessively charged before it had time to burn up properly; it therefore acted as interceptor in the flue. The oven is fed with coke in the underground portion of the building, and the fire is kept up day and night. I was allowed to ascertain the state of the body every half-hour, through the retort door. When the door first opened, the sight was one I shall never forget. A strong, red fire blazed around the corpse, whose limbs were already considerably shrunken. There was nothing of the hideous spectacle I had expected. No flame, no smoke was to be seen. Only a bright, intense, liquid bath of fire, in which the poor, dead pauper patient lay quietly stretched out, as if asleep. A kind of nimbus surrounded the head. The knee-caps appeared almost white; the bones of the lower part appeared calcined, the abdominal cavity half consumed. At the end of the first hour, the head appeared half incinerated; the hips stood out, and the ribs stuck up, though still attached to the spinal column; the viscera were whitening; the bones of the legs were detached and appeared consumed; a little halo still played round the head and shoulders. At the end of an hour and a half, all the bones had crumbled, the skull was gone, and the outline of the form was lost. Nothing remained on the floor of the oven but two small knobs from the hips of the skeleton, ready to dissolve into a white ash. The second corpse to be incinerated was that of a man who had expressed in his will the desire to be burnt after death, and whose relatives had paid the ten-dollar fee charged by the city authorities in every such case. The process for the rich is much the same as that for the poor, except that on the two parallel bars a metallic plate and an asbestos cloth are spread under the corpse of the former, to receive the ashes. The body, therefore, burns on the plate instead of falling to the floor of the oven. As on the first occasion, I was allowed to ascertain the results of the process every thirty minutes. The effects of the heat, when the body was run in, were rather startling, for the legs of the rich man at once spread out to the extent of touching the sides of the red-hot chamber. These, however, resumed their

natural position on the plate, but bent up before they were consumed, together with the ribs, in an hour's time. In less than ninety minutes the whole body had fallen in, and begun to whiten; the operation is then deemed finished. When the metal plate was drawn out, the body appeared more thoroughly consumed than the first; the ashes were quite white, and weighed a little over four pounds. They were carefully collected with a brush into a silver shovel, and placed in an urn provided for that purpose. So far, this is the only place of its kind opened in France. The church has set its face against burning the dead. The Paris Municipal Councillors and the members of the French Cremation Society do all they can to popularize the practice, but with indifferent success. Out of the half-dozen corpses on an average daily incinerated here, most of them come from the hospitals and dissecting-rooms. The coffins brought to the mortuary from those charnel-places are known, in the technical language of the administration, by the name of equivalents, because they often contain the cut-up remains of different patients indiscriminately huddled together under the same lid. The amputated leg from a living patient is thrown in with the head of a dead man or the trunk and viscera of a dead woman. God knows his own, and the oven soon resolves the whole to a handful of bones and ashes. The regulations laid down by the Council of State are very stringent. No crematory apparatus may be established without an authorization of the prefect, which is only given after consulting the Council of Health. Each cremation must be authorized by the public registrar, upon the demand of the representatives of the deceased, and the production of a medical certificate attesting that the death is due to natural causes; or, in default of this latter, upon the report of an inquiry conducted and signed by a sworn physician. After the necessary permission has been obtained, an official report must be drawn up and forwarded to the municipal authorities, to prove the reception of the body at the crematorium and its due incineration; the ashes may not be deposited, even provisionally, elsewhere than in a regularly established and licensed place of sepulture, nor removed without permission from the city fathers. These two conditions, I am told, are imposed for the prevention of profanation. No cremation is allowed except by the express desire of the defunct. The prefect of the Seine recently published a decree approving the tariff drawn up by the municipal council for incinerating the dead. Paupers are, of course, burnt gratis pro Deo. Persons able to pay are uniformly charged ten dollars. This includes a niche, for five years if demanded, in a columbarium, or urn room, which, however, has yet to be built. The urn must in every case be paid for by the family. An extra tax is imposed for the space taken up by this receptacle in the urn room, the rate being proportionate to the decoration of the crematorium monument where the incineration occurs and the importance of the pomp displayed at the funeral. First, second, and third class burial carriages and paraphernalia are charged forty dollars; fourth and fifth classes, as also bodies brought to the crematorium from places outside the Paris fortifications, are rated thirty dollars; the sixth class pays ten dollars, the seventh five dollars, and the eighth class two dollars and forty cents. No tax or charge is imposed for exhuming corpses for purposes of cremation, in any of the Paris cemeteries.

CURIOSITIES OF VERSE—QUAINT AND SINGULAR

Psalm of Life—W. H. Hills—Somerville Journal

Eschew tergiversation
And avoid concatenation
Of atrabilious, inchoate, interminate discoids,
Balbucinating corbels,
Like tinkling, tinnient door-bells,
Imply crustacean, nyctalopic valances and voids.
Trichroism, traumatic,
Spasmodic, acrobatic,
Never sibilates resilient when occult megrims come.
Thaumaturgical negation
And amorphous oblectation
Only unto supramundane sinuosities succumb.
Cymophanous depilation
Deletory cogitation
Together lancinate and thrill like sonants cleaving surds.
So abstain from imperception,
Coarctation, and deception,
And, no matter what you have to say, don't use big words.

Twines Twice Twisted—Dr. Wallace

A very learned Frenchman, in conversation with Dr. Wallace, of Oxford, about the year 1650, after expatiating on the copiousness of the French language and its richness in derivations and synonyms, produced, by way of illustration of the versatility of his mother tongue, the following four lines of rope-making:

"Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder un corde
Pour la corde corder, trois cordons il accord;
Mais si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde."

To show that the English language was at least equally rich and copious, Dr. Wallace immediately translated the French into as many lines of English, word for word, using the word "twist" as an English equivalent to the French word "corde":

"When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting a twist he three times doth untwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist."

Here were verbs, nouns, and participles to match the French. To show further the power and versatility of the English, the doctor added the following lines:

"Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain."

The French fund had been exhausted in the outset; not so the English. Pushing his triumph still further, the doctor added yet four other lines:

"The twain that in twisting before in the twine,
As twins were entwisted, he now doth entwine;
Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling the twister, makes a twist of the twine."

Life—A Centone—C. W. Moulton—Queries

Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight,—Thomson
And let us cull the rose in life's young morn;—Lamartine
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn,—Prior
The lowest genius will afford some lights—Stillingfleet
But trailing clouds of glory do we come,—Wordsworth
Equal nature fashioned us all in one mould;—Massinger
Our time is set and fix'd, our days are told,—Smith
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.—Young
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,—Johnson
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe your prayer;—Byron
No tribute laid on castles in the air,—Churchill
Thou art but dust, be humble and be wise.—Beattie

Do, beloved, as thou would be done unto!—Herbert
Life's but a short chase, our game content,—Crabbe
Seldom it comes to few from heaven sent.—Wilbie
This above all, to thine own self be true.—Shakespeare
Why search the secrets of a future state?—Dryden
Countless the shades that sep'rate mind from mind;—Gifford
Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined,—Pope
For of the soul the body form doth take.—Spenser
O greatness, thou art but a flattering dream!—Tracy
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,—Gray
Are but the transient pageants of an hour,—White
Glassing life's fictions on a phantom stream!—Bulwer
He most lives who feels the noblest, acts the best;—Bailey
So think not meanly of thy low estate,—Holmes
But transient is the fickle smile of fate,—Dyer
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.—Armstrong
Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colors play—Watts
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears,—Scott
Made up of hope and smiles, despair and tears,—Aldrich
Nor can we treasure up a month or day.—Watkyns

The Lord's Prayer—The Sheltering Arms

This composition was found in Charleston during the war. The closing words of the separate stanzas are to be read downward.

Thou to the mercy seat our souls dost gather
To do our duty unto Thee, *Our Father,*

To whom all praise, all honor should be given,
For Thou art the great God *who art in heaven,*
Thou, by Thy wisdom, rul'st the world's whole frame
Forever, therefore, *Hallowed be Thy name,*

Let never more delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let *Thy Kingdom come;*

Let Thy commands opposed be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and *Thy will be done;*
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same *on earth as 'tis in heaven,*

Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray
Thou would'st be pleased to *give us this day*
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and *our daily bread.*

With every needful thing relieve us,
And of Thy mercy pity *and forgive us*

All our misdeeds, for Him who Thou didst please
To make an offering for *our trespasses,*

And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us *as we forgive,*

Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all *those who trespass against us;*

And though some time thou find'st we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help *and lead us not*

Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us *into temptation;*

Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial, *but deliver*

Yea, save them from the malice of the devil
And in both life and death, keep *us from evil.*

Thus we pray, Lord, for that of Thee, from whom
This may be had *for Thine is the Kingdom;*

This world is of Thy work its wondrous story,
To Thee belong *the power, and the glory,*

And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain *forever and forever.*

Thus we poor creatures would confess again
And thus would say eternally *Amen.*

PRATTLE—A SELECTION OF LULLABIES

Soft and Deep—H. MacCulloch—Strawbridge's Mo.

Sleep, my baby dear;
 Mother watches here.
 To her darling she is singing,
 And her song sweet sleep is bringing
 To her baby dear;
 Sleep will soon be here.
 Soft and deep,
 Baby sleep!
 Baby, baby sleep!

Soon by sleep, the fay,
 Blindfold led away;
 Father, mother, all forsaking;
 Into mystic dreamland waking,
 Where 'tis ever day;
 There will baby play.
 Soft and deep,
 Baby sleep!
 Baby, baby sleep!

Sleep has stole on;
 Baby now has gone!
 Silent form that frights thy mother,
 Sleep and death so like each other!
 Baby now has gone;
 To return at dawn.
 Soft and deep,
 Baby sleep!
 Baby, baby sleep!

Lullaby—Alfred Tennyson—Romney's Remorse

Beat upon mine, little heart, beat, beat!
 Beat upon mine, you are mine, my sweet!
 All from your pretty blue eyes to your feet,
 My sweet.

Sleep, little blossom, my honey, my bliss!
 For I give you this, and I give you this!
 And I blind your pretty blue eyes with a kiss!
 Sleep!

Father and mother will watch you grow,
 And gather the roses whenever they blow,
 And find the white heather wherever you go,
 My sweet.

Off for Slumberland—Caroline Evans—St. Nicholas

Purple waves of evening play
 Upon the western shores of day,
 While babies sail, so safe and free,
 Over the mystic Slumber Sea.

Their little boats are cradles light;
 The sails are curtains pure and white;
 The rudders are sweet lullabies;
 The anchors, soft and sleepy sighs.

They're outward bound for Slumberland,
 Where shining dreams lie on the sand,
 Like whisp'ring shells that murmur low
 The pretty fancies babies know.

And there, among the dream-shells bright,
 The little ones will play all night,
 Until the sleepy tide turns;—then
 They'll all come sailing home again!

Cornish Lullaby—Eugene Field—Chicago News

Out on the mountain over the town,
 All night long, all night long,
 The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
 Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
 And this is the song the hill folk croon,
 As they trudge in the light of the misty moon—
 "Gold! gold! ever more gold—
 Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,
 All night long, all night long;
 None but the peering, furtive elves
 See his toil and hear his song;
 Merrily over the cavern rings
 As merrily ever his pick he swings,
 And merrily ever this song he sings:
 "Gold! gold! ever more gold—
 Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed
 All night long, all night long—
 Happy to smooth thy curly head
 And to hold thy hand and to sing her song:
 'Tis not of the hill folk, dwarfed and old,
 Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,
 And the burden it beareth is not of gold;
 But it's "Love, love—nothing but love—
 Mother's love for dearie!"

Baby and I—Elizabeth B. Bohan—Youth's Companion

We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
 Our boat is nearing the shore;
 His head is at rest on my loving breast,
 We list to the dipping oar.
 Shall we land together
 In the dreamland heather,
 O baby, with soft eyes of blue?
 Shall we roam the meadows
 And play with the shadows?
 Sleep, darling, I'm waiting for you.

We're sailing to dreamland—baby and I,
 How white are the dreamland sheep!
 How purple the hills, how blue are the rills!
 Oh, hasten, my darling, to sleep.
 The birds—how delightful!
 Oh, sleep a whole nightful,
 They want you—the birds and the flowers,
 And the gay butterflies
 They will dazzle your eyes
 When you enter the dreamland bowers.

We're sailing to dreamland, baby and I,
 Oh, cool and calm is the night;
 His rosy lips coo, his breath, sweetest dew,
 Fills my heart with love and light.
 Oh, soft is the pillow,
 And playful the billow
 That rocks us to dreamland, my own.
 Are little feet ready?
 Then steady—there—steady,
 Thy mother must still land alone.

The Iceland Mother's Lullaby—Thomas Bewsy Holmes

Under the Igeloe's arching roof,
 In the oil light's shuddering glow,
 An Iceland mother sits and croons,
 In measures weird and slow:
 Swing out over the snow,
 Spirit of my baby Jo;
 Swing out into the night,
 Into the glow of the northern light,
 Spirit of my baby Jo.

Swing low, stars above,
 And touch the eyes of my baby love,
 That he may see, as he wanders far
 Into the land of the golden star,
 The mountains of ice and valleys of snow,
 Where beautiful flowers and grasses grow
 About the feet of my baby Jo.

Shoo, shoo, swing low,
 Swing out over the snow,
 Spirit of my baby Jo.

FAMOUS CHAPTERS—THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL*

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the cluster of half-dozen fishermen's cottages at Mussel-Crag.

They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning.

The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favorable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets in the sunlight, by the door.

A few of the neighbors, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till the body was lifted.

As the laird of Monkbarrow approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets, as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature and that sympathetic grasp of truth which characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remains in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, the boy he loved, he must himself have surely perished.

All this apparently was boiling in his recollection.

His glance was directed sidelong toward the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, questions requiring his direction, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce.

His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation.

His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, this awful presence of death, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow.

As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some little, needed nourishment.

His first action was to push it from him with an

angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses.

"Ye'll be a braw fellow, an ye be spared, Patie," said he, "but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer, from time to time, the necessary questions we have already noticed.

Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by the apron which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal.

Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stem the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor and display of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group.

Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look with almost unseeing eyes toward her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside.

She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded.

Then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to really and fully comprehend her inexpressible calamity.

These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features.

But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear, nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her.

Thus she sat among the funeral assembly, like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, by the silent, solemn band of friends, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits were offered round to the guests.

* From "The Antiquary." By Sir Walter Scott.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. He had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself toward the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation.

But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply to his kindly words.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss.

The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half-stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered, without raising her head, at each pause in his speech:

"Yes, sir, yes!—Ye're very gude—ye're very gude! —Nae doubt, nae doubt! It's our duty to submit! But, oh, dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow.

Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions.

The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke apart with each other.

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman, that it was time to proceed with the ceremony.

The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed with the sad duties of his office.

The creak of the screw-nails presently announce that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant.

The last act which separates us forever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, one we have known for years, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted of men.

With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to countenance, even in a trifling degree, the rituals of Rome or of England.

With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as themselves.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father, to support the head as is customary.

Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered them only by shaking his hand and his head in silent token of refusal.

With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency toward the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, would carry his head to the grave.

In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the laird.

And old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud that his honor Monkbarns should never want six warp of oysters in the season (of which fish he was understood to be fond), if she should gang to sea and dredge for them herself, in the foulest wind that ever blew.

And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for all the purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offense than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner.

Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke where rebuke and advice would, to the fisher folk, have been equally unavailing.

In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial which once distinguished the grandes of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the Parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it.

And I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessities of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it, nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living the money vainly wasted upon the display of an extravagant interment of the dead.

The procession to the churchyard at about half a mile's distance was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions. Hardly a word was spoken, the slow measured tread and the bowed heads showing the sincere sense of loss on the part of the mourners.

Arrived at the little churchyard, the pall-bearers, still holding the coffin supported on the handspikes, turned sadly, eased their burden and gently let it down on the soft green turf. Then the grave-diggers put their spades into the ground, dug the trench and the body was consigned to its parent earth.

When the labor of the grave-diggers had filled up the grave and covered it with fresh soil, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, with kindly respect saluted the assistants, who had stood by in silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners who turned sadly homeward.

THE WORLD OVER—A SERIES OF PEN PICTURES

Wonderful London Bridge—From the Boston Herald

Dr. Johnson would have it that the full tide of human life flowed at Charing Cross. In the dear old doctor's day this may have been true. In our day the tide of human life that sweeps through London is so strong that countless channels must be provided for it. The stupendous volume and the force of that mighty tide must now be diverted into myriad courses, and hence it is impossible that the full strength shall manifest itself at any single place. But of all the wonderful channels of ebb and flow, London Bridge is by far the most notable. Nay, the spectacle presented by London Bridge for six days in the week is amazing. You may search the world through and you will find nothing like it. The crush, the rush, the roar, first bewilder the stranger, and then arouse his awe and admiration. Here, before all other places in that mystery—London—one has revealed to him the might, the majesty, of this chief city of the earth. To my thinking, London Bridge, from eight o'clock to ten in the morning and from four to six in the afternoon, is the most marvellous sight in this metropolis of wonders. I know not when the spectacle is the more astonishing—in the morning, when the tide of life floods cityward, or in the evening, when it ebbs to the south. But I think the picturesque effect is heightened in the winter dusks, when the dark masses press swiftly into the gloom of Southwark, and the black river splashes between the granite arches, and bears strange, bulky, undistinguishable forms on its desperate current; when the red golden glow slowly fades in the west, and the domes and spires dissolve in the advancing night shades, and the lamps begin to flash along the shores and from the masts of vessels in the Pool, each lantern signalling, until the whole vista sparkles with red and green and yellow gleams. On the deck of an Atlantic liner in mid-ocean at night, when the sea tosses and hisses, and the wind howls, and the ship plunges blindly against the contending elements, one is overmastered by the knowledge of his helplessness; he is an atom in infinite space, borne unresistingly by irresistible forces. One becomes morbidly conscious of his own insignificance, his abject powerlessness, as he is hurled thus into the black caverns of night. And a similar feeling seizes when you are caught in the darkness on London Bridge, engulfed in the living tide that pours along this channel, emptying the sea of London into that wider sea beyond. Many a time I have been swept across this granite viaduct by that mad, ungoverned tide. For more than a year I was daily caught in its northerly flood and its southerly ebb, and yet the wonder of it grew with every morning and evening passage; the imposing spectacle ever moving, ever changing, and yet ever the same in its swelling volume and its headlong rush. The scene is always new and always thrilling, view it as often as you may. Of the eighteen Thames bridges in London, this is the first in importance, and the first from the river's mouth. The Thames runs on fifty or sixty miles before it reaches the sea, and all this course from the bridge to the Nore is covered with vessels. London itself extends on both sides of the river, several miles "below bridge," hence the enormous amount of traffic that passes over these granite arches.

Old London Bridge, which a favorite nursery rhyme represented as forever falling down, was providentially held together until the end of the first quarter of this century, when the present structure was built about four hundred feet to the west. The old rhyme did not greatly exaggerate the condition of the ancient bridge, which had been tumbling to pieces for a hundred years. Old London Bridge was a perilous structure above and below. It contracted the river bed so that the current was exceedingly fierce, and shooting the arches was almost equivalent to suicide. It had been burned and bombarded, and otherwise so badly treated in the long course of successive centuries, that repairs were constant and usually ineffective. Early in the eighteenth century the street on the bridge was dark, narrow, and dangerous; the houses overhung the road in such a terrific manner as almost to shut out the daylight, and arches of timber crossed the street to keep the shaky old tenements from falling on each other. Pennant tells us that nothing but use could preserve the repose of the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamor of boatmen, and the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. In 1768 some local statistician computed that fifty watermen, bargemen, or seamen, valued at £20,000, were drowned annually in attempting to pass under the bridge. During 1757-60 the last of the houses were removed from old London bridge. The most remarkable building that had ever been erected there belonged to the Elizabethan era, and was called Nonsuch House. It had been made in Holland and sent over in parts. It extended across the bridge and had an archway in the centre. It was four stories high, with cupolas and turrets at each corner, and was put together with wooden pegs instead of nails. The American manufacturers who turn out entire buildings by the gross, and ship them in parts, may well repeat the old saying, "There's nothing new under the sun." Before the ghastly practice was transferred to Temple Bar, London Bridge had the dubious honor of displaying the heads of persons executed on the scaffold. The heads of Sir William Wallace, Bolingbroke, Jack Cade, the Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas Moore were among the dreadful collection. The present London Bridge is the fifth of the name. The first was built of wood in the year 994, in the reign of Ethelred II. It was destroyed in a storm which, in 1090, blew down 600 houses and lifted the roof off Bow Church. Its successor, also a wooden affair, was destroyed by fire in the second year of Stephen, 1136. A bridge of elm timber succeeded this, and in 1176 the first stone bridge was built. Timbs says that the bridge shops were furnished with all manner of trades. "As fine as London Bridge" was formerly a proverb in the city, and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and, next to Solomon's Temple, the finest thing that ever art produced. Pinmakers, the first of whom was a negro, kept shops in numbers here. The famous old bridge had some distinguished residents in the course of its long history. There is a tradition that John Bunyan had lodgings in one of the bridge dwellings, but the report seems to be without foundation. But Holbein lived there, and so did

Hogarth, when, as a young engraver, he sold his plates by weight. Peter Monamy, a marine artist of some fame in his day, lived there, and learned his art there. The present bridge was completed in 1831, after seven and one-half years (less seventeen days) of labor. That stupendous structure, the Forth Bridge, which was opened recently, was but seven years in building, and cost only half as much again as London Bridge, and even its cost in human lives—one hundred as against forty—was not excessive, when we consider the extraordinary nature of the task. The roadway of London Bridge accommodates four lines of vehicles—two going in each direction, the heaviest and slowest traffic on the outside lines. Between each of the five arches there is a bay, or resting-place, where you may pause for a view of the river and of the tide of traffic that pours across the bridge itself. But the best appreciation of the volume and force of this traffic comes by throwing one's self into the current. Take an outside seat on an omnibus at the Bank of England when the evening tide of traffic ebbs southward. Your course lies through King William street, which empties its current into a wide space just above the bridge. Into this space three more great thoroughfares pour their living tides—Gracechurch street, Cannon street, and Eastcheap; and a little lower down two lesser tributaries add to the moving mass. From every direction and to every direction streams of human beings and vehicles come and go. There is a whirlpool of traffic. It rages there around King William's statue, and as far as you can see along the tributaries each stream is blocked. To be drawn heedlessly into the vortex would mean chaos, disaster, even death. In the dusk the moving masses appear strange, all-powerful, ungovernable. Yet they are governed. You cannot see the guiding power, but it is there in the shape of stalwart policemen stationed in twos and threes and fours at every point from which the streams flow into the receptacle, which, in turn, empties down the hill a swift, fierce flood, rumbling, roaring, pell-mell upon the bridge. In regulating street traffic the word of the London constable is law; a motion of his hand is instantly obeyed. Without this governing power the passage to the bridge would be as destructive to life and property as battle or flood. As it is, the crush appears to you chaotic. It whirls and dashes in that open space, and the blocked streams, foot and wheel and hoof, back and swell upon the pavement, seeking outlet. The minutes pass in clamor and seeming confusion. You think it hopeless for your coachman to attempt his way. But at last, from some point unseen by you in the darkness, the word is given, the flood divides, as the waters divided of old, and in a trice your vehicle plunges in the downward current, spins down the slope, and rattles on the bridge. Strong nerves and arms and quick eyes every driver must have to guide his freight, living or inanimate, along these dangerous rapids. Three or four streams of vehicles plunge side by side, their hubs almost touching. At the widest space there are half a dozen lines, solid, swiftly moving in the same direction. At the bridge the pace slackens, and, by some miracle, order reigns. Over the bridge the tide pours. The weight of it is enormous, the strength incalculable. The roadway is packed. There is scarcely an inch between a horse's nose and the tail-board of the wagon in front of him or between the wheels that rumble side by side. The sidewalks, too, are crammed with a des-

perate rush of men and boys. Women you see here and there, or they are suggested by bonnets or bits of color in the compact black mass. If every man's life depended on the issue the rush could not be swifter. Yet no individual can mend his pace or slacken it. The current carries every atom with it. Suburban London is receiving its mighty accession of life. Across the bridge trains are waiting and starting, tram-cars are pulled away with their weary loads, and 'busses are picking up the throngs. But it would seem that all the omnibuses in London were rolling upon the bridge from the city. Is it possible that elsewhere in London any trollies and drays and vans are left? Are there not tens of hundreds running in this tide? There is the wonder of it—the wonder of this ever-wonderful London. This mighty flood of life and life's impedimenta is but one of a thousand floods pouring outward from the metropolis to-night—every night. Every fashion of English vehicle (and how many fashions there are!) you see here, rolling over London Bridge. The furtive hansom, the despondent growler, the private brougham, the lumbering 'bus, the farmer's wagon, the railway van, the costermonger's donkey barrow—but the list is beyond one's power of enumeration. Of horses, every kind, lame and sound, fat and lean, from the snug cob and the tiny Shetland to the big elephant-like dray nag. You look down from your seat upon the 'bus top to the surface of the stream, which bears you along with its irresistible rush. The city has opened its flood-gates, and the flood has leaped forth into the night. Every manner of man is here, and every product of man's art and craft. You see nothing distinctly, but only the turbulent mass sweeping on, on, on. You hear nothing but its roar. In its embrace you are powerless, every individual in it is powerless as yourself. If you had fallen into the river you would see that flood and hear it as you see and hear this, in confusion and bewilderment; you would feel its pressure as you feel the pressure of this current, and it would carry you on as this does—helpless. You might strike out against it, but it would bear you down, and this will if you resist. You can only float upon it. There is the river, rushing beneath the granite blocks which support the living flood. Lights gleam upon it here and there, revealing it cold and black and relentless, as other lights, fitfully straying, show this upper river of life to be. Down there, indistinctly in the darkness, crowds of shapeless craft are borne along—here a light, there a splash, then a crash, and always the hoarse cries of the waterman, piloting their cumbrous vessels through the floating maze. What London Bridge is to the land traffic the Pool is to the water traffic. A wilderness of vessels floats there upon the dingy tide—vessels from every clime and every port, steamers and sailing craft, clippers and clumsy luggers, wherries and fishing boats, and the typical Thames barges. There they lie, rubbing sides, packed in the stream as the men and the wagons are packed upon the bridge. How they go up and down, and resolve their various and respective courses, picking their way in the forest of hulls and masts, big and little, passeth the comprehension of a landsman. But how do the landsmen extricate themselves from the turbulent current that plunges over London Bridge? Somehow the flood is distributed at the bridge's end. Another whirl is there, and there are countless cross-currents and outlets. Somehow the atoms separate and find their ways—home! And in

the morning the mighty tide rushes back again, repeating the deserted city. And the morning flood is as fierce as the evening ebb. The stream rushes and roars back again over the granite viaduct. It is a race for life—for the work that gives men their right to live.

Glimpses of Montenegro—T. Sargentich—Sunny Hour

A small principality, bounded on the southeast by Turkey and on the northeast by Austria, is known to the world as Montenegro. In Serb (the language of Montenegro) the country is called Cernagora, which, translated in English, means Black Forest, and not Black Mountain, as generally understood. Montenegro is Italian, and it is presumed that some Italian traveller misinterpreted the name Cernagora for Montenegro. The population of Cernagora is about 280,000. The soil may be well called consecrated, for what higher form of consecration can any fatherland receive, than the blood of its sons, shed in its defence? It was not for fertile fields, nor for mines of gold, but for barren stones—their loving Otazcina—that the Cernagorci fought for so many centuries. As you enter their noble country, you see nothing but stones and mountains. Some of these mountains are over 3,000 feet high, especially the Lovcen, overlooking majestically on one side the beautiful straits of Bocclide Cattaro, and on the other side the country itself and far beyond it, and it is on this lofty mountain that the great poet Petar Petrovich Njegus, familiarly called by his people Uladika Rade, is buried. He was interred there at his own wish. As you go about through the country the eye becomes weary looking at the mountains and stones. Here and there you find small farms, and you wonder how it could be possible that anything could grow, yet it is a fact that in some parts of Cernagora you see wheat and fruit trees, but such sights are rare. The country is poor, and there are no industries in which the people can be employed, so many have left temporarily their homes in order to provide for the wants of their families; but should war be declared, no matter where he is, nor how far from his country, a Cernagorac hastens home to fight for his home and his fatherland. It was in the early part of 1876 news came by the cable to San Francisco of war between Cernagora and Turkey. A young citizen of that country named Ivanovich, who was only a few months in California, determined at once to return to his country, although over 7,000 miles away. He would not listen to delay, but like a true son went to his mother country, fought, and was killed in battle. The form of government in that country is at once the most despotic and the most popular in Europe. Despotic, because the will of the prince is the law of the land; and popular because the personal rule of the prince is kind, loving, and fatherly, and meets all the wants and wishes of the people. No sovereign in the world, none I am sure in Europe, sits so firmly on the throne as the Gospodar of Cernagora, and no sovereign is more absolute. I should liken the government of Cernagora to a loving father or mother of a large family, whose children not only obey their parents because it is their duty, but obey them because they love to obey. Cernagora formed a part of the great empire of Stefan Dulan Silni, the famous ruler of the Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgarians. It was not required for the great Dusan to proclaim himself Emperor of the Montenegrins, as the term Serb includes Montenegrins. If you ask a Cernagorac what languages he speaks he

will tell you Serbski, and so will many millions of Slayonians in Austria and elsewhere. In 1389 Czar Lazar fell gloriously fighting at Kossora, and Milos Obilich, the great Serbski Junak, distinguished himself and his race by killing the Turkish Sultan Murat alone and among 10,000 Turkish troops. The lowlands of the Serbs, having lost their independence at Kossora, the Highlands (which is Cernagora) became the city of refuge to which all Serbs might fly. Thus Cernagora became an independent principality then, and it has been ever since, and will be for evermore. What do you think of a capital that is a little village of less than 2,000 inhabitants? Yet such is Cettinje, the capital of Cernagora, situated in a valley, surrounded by mountains. As you come from Njeguse you see on your left, rising above the cottages, the palace of Prince Nikiza; above the palace is the Manastir (the cloister), and above the Manastir the belfry, where the heads of decapitated Turks used to be impaled in days gone by. To your right is the hospital. Then there is a fine building for a girl's high school, and the recently built Zetski Dom, a beautiful building, containing a very large hall, in which reunions, meetings, and performances are held and given. The drama *Balkanska Czarica*, written by the prince, was given for the opening night of the dom. There are to this little village accredited ministers from the leading courts of Europe, and I venture to say that the diplomatic communications between Vienna or St. Petersburg and Cettinje are more frequent than between those capitals and Washington. There is nothing that strikes the foreigner more than the respectful bearing of the people to strangers. Courteous and polite as the Viennese, it is not uncommon to find Montenegrins intelligent, not because of study, but in their crude state, and some possess remarkable natural talent and wit. I remember an incident when I was a little boy, probably not more than eleven years old. I was in my father's store when a tall young Cernagorac came to purchase some goods. A friend of my father's, who was very fond of joking, remarked to this young hero, "I heard some important news." "What is it?" inquired the young man. "I heard that your vladika (bishop) is engaged to be married." The young Montenegrin's face became pale from anger, and my father thought that he would resent the insult by physical force, but to our surprise he composed himself and without any hesitation he answered him. "Yes, it is true; would you like to know to whom?" "Yes," replied the friend. "Well, to the daughter of your Pope of Rome." The Montenegrins all belong to the Greek Church, and the bishops cannot marry. My father's friend was a Roman Catholic. The Cernagorci are Serbs, and form the flower and aristocracy of the Slav race. Physically they are both big and handsome, and if some should walk on Broadway they would tower over the New Yorkers. In appearance and bearing they compare favorably to any European people. For example, take a Bulgarian and a Montenegrin in your parlor for the first time, and you will notice that the Bulgarian would appear as he is, a peasant; the Cernagorac, a gentleman. Cernagora has no peasantry; all are gentlemen, all are soldiers. But place this same Montenegrin and Bulgarian in a field, and the Bulgarian will convert it into a garden. The trade of a Cernagorac is fighting in war; hence it becomes hard for him to adapt himself to any other vocation—born a warrior, he must die a warrior.

IN DIALECT—SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

Sence Idy's Gone—Will White—Kansas City Star

Sence Idy's gone somehow you see
The hours is longer'n they usto be,
An' days an' skies are duller, an' the night
Drips out in oozin' seconds drearily
At every hollow clock tick, till the light
Laps up the murky fancies wearily,
And fever'd dreams 'at come 'long after dawn
Mix up the happiness I hoped to see
'Ith that great sorrow which is hauntin' me:
'At Idy's gone.

Sence Idy's gone I dist can't stay
In-doors; it seems like ev'ry way
I look I find some doin's 'at 'uz her'n:
Her apert mebbe, or the last croschay
She done before she went; at ev'ry turn
I run acrost her mem'ry, so's I say
I keep out-doors dist kindo's if I's drawn,
An' hang around the crick here ev'ry day,
But even it keeps singin' in its play
'At Idy's gone.

Go into the town er to the store
It's all the same, I hyur the roar
The crick is makin' as it reshes past
The bend; I know it's sayin' somepin more
'N folks believe an' more'n most folks dast
'Less they believe 'at spirits crosses o'er
An' talks 'ith us; the housework don't git on—
Keeps gittin' tangled'er'n 'twas before,
Dist like my head 'at's tangled to the core
Sence Idy's gone.

Jim, Arizona, 1885—C. F. Lummis—Cosmopolitan

Climbin' the Mesa Grande,
'N' the bronchos fit to drap,
'Th the sand hub-high, 'n' the white-het sky,
'Like the breath o' hell—gee-tapt!
Nary a *pasagero*—
Jes' me 'n' the stage; 'n' in't,
Thet Fargo box fr'm the P'int o' Rocks
'Th dust fr' the Frisco mint.

Ten thous'n, cool, I reck'n,
Ten thous'n' ef ther's a nick—
'N' me on the drive at sixty-five,
'N' the po'r ol' wife gone sick!

Yo' Bill Green! wot you think'n?
Be yo' locoed, or wot? I 'low
Et's a purty bust, ef the line can't trust
O' Bill fr' a white man *now*!

Trust me? Bet yo' *que sí*, now!
We're po'r ez the ribs o' grief;

But the Boy 'n' Sue—'t 'd kill the two
Ef Dad wuz to turn the thief!

Po'r Jim! Et gallds him awful,
This rustle fr' daily bread;
'Th his mammy down, 'n' no work in town
'N' nuth'n' to hope ahead.

He says to me this morn'n'—
Thet quiet 'n' desput-like—

"Dad, I'm a-goin' to the Cabezon,
'N' I'll die but I'll make a strike!

"I can't stan' this no longer,
F'r 't ain't nuther jest n'r right!"

'N' out he lit. Jim's wild a bit,
But yo' bet his heart is white!

Ef only—whoa, yo' devils!
A hold-up, ez shore ez chalk!

Throw up my han's? Why, fr' shore! A-man's
A fool to dispute *sech* talk!

Whoop! *Then* I ketched yo' nappin'!

Thet box is a trifle more'n
A load fr' one 'n' not drap his gun—
Now s'posed you throw up yo'rn!

Don't tech thet gun! Yo' ijjit,
Take THET! *Hed* to tumble *him*!
Deader'n a rat—why, thet's *my ol' hat*—
'N' the mask—h-h-h! Christ! *My Jim!*

No Show—S. W. Foss—Yankee Blade

Joe Beal 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the groc'ry store, an' throw
One leg right over t'other leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."

Then shift his quid to t'other jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't git no money from his dad;
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."

An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—le's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnashion streak er luck.

"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."

Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regerler ever' day
For twenty year to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,

Yer hain't no show,
Yer too dern patient,"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.

My own Kathaleen—Eugene Geary—N. Y. Saturday Review

If I said that your cheek showed the red roses' brightness,
An' your step was a match for the mountain-deer's lightness,
An' your bosom of love like the ocean-foam swellin'—
Shure divil a word of a lie I'd be tellin'.

O sunny-haired darlin', O blue-eyed *colleen*,
No wondher the village maids call you their queen,
For, from castle-famed Blarney
To lovely Killarney,

Your beauty's unaiqualled, my own Kathaleen.

'Tis your smile, *grá machree*, that enraptures me only,
An' the thought of it oft brings me joy when I'm lonely,
An' my slumbers at night your sweet presence is hauntin',
Till I waken to clasp you, but find you are wantin'.

Sighin' an' longin' for you, my *colleen*,
From night-time till mornin', from mornin' till e'en,
Ay, dyin' to behold you,
An' lovingly fold you,

Close, close to this bosom, my own Kathaleen.

Shure your bright, winnin' smile an' your soft, cheery laughter
The bliss shall increase of our happy hereafter;
An' here in our home by our own native river,
Love's soft-tinted rainbow shall beam 'round us ever.

Then come to my arms, my blue-eyed *colleen*;
The woodland may vary its rich vernal sheen,
But this true heart shall never,
From constancy sever,

But throb for thee ever, my own Kathaleen.

THE KREUTZER SONATA—THE MURDER OF A WIFE*

The first thing I did was to take off my boots; and then in my stockings I went to the wall where my guns and daggers were suspended above the sofa, and took down a crooked Damascus blade that had never been used, and was exceedingly sharp. I unsheathed it. The scabbard slipped from my hands and fell down behind the sofa; and I remember saying to myself, "I must look for it afterward, or it may get lost." Then I divested myself of my great-coat, and, stepping out softly in my stockings, I went there; and, stealing up inaudibly, I suddenly threw open the door. I remember the expression of their faces. I remember it, because it afforded me an excruciating pleasure. It was an expression of terror, and that was precisely what I desired. To my dying day I shall not forget the regard of mingled despair and terror on their faces. He was seated, I think, at the table, and as soon as he saw me, he started to his feet and stationed himself with his back leaning against the cupboard. His features were expressive of unmistakable abject terror. Her face wore the same expression, but there was something else there besides; and had it not been for that something else, had I discovered no trace of anything but terror, perhaps that which happened a little later would have never taken place. For an instant, and only for an instant, her looks betrayed—to my thinking, at least—the disappointment, the vexation she felt at being disturbed in her love-making. Both of those expressions lingered but a second on their faces; his was instantaneously replaced by an interrogative glance at her which said: "Is it possible to right things by lying? If so, then it is time to begin. If not, something else will take place; but what?" Her look of vexation and disappointment was succeeded, I fancied, the moment her eyes met his, by solicitude for him. For an instant I stood on the threshold, holding the dagger behind my back, and that instant he smiled and began to speak in a tone of voice so studiously unconcerned that it seemed positively comical. "And we were at our music . . ." he began. "Well, this is a surprise," she exclaimed, the same moment, following up the cue he had given her. But neither he nor she finished what they were going to say. The insane frenzy I had felt a week before again took possession of me; and I gave myself up to it, body and soul.

They never finished the sentences they had commenced. That other alternative happened which he was so greatly afraid of, and it swept away in a trice all that they were going to say. I threw myself upon her, hiding all the time the dagger, lest he should hinder me from plunging it into her side, under her breast. I chose this spot from the very first. Just as I was flinging myself upon her, he saw what I was about, caught me by the arm, and shouted out at the top of his voice: "Bethink you of what you are doing! Help!" I freed my arm and rushed upon him without uttering a word. His eyes encountering mine, he all at once turned as pale as a sheet, his very lips became bloodless and white, his eyes glistened with an unwonted lustre, and he dived under the piano and fled from the room. I rushed after him, but felt a heavy

weight suspended from my left arm. It was she. I struggled and tried to tear myself from her, but she prevented me from moving. This unlooked-for hindrance, the dragging weight, and her touch, from which I shrank as from a loathsome thing, served only to inflame me still more. I struck backward with my left arm with all the force I could gather, and I hit her with my elbow in the face. She screamed and let go my arm. I turned round to her. She had fallen on the couch, and, pressing her bruised eyes with her hands, was looking at me. Her face was expressive of terror and of hatred for me, her enemy. I saw nothing but fear and hatred in her features, just such fear and hatred for me which love for another would inevitably call forth in her. Still I might, perhaps, have restrained myself yet, and might not have done what I did, if she had only remained silent. But she all at once began to speak and to clutch at my hand, the hand that held the dagger. "Think what you are doing. Nothing has passed between him and me, nothing. I swear to you, nothing." I might still have wavered, had it not been for those concluding words, from which I inferred that the opposite was true.

"Do not lie, hell-hag!" I screamed, seizing her arm with my left hand. But she wrenched herself away from my grasp. Then, without relinquishing my hold of the dagger, I caught her with my left hand by the throat, threw her over on her back, and began to strangle her. How tough her neck seemed! She seized my arms with both her hands, tearing them away from her throat; and, as if I had only been waiting for this, I struck the dagger, with all the strength I could muster, into her left side and under the ribs. . . .

Whenever people assert that in a paroxysm of madness they do not remember what they are doing, they are talking nonsense or lying. I knew very well what I was doing, and did not for a single second cease to be conscious of it. The more I fanned the flame of my fury, the brighter burned, within me, the light of consciousness, lighting up every nook of my soul, so I could not help seeing everything. Thus I was aware that I was striking her below the ribs, and that the blade would penetrate. The very moment I was doing this I knew I was doing something terrible, but that consciousness was instantaneous, like a flash of lightning, and the deed followed so close upon it as to be almost simultaneous with it. My consciousness of the deed and of its nature was painfully distinct. I felt and I remember the momentary resistance of the corset, and of something else, and then the passage of the knife cutting its way through the soft parts of the body. She seized the dagger with both her hands, wounding them, but without staying its progress.

Then having plunged the dagger into her body, I instantaneously drew it out, anxious thereby to remedy what I had done, to stay my hand. I then stood motionless an instant, waiting to see what would happen, whether it was possible to remedy it.

She suddenly sprang to her feet and screamed out "Nurse, he has murdered me!" The nurse, having heard the noise, was already on the threshold. I was still standing motionless, expectant, incredulous. Suddenly the blood welled forth from under her corset,

* From "The Kreutzer Sonata." By Count Tolstoi. From The Review of Reviews. See page 427 of this number.

and then I saw that what I had done was past remedying, and the same instant I decided that it was not desirable that it should be remedied, that this very thing was what I wanted and what ought to have been done. I lingered on still, till she fell, and the nurse, exclaiming "Good God!" ran to her assistance; it was only then I flung away the dagger and went to my room.

"What must I do now?" I asked myself, and I at once knew what. Going into my study I went up to the wall, took down the revolver, examined it—it was loaded—and placed it on the table. I next picked up the scabbard from behind the sofa, and then seated myself on the sofa. I remained thus seated for a long time, thinking of nothing, recollecting nothing. I was conscious, however, of a considerable stir in the other rooms. I heard a vehicle driving up to the door with some one; then another. Then I heard and saw George coming. "Did you hear what had happened?" I asked him. "Tell the dvornik to go and inform the police." He went out. I rose from the sofa, and got out my cigarettes. Before I had smoked one, I was overcome by drowsiness and fell asleep.

I slept for about two hours. I dreamt that she and I were living on terms of affection, that we had quarrelled, but were making it up, there was some little obstacle in the way, but that at bottom we were friends.

I was awoke by a knocking at the door.

"That's the police," I thought. "I fancy I murdered her. But perhaps it is she herself who is knocking, and that nothing at all has happened." The knocking at the door was continued. I did not answer it, but strove to decide the question. Had all that really taken place or not? Yes, it had. I remembered the resistance of the corset and the passage of the blade through the body, and the recollection sent an icy cold chill along my back and made my flesh creep. . . . Yes, it had taken place. There was no mistake about that. Now it's my turn, I thought; but even while I was still saying that to myself, I knew that I would not kill myself. And yet I rose and took up the revolver again. It seemed strange. I remember how many times before that I had been on the point of suicide—it always seemed such an easy thing to do. But now I could not even harbor the thought. "Why should I kill myself?" I asked. And no answer was forthcoming.

The knocking at the door continued.

"Ah, yes, I must first see who is at the door. There will be always time enough for this," and I laid the revolver down on the table and covered it over with a newspaper. I then went to the door and drew back the bolt. It was my wife's sister—a well-meaning, silly widow. "Vasa, what's all this?" she exclaimed, and the tears—always ready with her—flowed abundantly. "What do you want?" I asked, turning to her gruffly. "Vasa, she's dying; Ivan Zakharievitch said so." Ivan Zakharievitch was the doctor—her doctor and adviser. "Is he here?" I inquired, and all my hatred for her revived. "Well, and what if she is?" I continued. "Vasa, go to her." "Shall I go to her?" I asked myself. And I at once decided that it was my duty to go to her, that it was the correct thing to do in such cases; that when a husband kills his wife, as I had done, he is bound to go to her. If it is always done, I reasoned, then I suppose I must go. Yes, if it should prove needful, I said to myself, thinking of my intention to commit suicide—I shall have plenty of time to do it afterward, and I followed my wife's sister.

Strange as it may seem, as I left my study and passed through the familiar rooms, I once more conceived a hope that all this had not really taken place; but the pungent smell of the abominable drugs, of iodine, of carbolic acid, overpowered me, and I knew that it had really taken place. Passing along the corridor by the nursery, I saw Liza; she gazed at me with a terrified look in her eyes. I fancied the whole five children were there and were steadfastly looking at me.

I went up to the door of her room, and the maid opened it and went out.

The first thing that struck me was her light gray dress lying on the chair, all black with blood. She was in bed, in my bed, which was easier of access than her own, lying on pillows in a very sloping position, her knees upraised, her camisole unbuttoned. Something had been laid on the place where the wound was. A nauseous smell of iodine pervaded the room. What impressed me in the first place, and more profoundly than anything else, was her swollen, bruised face, the eyes and part of the nose being of a bluish-black color: these were the effects of the blow I had struck her with my elbow. No trace of beauty was left; but instead of it I noticed something repulsive.

I stopped at the threshold.

"Go up to her; go up to her," exclaimed her sister. "Yes, she probably wants to repent," I thought. "Shall I forgive her? Yes, as she is dying I may forgive her," I decided within myself, striving to be magnanimous. I then went up close to her bedside. With difficulty she raised up her eyes to me, one of which was greatly bruised, and said falteringly, stammering over the words: "You have your way now; you have killed me." And I noticed on her face the expression which was struggling with physical pain for the mastery; in spite of the nearness of death, it was the old, familiar, cold, animal hatred. "The children—you—shall not—have; I will—not give—them—to you! She [her sister]—will take them." As to that which was the most important point of all for me—her guilt, her faithlessness—she did not consider it deserving of even a passing allusion. "Yes; admire what you've done!" she exclaimed, slowly turning her eyes toward the door, and sobbing. On the threshold stood her sister with the children. "Yes; see what you have done!"

I looked at the children and then at her bruised, blue face, and for the first time I forgot myself, my rights, my pride; for the first time I saw in her a human being, and so frivolous and mean did everything appear that had wounded me, even my jealousy, and so grave, so fateful the thing that I had done, that I was ready to fall at her feet, take her hand in mine, and say, "Forgive me!" But I did not dare. She closed her eyes and remained silent, evidently too weak to speak. All at once her distorted face quivered, a frown passed over it, and she pushed me feebly away from her. "Why has all this happened? Oh, why?" "Forgive me," I exclaimed. "Forgiveness! all that is rubbish. Oh, if I could only keep from dying!" she ejaculated, raising herself up a little and fixing on me her eyes, that gleamed with feverish lustre. "You have worked your will. I hate you! Oh, ah!" she exclaimed, evidently frightened of something, as her mind began to wander. "Kill me now; kill me! I'm not afraid. Only kill them all; kill him too. He's gone; he's gone!" The delirium continued to the very end. She recognized no one. The same day at noon she passed away.

NEWSPAPER VERSE—SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY.

Samarcand—John J. Meehan—New York Sun

At Samarcand the plane trees throw
Dark shadows on the pools below,
And drowsy camels stir the sand,
That blows and whirls at Samarcand.
Perchance these sluggish pools have fed
The flowers that bloomed for Timur's head;
And whiter camels may have seen,
And borne the throne of Timur's queen.
Still rising in the morning bright
Looms Talli Kari's gilded height;
A memory of days afar,
A monitor of days that are.
And all the things that can be seen
Give forth a sign of what has been;
Trees, moon, and sky, and pillars grand,
Gaze on thy tombs, O Samarcand!

The King's Favorite—Elvira S. Miller—N. O. Picayune

Far in the bright East, so the story says,
There lived a fair slave once who loved a king;
Who followed soft, like music on his ways,
And at his feet cast many an offering.
And he, the king, was gracious. For a while
Honors he heaped upon that loving one
Till a new favorite charmed him; then his smile
Faded, and left the heart shorn of its sun.
Nay, more! Grown weary of beholding near
The face of her who all too freely gave,
He cried unto her suddenly, "One dear
And precious gift hast thou withheld, O slave."
"Name it, O master," answered she full low,
"For love hath left me beggared." Then straightway
Smiling he asked, "Wilt thou yield life and go
For love of me among the dead to-day?"
"For love of thee," she whispered, "yea, O king.
Since lesser gifts I gave thee, now shall I
Refuse thy heart this royal offering?
Happy thy slave is at thy feet to die."
Then flashed the swift blade downward—but meanwhile
The king's new favorite had forgot to smile!
So runs the story of old days. And now
While we sit here, and heaven shines blue above,
My heart has its misgivings, and somehow
I think of her whom once you used to love,
You tell me you forget her; but alas!
Hers was a noble nature to forego
All life held dear. To die, and let you pass
Free in the sun, because she loved you so.
And yet, despite of this, you laugh and jest,
And breathe the old vows over unto me,
Her rival—yea, for whom at your behest
She passed into the great immensity.
She is avenged; for knowing what I do,
Life's sweetest joys are poisoned. When you speak,
Or wake the music of lost days anew,
Whisper soft speeches, kiss my fevered cheek,
I do recall her history—and meanwhile,
Like the king's favorite, I forget to smile.

Swan Song—Providence Journal

In the night I rose and looked out,
The sky was murky and gray,
The waters shone white as a shroud
Where never a moonbeam lay.
I thought a dappled white cloud
Had fallen into the bay,
But a flock of swans were floating about,
Floating and sailing away.
I woke with the east on fire,
I waken'd at break of day,

But a whirling, misty spire
Hid all but a trailing ray.
The mist came nigher and nigher,
Wheeling out of the bay;
The swans were flying and rising higher,
Rising and flying away.
These swans so snowy and white
Are the fishers' souls—men say,
They stand with God's throne in sight,
Hearing the angels play.
They stand by the sea of light
And dream of our changing bay,
And out of heaven they come in the night,
And go with the night away.

The Bursting of the Monsoon—London World

Pale was the morn, with deep cloud-masses hung,
But ever and anon a fitful ray
Of watery sunlight pierced the curtain gray,
And o'er the plain long spectral shadows flung.
Deep lay the dust, to every leaf it clung,
And every blade of the sun-whitened grass,
Faint and obscure, as through a smoking glass,
All nature showed. Silent was every tongue
Of languid beast and bird, save when some kite,
Circling in far-off spaces of the sky,
Shrilled loud his melancholy, homeless cry.
Long, rainless weeks of scorching wind and glare
Had burnt green field and garden brown and bare,
Till all things ached with fierce excess of light.
But far away, across the broad expanse
Of shifting sand, where through meandered slow
The shrunken river's course, I marked a low,
Long bar of leaden-colored cloud advance
Swiftly against the wind. With eager glance
I watched the curving headlands whitely gleam
Against the nearing darkness. On the stream
Gray ripples shivered, and in spiral dance
Dust-eddies whirling rose. The headlands first,
And then low spits of sand, as in a shroud,
Were covered by the overwhelming cloud
That filled half heaven; and now the scent at last
Of longed-for rain I knew; a sudden blast
Roared through the trees—and the monsoon had burst!

Love's Ways—J. P.—Portland Transcript

Love has a thousand ways in which
To make its presence known—
A thousand charming little tricks
Of glance, or touch, or tone;
And though familiar we may be
With some, ah! there's no doubt
Love has a thousand pretty ways
Past finding out.
The blush upon the maiden's cheek,
The drooping of an eye,
The fluttering heart, the trembling lip,
The oft-recurring sigh:
All these the secret may reveal
To consciousness, no doubt;
But love has many other ways
Past finding out.
For love's sweet sake the hero goes
Upon the battle-field;
For love's sweet sake the wounds within
The heart are well concealed;
And love lives on through every phase,
Of mystery and doubt,
And proves it has unnumbered ways
Past finding out.

Love travels north, and travels south,
And journeys east and west,
To bear sweet messages that make
A heaven within the breast;
And many a blessed miracle
It surely brings about,
To our amaze, because of ways
Past finding out.

Love has a thousand ways in which
To make its presence known;
And every heart should do its part
To make those ways its own,
Love's true disciple ever prove,
His victories repeat,
Each in his own good way, for all
Love's ways are sweet.

Disquietude—Howard Seely—Harper's Weekly

Little one, sing me a roundelay,
Something to lighten my weary heart;
Moonlight sleeps on the glassy bay,
Stars in the ether are far apart,
Pensive shadows droop from the pine
Lighten this weary heart of mine.
What avails us this life we lead?
Whence do we come and whither tend?
To what goal do we all proceed?
When it is over, is that the end?
Ah! of these mysteries who can tell?
The dead say nothing; they slumber well.
Yet there is hope in your happy song,
Something that comforts and still sustains,
Saying "What though the way be long,
After the struggle peace remains."
Music spans with an angel's wing
The gulf between faith and conjecturing.

The Old Sea-Wall—Clinton Scollard—Leslie's Weekly

The wind blows north and the wind blows south,
And the tides surge in at the harbor's mouth;
The white gulls circle, and poise afar
Where the breakers foam on the hidden bar;
The slant sails glisten, the bright beams fall,
And the waves lap low on the old sea-wall.
Clear in the plaza the three bells chime
At morn, at noon, and at vesper-time;
The quaint fort lies in a dream of days
When the Spaniards wended the sandy ways
Where the fair-haired children laugh and call
To the fleeting ships from the old sea-wall.
Progress leaps at the heels of change:
The new grows old, and the old grows strange:
And a gayer life flows up and down
The narrow streets of the ancient town
Than ever they knew, those soldiers tall,
Who strode, long since, on the old sea-wall.
Now, when the moonlight's mellow sheen
Silvers the roofs of St. Augustine,
The lovers linger side by side
On the path that looks on the gleaming tide;
And peace and joy hold the night in thrall,
For love is lord of the old sea-wall.

For Better, for Worse—Ellen T. Fowler—Constitution

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, thou art young and fair,
And thy story has just begun:
But I am as old
As a tale that's told,
And the days of my youth are done."
"O'er ruins olden the clinging moss
Doth a mantle of velvet spread:
Shall the climbing flower
Be more to the tower
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, thou hast lands and gold,
And thou knowest not want nor woe:
As a beggar poor
I stand at thy door
And I only can love thee so."

"Through leafless forests the sunbeams creep,
All the wealth of their gold to shed;
And are they more fair
To the woodland bare
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, thou art good and kind,
And wouldst never the lowest spurn;
But the storm of life
With its toil and strife
Has rendered me harsh and stern."

"The brooklet murmurs its sweetest lays
As it makes for the rocks ahead:
Shall the streamlet's song
Be more brave and strong
Than I for my Love?" she said.

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, thou art blithe and gay,
And thou never hast known a care;
But my face is worn
And my heart is torn
With the sorrow I've had to bear."

"The stars ne'er spangle the sapphire sky
Till the brightness of day has fled;
Shall the pale starlight
Be truer to night
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he, "Sweetheart, who art young and fair,
Will thy wonderful love to me
Through sorrow or shame
Be always the same?"

"Nay, it rather will grow," said she.
Again he cried, "Will it last, Sweetheart,
Till thy lover lies cold and dead,
And thy latest breath
Has been hushed in death?"
"Ay, longer than that," she said.

Arabia—F. S. Saltus—Pittsburg Bulletin

Across red sultry leagues of burning land,
An arid terror, and the dread of man,
Wearily crawls through seas of blistering sand,
The straggling groups of a great caravan.
With dates and doura from the Yemen's shore,
It braves the pitiless desert's fiercest heat;
The thirsty camels totter, faint and sore,
The suffering Bedouins dream of cisterns sweet.
The road is long, and no refreshing palm
Charms the infecund waste with verdant plumes,
The death-sun tortured them, the awful calm
Angrily hints of imminent simoons!
Mecca, the wonder, with its bright, broad walls,
Has been the goal that they will never reach;
And every hot and savage ray that falls
Is doomed their fated skeletons to bleach!
No more shall these poor wanderers behold
The holy Caaba, and the sacred shrine,
Where in a maze of marble and of gold,
The Prophet slumbers in his rest divine!
Nor shall their balsams, myrrh, and precious stones
Be sold through Djedda's intricate bazars,
And none will hear the muezzin when he drones
The throng to mosque below Medinian stars.
Shrieking to heedless Allah, sore afraid,
By wafts of maddening, cruel heat o'erpowered,
In graves of shifting sand they will be laid,
By ravenous swarms of locusts be devoured,
While o'er their scorched and withered bodies, strewn
In disarray amid deserted tents,
The irreproachable and callous moon
Will rise in her serene magnificence!

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR JUNE, 1890

Biographic and Reminiscent :

A Modern Colorist: Albert P. Ryder, Henry Eckford: Century.
 Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson: 8: The Century Magazine.
 Father Chiniquy and Jefferson Davis: R. R. Stevenson: Belf.
 Furst Bismarck: George Moritz Wahl: Harper's Magazine.
 George Henry Boker: R. H. Stoddard: Lippincott's Magazine.
 Henry W. Grady, Editor, Orator, Man: J. W. Lee: The Arena.
 Lincoln's Life: Memoranda on: A Symposium: Century Mag.
 Millet's Letters to Sensier: T. H. Bartlett: Scribner's Mag.
 Reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee: Col. Johnston: Belford's.
 Robert Browning: Rossiter Johnson: Belford's Magazine.
 Robert Cummins Schenck: Donn Platt: Belford's Magazine.
 Sketch of Theodor Schwann: M. Léon Frédéricq: Pop. Sci. Mo.

Dramatic and Musical :

Ibsen as a Dramatist: Hamlin Garland: The Arena.
 The American Burlesque: Laurence Hutton: Harper's Mag.

Educational Discussion :

Common Schools and Colleges: C. W. Eliot: The Arena.
 Education and Crime: Rev. A. W. Gould: Pop. Science Mo.
 London Polytechnics and People's Palaces: Albert Shaw: Cent.

Fiction—Short Stories :

Mère Marchette: A Story: Arlo Bates: Century Magazine.
 One Woman's Love: A Story: Grace Ellery Channing: Belf.
 The End of the Journey: A Story: Bert L. Taylor: Belford's.
 Trusty No. 49: Octave Thanet: The Century Magazine.
 Two Points of View: A Story: Matt Crim: Harper's Mag.
 Would Dick Do That?: A Story: G. A. Hibbard: Harper's.

Fiction—Serial Stories :

A Ghost at His Fireside: Louise C. Moulton: Cosmopolitan.
 Circumstantial Evidence: Mary E. Stickney: Lippincott's.
 Friend Olivia: Part 8: Amelia E. Barr: Century Magazine.
 In the Valley: Chaps. 32-34: Harold Frederic: Scribner's.
 Jerry: Part I.: Chapters 1-6: Scribner's Magazine.
 Port Tarascon: Alphonse Daudet: Harper's Magazine.
 Rod's Salvation: Part Two: Annie Eliot: Atlantic Monthly.
 Sidney: Chaps. 17-19: Margaret Deland: Atlantic Monthly.
 The Woman's Version: A Novel: Jenny Watkins: Belford's.
 Ungava: Continued: William H. H. Murray: The Arena.

Literary Criticism :

A Short Defense of Villains: Agnes Repplier: Atlantic Mo.
 Chapbook Heroes: Howard Pyle: Harper's Magazine.
 Fiction for the People: Arthur Goddard: Lippincott's Mag.
 Homer and the Bible: William C. Wilkinson: Century Mag.
 Leading Writers of Modern Spain: Rollo Ogden: Cosmop.
 Margaret L. Woods' Prose and Poetry: Louise C. Moulton: Belf.
 Reality in Fiction: Agnes Repplier: Lippincott's Magazine.
 Reporters: George J. Mansoy: Cosmopolitan Magazine.
 Tennyson and Questionings of Our Age: J. T. Bixby: Arena.
 The Ideal American Newspaper: Frank E. Anderson: Belford's.
 The Limits of Realism: Edmund Gosse: The Forum.
 The Novel and the Common School: Chas. D. Warner: Atlan.
 What's the News?: Eugene M. Camp: The Century Magazine.

Miscellaneous Essays :

Formative Influences: W. E. H. Lecky: The Forum.
 Genius and Woman's Intuition: Lester F. Ward: The Forum.
 Over the Teacups: 7: Oliver Wendell Holmes: Atlantic Mo.
 Some Curious Prophecies: W. S. Walsh: Cosmopolitan Mag.
 The Affirmative Side of Agnosticism: J. A. Skilton: Pop. Sci.
 The Babes in the Wood: Olive Thorn Miller: Atlantic Mo.
 Wandering in the Dark: No Name Series No. 4: The Arena.

Poetry of the Month :

A Coquette's Motto: M. H. G.: Lippincott's Magazine.
 A Descant: Florence Earle Coates: Lippincott's Magazine.
 A Reflection: Henrietta Stuart: The Century Magazine.
 An Epitaph: A Poem: Zoe Dana Underhill: Harper's Mag.
 At the Play: Andrew B. Saxton: The Century Magazine.
 His Starlight: Frank Dempster Sherman: Lippincott's Mag.
 History: A Poem: Edgar Fawcett: Belford's Magazine.
 Ichabod: A Poem: William S. Walsh: Harper's Magazine.
 Immortal: Helene Thayer Hutchinson: Century Magazine.
 La Fandango: A Poem: Loraine Dorsey: Cosmopolitan.
 Lee: A Chant of Remembrance: R. B. Wilson: Lippincott's.
 Man: A Poem: Florence Earle Coates: Century Magazine.
 Queen Christina and De Liar: Edgar Fawcett: The Arena.

Rosamond: Barrett Wendell: Scribner's Magazine.

The Human Plan: A Poem: C. H. Crandall: Harper's Mag.
 The Letter: Anna Louise Breckenridge: Century Magazine.
 The Magic House: Duncan Campbell Scott: Scribner's Mag.
 The Old Actor: Edgar Fawcett: Cosmopolitan Magazine.
 The Yellow-Hammer's Tap: Edward A. Oldham: Century.
 Three Sisters: A Poem: Angeline W. Wray: Harper's Mag.
 To Lulu: Charles Henry Webb: The Century Magazine.

Political Economics :

Comparative Taxation: Edward Atkinson: Century Magazine.
 Do Americans Hate England?: A Symposium: No. Amer. Rev.
 Fetishism in Politics: Henry Charles Lea: The Forum.
 Modern Culture and Orthodoxy: A. J. F. Behrends: Forum.
 Municipal Government: E. L. Godkin: North American Rev.
 New England and the New Tariff Bill: Roger Q. Mills: Forum.
 Problems of Greater Britain: Marquis of Lorne: No. Am. Rev.
 Reforms Needed in the House: T. B. Reed: North Amer. Rev.
 The Balfour Land Bill: Charles S. Parnell: North Am. Rev.
 The National House of Representatives: Hannis Taylor: Atlan.
 The Race Problem: William C. P. Breckinridge: The Arena.
 The Race Problem: Judge Fenner: Belford's Magazine.
 The Rights of the Citizen: Seth Low: Scribner's Magazine.
 The Tariff: Hon. W. McKinley: North American Review.

Scientific and Industrial :

Animal and Plant Lore: 3: Mrs. F. D. Bergen: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Antiquity of Man and Egyptology: A. D. White: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Atmospheric Dust: Dr. William Marcet: Popular Science Mo.
 Evidences of Glacial Action: D. A. Wells: Popular Sci. Mo.
 Fragments of the Stars: John Heard, Jr.: Cosmopolitan.
 Glass-Making: 4: C. Hanford Henderson: Popular Sci. Mo.
 Natural and Artificial Cements: La Roy F. Griffin: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 The Enemy's Distance: Park Benjamin: Harper's Magazine.
 Tin and Its Native Land: Brau De Saint Pol Lias: Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Utility in Architecture: Barr Ferree: Popular Science Monthly.

Sociologic Matters :

Æonian Punishment: Rev. Charles Hollander Kidder: Arena.
 Defense Against Infectious Disease: Dr. Cyrus Edson: Forum.
 Eccentricities of Fashion: J. H. Bridges: Cosmopolitan Mag.
 Eight-Hour Law Agitation: Francis A. Walker: Atlantic Mo.
 Extirpation of Crime-Breeders: Anthony Comstock: Belford's.
 Marriage: Mona Caird: North American Review.
 Our Civilization and Marriage Problem: H. M. Stanley: Arena.
 Side Glances at American Beauty: Eleanor Waddle: Cosmop.
 The City House: The East and South: R. Sturgis: Scribner's.
 The Encroachments of the Sea: W. J. McGee: The Forum.
 Women of the French Salons: 2: Amelia Gere Mason: Cent.

Sport and Recreation :

A Revolution in the Cricket Field: H. Chadwick: Outing.
 Amateur Track and Field Athletics: C. P. Sawyer: Scribner's.
 Canadian Rambles with Rod and Tent: S. A. Baylis: Outing.
 Ladies at the Wheel: F. C. Sumichrast: Outing.
 Soft Crabs, Canvasbacks, and Terrapin: A. Forman: Cosmop.
 Some Near-by Trout Streams: C. B. Bradford: Outing.
 The Canoeing of To-day: C. Bowyer Vaux: Outing.
 The Coaching Era: Hobart Chatfield Taylor: Cosmopolitan.
 The Manhattan Athletic Club: G. A. White: Outing.
 The Young Whist-Player's Novitiate: F. B. Goodrich: Harper's.
 Track Athletics in America: Walter Camp: Century Mag.

Travel and History :

A Dark Page of Russian History: Agnes Repplier: Cosmop.
 A Flying Trip Around the World: Eliz. Bisland: Cosmopolitan.
 An Artist's Letters from Japan: John La Farge: Century.
 Farm Life in Persia: S. G. W. Benjamin: Cosmopolitan.
 Half-Breed Races in the West Indies: L. Hearn: Cosmop.
 How to See Europe: John F. Hume: Belford's Magazine.
 Irish Kings and Brehons: Charles de Kay: Century Mag.
 Origin of Chinese Culture: Robert K. Douglas: Lippincott's.
 Six Hours in Squantico: F. Hopkinson Smith: Harper's Mag.
 The Best-Governed City in the World: Julian Ralph: Harper's.
 The Emin Pasha Relief Expedition: Henry M. Stanley: Scrib.
 The Lakes of Wisconsin: Ernest Ingersoll: Outing.
 The Romance of Versailles: Edward King: Cosmopolitan.
 The Vermont National Guard: Lieut. Peter Leary, Jr.: Outing.
 Through the Caucasus: Vicomte de Vogtle: Harper's Mag.

BRIEF COMMENT—DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Robert Barrett Browning intends to present to Baliol College, Oxford, England, most of the manuscripts of his father's poems.—Mrs. Margaret C. Bisland, of New Orleans, is both a writer and musical composer; she is the mother of the three Bisland sisters, who have at an early age achieved so enviable a reputation in journalism.—Elaine Goodale is about twenty-five years of age, with a wholly absorbed and unconscious manner, a thoughtful, calm, and impassive face, and eyes large and introspective, altogether impressing one as guided by conviction rather than impulse.—A monument in honor of Fritz Reuter is to be erected at his native place, Neubrandenburg.—The author of *Just As I Am, Without One Plea*, is Miss Charlotte Elliott, a daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham, England.—Col. Richard Malcolm Johnson, the Southern author, formerly professor of English literature in a Georgia college, is now a resident of Baltimore; he is a man of dignified presence, with the courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school.—Madam Adam, the editor of *La Nouvelle Revue* of Paris, secures all her material for her articles on American society from the society columns of American newspapers; by so doing she gets the color, and as for facts, that, of course, is of no account.—It is now claimed that Edwin Cowles, the late editor of the *Cleveland Leader*, was the first to propose holding a World's Fair in 1892.—Mrs. E. S. Phelps Ward intends to go upon the lecture platform, giving readings from her own books.—A French girl stole seven different poems from Whittier's published efforts, and had them printed in Paris papers and magazines as her own; when an American showed up the steal she boldly claimed that Whittier had stolen the poems from her.

The Rev. Philip Schaff, the well-known Presbyterian clergyman, and professor at the Union Theological Seminary, has sailed for Italy, for data with which to complete his history of the church; he will try to get material in the library of the Vatican at Rome, and takes with him many letters of introduction to the pope.—A Scottish lady, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Clephane, wrote that popular hymn, *The Ninety and Nine*.—The *Quarterly Review* has taken a new departure; for the first time it illustrates one of its articles, the one that deals with du Chaillu's book on the Vikings, containing some half a dozen pictures.—Walt Whitman is at a premium in England; at a recent London auction a copy of his *Leaves of Grass*, Brooklyn, 1855, brought \$22.50 after a spirited contest.—Edwin Lasseter Bynner, author of *The Begum's Daughter*, gained his degree of LL.B. at Harvard, but does not practice in the courts, contenting himself with his salary as librarian of the Boston Bar Association and the income from his novels.—A very distinguished scholar of Finland, August Ahlquist, died at Helsingfors lately, at the age of sixty-three; his great work was a comparative study of the Finnic-Ugric languages.—The circulation of *London Tid-Bits* verges on half a million copies a week.

A life of the Rev. John G. Wood, the naturalist, has been written by his son, Rev. Theodore Wood; Wood's place as a naturalist has been happily indicated in a description of him as "an Oliver Goldsmith with knowledge."—Dr. Joseph Jones, of New Orleans, is col-

lecting material for a Confederate medical and surgical history of the war, which will practically be a collection of hospital records.—Sir Edwin Arnold's publishers in England recently stated that his poem, *The Light of Asia*, had been through sixty editions in that country; it has had one hundred and thirty in America.—William Dean Howells recently said that he considered foreign travel detrimental to the career of an American novelist.—At a sale of autographs in Paris, lately, a letter from Balzac to David d'Angers, the famous sculptor, came to light; in it Balzac gives an interesting account of his working processes; he said that when engaged on an important novel he wrote from three in the morning until four in the afternoon; then he allowed himself an hour of recreation, and in the evening he read and corrected proofs until his early bedtime.—Upon the mention of Andrew Lang's name to Oscar Wilde recently, the meek apostle of the lily remarked with the utmost gentleness and sauvity: "Perhaps you do not know it, but upon several occasions Lang has disembowelled me."—Kossuth has nearly ready for publication three additional volumes of his memoirs.

Prof. Georg Ebers was very angry at the appearance of his syndicate story, *Joshua*, in the newspapers of this country, particularly at the pictures; when he saw it in type he flew into a fury over the scrawls and swore they were done to make him appear ridiculous.—The *Life of William Gilmore Simms*, in the *American Men of Letters Series*, is to be written by George W. Cable.—Mark Twain allows himself three hundred cigars a month; at the age of thirty-four he stopped smoking for a year and a half; when he started to write *Roughing It*, he was three weeks in writing three chapters; then he resumed smoking and completed the book in three months.—A new novel by Victor Cherbuliez is announced in Paris, called *Une Gaguere*.—It is said that Robert Browning wrote the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* simply to amuse a little lad of whom he was fond, and that he did not think of publishing it till the children's delight in it persuaded him that he had done a good thing.—George H. Hibbard, who has contributed some notable work lately to the magazines, is a young man, a resident of Buffalo, and an amateur photographer.—Mrs. Edna Dean Proctor, the poetess, is a woman of middle age, with gray hair that is combed back over a broad forehead; she has an ample income, that raises her above any dependence on the pen; she at one time lived in Peoria, and is a typical western woman.—The Marquise Lanza has a new book in press with the J. W. Lovell Co., entitled *A Modern Marriage*.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who is the new editor-in-chief of the *American Catholic Review*, is said to be one of the most enlightened and progressive prelates in the American Roman Catholic Church.—Prince Bismarck is compiling his memoirs for publication; the book will comprise the last twenty-five years of his official life.—The late Armand de Pontmartin was a scathing critic of the realistic novel-writers, and used to say he hoped to die before M. Zola should be admitted to the Academy; and he had his wish.—Emperor William of Germany recently desired to have published a volume of poems written by him when a very young

man, but a kind friend succeeded in dissuading him.—Jan Hofmeyr, "the Parnell of the Dutch," made his mark by writing for *The Zurd African*, a South African paper which voiced the sentiment of Dutch Cape Colony.—William T. Stead appears this month as the sole proprietor and publisher of *The Review of Reviews*; he has parted with George Newnes, his partner, paying three thousand pounds sterling down; Mr. Stead is out of health with overwork.—Emile Zola is to write a novel about the Stock Exchange, and is frequenting that part of Paris in order to pick up facts.—Eugene Field says: "Mr. W. J. Linton, the venerable Connecticut poet, bibliophile, and bibliomaniac, is here in London superintending the publication of a volume which he says will be his chef d'œuvre, a marvel of beauty at a subscription price of ten guineas; Linton is a remarkable, a lovely old gentleman, lovely in his simplicity, his earnestness, and his enthusiasm; with his white hair falling like a mist about his kindly face and rugged shoulders, he is himself a picture more beautiful, I think, than any work of art could be."

The Italian government will publish a large collection of documents bearing upon the life of Columbus and the early history of America.—Horace Greeley's house on the Chappaqua farm was burned to the ground recently and nearly all of his correspondence was burned; his library, however, with the chair and desk he used while editor of *The Tribune*, were saved.—Miss Jessie F. O'Donnell has prepared a book which will be called *The Love Songs of Three Centuries*.—The widow of Henry Draper continues his scientific researches; on a mountain in far-off Peru she maintains an observatory completely furnished with telescopes and photographic apparatus and assistants.—James Payn, the English novelist, has written about forty novels, and every word of the manuscript is in his own handwriting; he will have nothing to do with stenographers and typewriters; he sleeps ten hours out of the twenty-four, spending the remainder in reading and writing.—Zola and Daudet used to dine together and call it "the dinner of the disappointed;" now they have no occasion for such a pessimistic meal.—Madame Charles Bigot, the daughter of Healy, the painter, has written a story which McClurg & Co. will print under the title of *A Foreign Match*.—Kate Douglas Wiggin, the eminent kindergartener, has just finished, in collaboration with her sister Nora Smith, a book of short stories for mothers and kindergarteners, entitled *The Story Hour*.

The London Literary World recently said of Mary E. Wilkin's volume, *A Humble Romance*: "It is to be hoped that these charming idyls will inspire some writer in Old England to crystallize for us some such quaint or curious types of character and idiosyncrasy."—A picture of young Amy Levy, the clever novelist and poet who died recently in London, as given by Harry Quilter, of the *Universal Review*: "Among the photographs on the mantel-piece, one was of a small, dark girl, of unmistakably Jewish type, with eyes that seemed too large for the delicate features, and far too sad for their youthfulness of line and contour; in its way I had rarely seen a face which was at once so interesting, so intellectual, so beautiful, and, alas! so unhappy."—Prof. Henry Drummond has gone on a voyage to Australia, and will devote the time he is absent to preparing a work dealing with Christianity in the light of evolution.—Idlewild, on the Hudson, formerly the

home of N. P. Willis, has just been sold, and will be utilized for a private lunatic asylum.—W. A. Clouston, who has done much to give an English popularity to Oriental literature, will shortly issue a new volume under the title of *Flowers from a Persian Garden*, the leading essay of extracts from the *Gulistan* of Sadi.

John Ruskin is getting rounded at the shoulders, and his straggling beard is growing whiter, but his eyes have not yet lost their lustre, and his friends say "he doesn't look half as old as he is," which is seventy-one; he is curiously like Richard Wagner in temperament, and despite his years is imbued with a glowing enthusiasm that never flags; he is a many-sided man, being at once an artist, a writer, a philosopher, a political economist, a religious teacher, a bitter controversialist, a humorist, a professor, and an eccentric.—Clwdfardd, the Welsh bard, who is to be the recipient of two hundred pounds sterling from the Royal Bounty Fund, is older than has been supposed; he is ninety years old, but even at fourscore years and ten is hale and hearty.—A manuscript of Giordano Bruno, containing criticisms on Aristotle, and letters relating to various studies, have just been found in a library at Augsburg.—The New Orleans Times-Democrat thinks *A Little Journey in the World* is "the first successful story of metropolitan plutocracy," and that it entitles the author, Charles Dudley Warner, to take high rank among American novelists.—The Wilkie Collins memorial, for which something over fifteen hundred dollars has been raised, will take the form of a small library of works of fiction presented to the London People's Palace.—Miss Blanche Willis Howard, author of *Guenn* and *One Summer*, lives in Stuttgart, and receives and chaperones young ladies studying music, languages, and the like.—William Maskell, a writer equally well known for his controversial zeal, his erudition in ancient English liturgies, and his knowledge on all artistic subjects, died recently at Penzance, aged seventy-six.—Miss M. A. Booth, of Longmeadow, Mass., is a Fellow of the Royal Microscopical Society of England, and is to edit the department of microscopy in a new monthly journal, called *The Observer*, devoted to natural history and science.

Dom Pedro, it is said, has consented to write, if he lives long enough, a memoir which will at the same time be a review of forty years of the history of Brazil.—Shortly before his death, Wilkie Collins said: "After more than thirty years' study of the art, I consider Walter Scott to be the greatest of all novelists, and *The Antiquary* is, as I think, the most perfect of all novels."—In answer to the query what he considered his four best poems, Browning once gave these to Gosse as his judgment: Lyrical: *Saul* or *Abt Vogler*; Narrative: *A Forgiveness*; Dramatic: *Caliban on Setebos*; Idyllic (in the Greek sense): *Clive*.—Sardou, the French dramatist, started out as a surgeon's assistant and became a professor of mathematics before he took up play-writing.—A recent curious and interesting pamphlet is one on the Trisection of the Angle, with full proof and formulas.—The late Mrs. Beesly, the wife of Prof. E. S. Beesly, who died recently, was an ardent supporter of the Irish nationalists, and was the author of the much-sung English version of *The Wearing of the Green*; Mrs. Beesly, who was forty-nine years of age, was the youngest daughter of the late Justice Crompton; she had taken an active part in political work in London for some years past, and was president of the Women's

Liberal Association of Paddington.—Gladstone's article on the storage of books has led Messrs. Cassell & Co., the London publishers, to send him a set of the National Library in a fine revolving book-case.—The late William Gifford Palgrave left behind him an extensive work in poetry which will probably be published before long by his literary executors; the poem is autobiographical, and consists of nearly fifteen thousand lines written in terza rima, and bearing the title *A Pageant*.—Rider Haggard's forthcoming Icelandic romance has for its hero a mountaineer who finally sails the seas as a Viking.—Emile Zola, who is known to have made more by his pen than any other author living, and whose last work has reached its fiftieth edition, has written five plays, all of which have proved ghastly failures; they are: *Therese Raquin*, *Les Héritiers Rabourdin*, *Le Bouton de Rose*, *La Curée*, and *Germinal*.—A new religious paper has been started at Indianapolis, called *The Ram's Horn*; the editor, a reformed atheist, says he so christened it because of the surprise power of the name.—Hugh Thompson, the young Irishman whose eighteenth-century drawings are pleasantly familiar to the readers of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, has accepted a commission to illustrate Scott's novels, a task which will occupy several years.—Mme. Darmsteter's remarkable book, *The End of the Middle Ages*, is being translated into French by Edouard Rod; Mme. Darmsteter is busy now on the history of Italy during the early Renaissance.—General Lew Wallace is sixty-three years of age; as a veteran of the Mexican War he has for twelve months past been entitled to a pension of eight dollars per month; he has filed his application for the pension, but as he is rich he intends giving the money to the Orphans' Home of Crawfordsville, Ind.—Jean Ingelow is now more than fifty-five years old; she is unmarried and lives in a pretty home in Kensington, England, where she devotes her time to caring for her mother and to works of charity.—Henry Holt & Co. announce a series of selections from leading modern philosophers, suggested and in part supervised by Prof. E. H. Sneath, lecturer on the history of philosophy at Yale; each volume will contain a biographical sketch of the author, a statement of the historical position of his system, and a bibliography.—Ignatius Donnelly is said to have wholly abandoned his literary and political ambitions.

Miss Mildred Fuller, the fourth daughter of the Chief Justice, is the author of the pretty little poem called *A Jolly Wizard*, which has recently been going the rounds.—The death of Professor Franz Delitzsch, of Leipzig University, removes a remarkable biblical scholar; he had a profound acquaintance with the Hebrew language, his books on *Genesis*, *Job*, and *Isaiah* attracting much attention, both in Germany and England; during his later years he was engaged in a Hebrew translation of the New Testament, which critics regarded as a most superior work.—Octave Feuillet is preparing a complete edition of his comedies, with a preface on the contemporary stage.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Autocrat* papers, first used the expression, "Boston is the hub of the universe."—A new weekly journal shortly to be issued is *The Invited Guest*, which will have for its object the advocacy of temperance and the suppression of immoral literature.—James Gordon Bennett is forty-nine years of age, and has been the sole proprietor of the *New York Herald*

for nineteen years; he is a citizen of the world and has an income of something like \$750,000; he spends the greater part of the year in Europe, where he is almost better known than in America.—Sidney Cooper, the English artist who paints animals, is writing his autobiography.—"I think it wisest in a man," Tennyson recently wrote to the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, "to do his work in the world as quietly and as well as he can, without much heeding the praise or the dispraise."

Mrs. Cox, widow of the late S. S. Cox, returned to the sultan of Turkey the orders and decorations which that genial potentate conferred upon her late husband; among them is the *Mejidieh*.—The *Chicago weekly America* says: "Of all the impositions ever practised upon a gullible public, the sale of a cheap and nasty photographed reproduction of the 1847 edition of Webster's Dictionary as *The Original Webster's Unabridged*, etc., is one of the most reprehensible; they are printed on the rottenest paper purchasable that will hold together to take an impression, the ink used in their printing is smeary, and their binding is a marvel of flimsiness."—Clark Russell is to write a short life of Admiral Lord Collingwood, who was second in command at Trafalgar.—Henrik Ibsen, who is living at Munich, takes a very light breakfast, a half cup of black coffee and a bit of bread, and begins work punctually at nine and continues it till one; he then takes a walk before dinner, does his reading in the afternoon, sups early, and goes early to bed; even on journeys he endeavors to adhere to this order of the day as closely as circumstances permit.—Mrs. Philip H. Welch, widow of the late humorist, whose death occurred about a year ago, has taken charge of a children's department in the Saturday issue of the *Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

George Moore's new play is *The Strike at Arlingford*, and the hero is a kind of Hamlet-like Burns; those who have seen the piece think very highly of its possibilities as an acting drama.—The thickest octavo volume in the world known is the latest edition of Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of English Literature*; this book weighs twelve pounds and is eleven inches in thickness.—A number of posthumous poems by the famous Hungarian, Alexander Petöfi, dating from the year 1848, have been discovered in the museum at Buda-Pesth.—Rudyard Kipling, according to Labouchere, was never heard of until he wrote some anti-Parnell doggerel which the *London Times* fulsomely praised.—Mrs. Isabel Mallon, better known as "Bab," has been added to the editorial staff of *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia.—Swinburne, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, and Lewis Morris are among the noted poets who are contributing sonnets of homage to Beatrice, all of which are to be read at the Dante celebration in Florence in June; the autographs of the sonnets will be framed and hung in perpetuity in the new Sala Dantesca, now being added to the National Library.—Mme. Flourens has translated Lord Lytton's story, *The Ring of Amasis*, for the *Revue Illustrée*, in which it is now appearing.—Walt Whitman refuses any longer to see callers on any pretext, and secludes himself almost entirely.—Hargrave Jennings, who died recently, was the eccentric author of several works, including *The Rosicrucians: Their Rites and Mysteries*; *The Athenæum* says: "He was for many years secretary to Colonel Mapleson in the management of the Italian opera, and it is supposed that he was the original of

the character of Ezra Jennings in Wilkie Collins' story, *The Moonstone*; he claimed to be the first explorer in the fields of forgotten and mythical learning since exploited by the Society of Psychical Research, the Theosophic Society, and the Esoteric Buddhists."

Helen Allingham, widow of Allingham, the poet, has received a great compliment; she is the first of her sex to be elected a member of the English Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors.—M. Fallieres, the French Minister of Education, has ordered that all reference to the reign of Henry IV. be omitted from French historical text-books, and that the events of that period be passed over, dots being placed in the books to indicate the omission.—Three of De Quincey's family, one son and two daughters, are still living; the surviving son is Paul Frederick De Quincey, who entered the army and won considerable distinction in India during the mutiny; Mrs. Baird Smith, the widow of a distinguished officer in the Bengal Engineers, and Miss De Quincey, the two daughters, now reside together in London.—Henrik Ibsen has written a grateful letter to Mrs. Erving Winslow, the dramatic reader, for her unwearied and active endeavors to bring his writings before the American public.—Bishop Heiser, among hymnologists, will be long remembered as the author of *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*.—Robert Ingersoll allowed a poor cigar-maker to use the Ingersoll name as the brand of his cigars, and furnished also this motto for each box: "We shall smoke in this world but not in the next;" the cigar-maker made \$9,000 within nine months.—Archibald Grove, the editor of *The New Review*, is to start a half-penny weekly to be called *Short Cuts*.—Dr. Paul Niemeyer, the famous writer and lecturer on hygiene, who died recently, was born at Magdeburg, March 9th, 1832, and was for many years a lecturer and private tutor at the university at Leipsic; he was the author or translator from the French of many works on percussion and auscultation.—Bram Stoker, well known as Henry Irving's manager, is about to publish an Irish novel entitled *The Snake's Pass*.—Miss Ethel Arnold, a granddaughter of Arnold of Rugby and a sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, has written for *Harper's Magazine* a long article on Oxford.

There is no country like France for starting journals; during 1889 no less than 950 new newspapers were brought out, of which not one remains in life; on the other hand, *The Petit Journal* now claims a circulation of 1,095,000 copies daily; during the same period there were printed in France over 15,000 new books, including 5,000 new musical pieces.—H. D. Traill is about to publish, under the title of *Saturday Songs*, a selection from the political verse contributed by him in the course of the last few years to *The Saturday Review*.—Lord Tennyson has given his autograph to only 500 people since he became famous; he has had at least 100,000 applications.—Mrs. Kendal, whose stage reminiscences have just been published, has been elected a member of the Society of Young Girls of Pure Character on the Stage, in New York; M.S.Y.G.P.C.S. will now be added to her name.—The sultan of Turkey is having the dramas of Henrik Ibsen translated into Turkish.—Auguste Vasquerre, so long and intimately connected with the family of Victor Hugo, is about to publish an important poetical work, the fruit of a quarter of a century of elaboration; it is said to be a kind of anti-thesis to the second part of Goethe's *Faust*.—Miss Mary

Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, has returned to Tennessee to reside with her parents at the old homestead.—Richard Proctor, aged twenty, only son of the late famous astronomer, R. A. Proctor, has become insane, and it has been decided to confine him in an asylum.—According to an interviewer, Carlyle surpassed himself when first introduced to Dr. Joachim; shaking hands with the great violinist, the sage observed that he hadn't a great opinion of musicians, they seemed such a vain, wind-baggy sort of people.

W. Clark Russell is a son of Henry Russell, the famous composer, and was born in New York in 1844; his mother was Miss Lloyd, a relative of the poet Wordsworth, and in his early life he was a midshipman in the British merchant service.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a life of William Cullen Bryant, by Poultney Bigelow, who for many years was associated with Mr. Bryant in the editorship of the *New York Evening Post*.—A *Lost Hero*, written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward, gained the prize of one thousand dollars offered by The Youth's Companion for the best boy's story.—It is said that more than 12,000 letters and manuscripts have been placed in the hands of Col. W. C. Church, to be used in making his biography of John Ericsson, the inventor.—Henry Irving is noted for his generosity, and has a host of pensioners, including Lewis, author of *The Bells*.—Emile Zola recently had an offer of \$250 a night for forty lectures on realism, in this country; he wrote a curt answer, in which he asked: "Where and what is the United States?"—Dr. Le Plongeon, of Brooklyn, who has been lecturing before the Lowell Institute and similar organizations on Yucatan antiquities, is to publish *The Monuments of Mayax and their Historical Teachings*, a work upon which he has been engaged many years.—John R. Wise, who died at Lyndhurst recently, was the author of several works, the best known being *A History and Scenery of the New Forest*, and *The High Peak of Derbyshire*.

Ex-Governor Bell, of New Hampshire, has completed an exhaustive local history of the bar of that State.—Gladstone, writing on the subject of a copyright convention with America, says: "When the barbarism of protection ceases to oppress the country, we may hope that the present plan will take a form worthy of so great a nation."—The total sales of Rev. E. P. Roe's works up to April 10th was 2,027,000 copies.—Henry M. Howe, son of Julia Ward Howe, has written a scientific work called *The Metallurgy of Steel*.—Victorien Sardou has succeeded in obtaining only one franc damages from the *Paris Gil Blas* for printing his latest play before it was performed.—Count Muenster, the present German ambassador at Paris, is the author of one of the best books of the day; a sarcastic colleague once said of him: "He is the best cook among the diplomatists, and the best diplomatist among the cooks."—Ralph Disraeli, a brother of the late earl of Beaconsfield, has resigned his place as Clerk of Parliaments, after forty-nine years in the British civil service.—It is said that George W. Childs' reminiscences were dictated to a reporter, who got \$1,000 for the work.

See Book List on front advertising pages.

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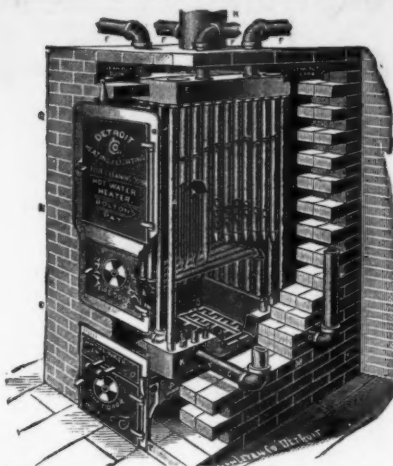
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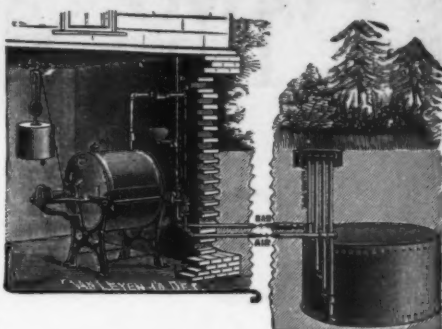
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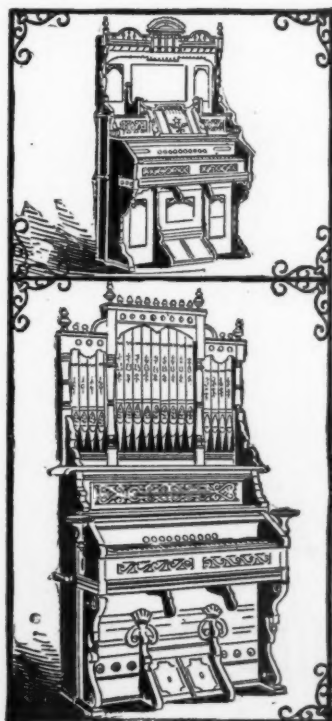
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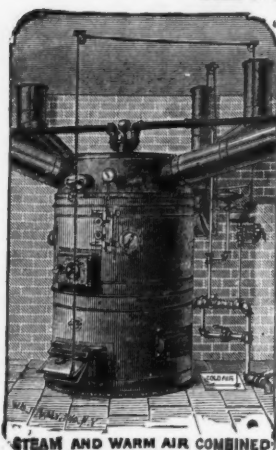
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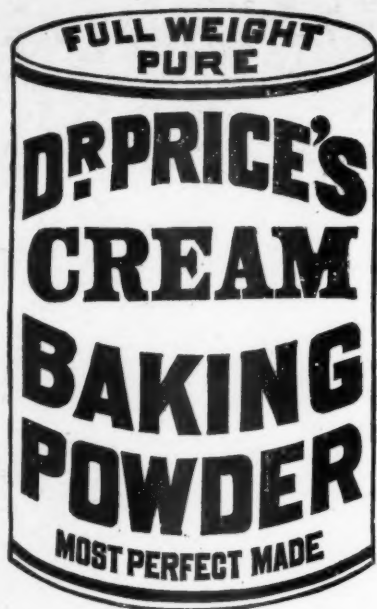
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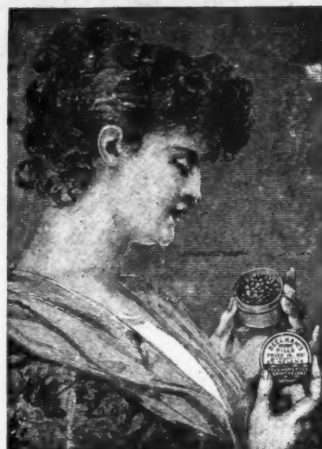
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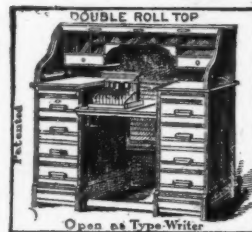
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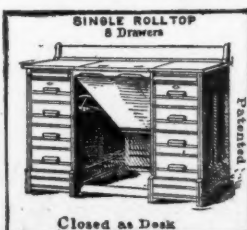


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